

THE LAST OF THE ROYAL STUARTS



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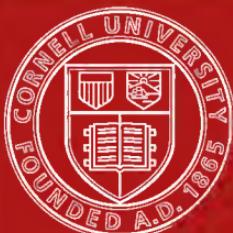
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THE LAST OF
THE ROYAL STUARTS



Bolla Nostra Residenza di Velletri
in questo di tre Giugno mille ottocentoquattro.

Henry A. Cardinalo

HENRY STUART, CARDINAL DUKE OF YORK
WITH ROYAL SIGNATURE, JUNE 3RD, 1804

THE LAST OF THE ROYAL STUARTS

HENRY STUART, CARDINAL DUKE OF YORK

BY

HERBERT M. VAUGHAN
B.A. (OXON.)

WITH TWENTY ILLUSTRATIONS

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TO

F. E.

THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED
BY THE AUTHOR

FLORENCE, *April 1906*

PREFACE

WITH the continued interest taken in Jacobite literature it appears strange that so little has been written concerning Henry Stuart, Cardinal Duke of York, titular King Henry the Ninth of Great Britain, France and Ireland, whose personality has habitually been neglected by English historians. Only in so far as his course of action is associated with that of his brilliant and popular brother, the "Bonny Prince Charlie" of song and story, has the life of the last of the Royal Stuarts ever been seriously touched upon; whilst his important ecclesiastical career, his personal influence in the affairs of his family, and his obstinate assumption of the royal title are so little understood or appreciated by English readers that we offer no apology for this Biography. We so often read and hear of the Young Pretender, that many of us are apt to regard him as the final member of his House, although his brother and political heir survived him for nearly twenty years. Few realise, in short, that there was a younger Pretender still, insistent on his hereditary claims to the British Throne, and strongly imbued with all the royal traditions of his House.

In my work of research at the British Museum I wish in the first place to express my deep debt of gratitude to

Mr. Henry Jenner, F.S.A., for his invaluable assistance. I have also to acknowledge the help afforded me by Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the Manuscript Department, British Museum ; by Mr. G. F. Hill, of the Coin and Medal Department of the British Museum ; by Father Bartoli, S.J.; by Mr. John Ballinger, of the Cardiff Free Library ; and by the officials of the Record Office. My thanks are likewise due to the Rev. W. H. Hutton, of St. John's College, Oxford, for permission to include Dr. Samuel Crisp's interesting letter in Chapter I. of this work ; and to Mr. J. F. F. Horner, of Mells Park, Somersetshire, for kindly supplying me with the photograph of Sir John Hippisley's portrait in his possession.

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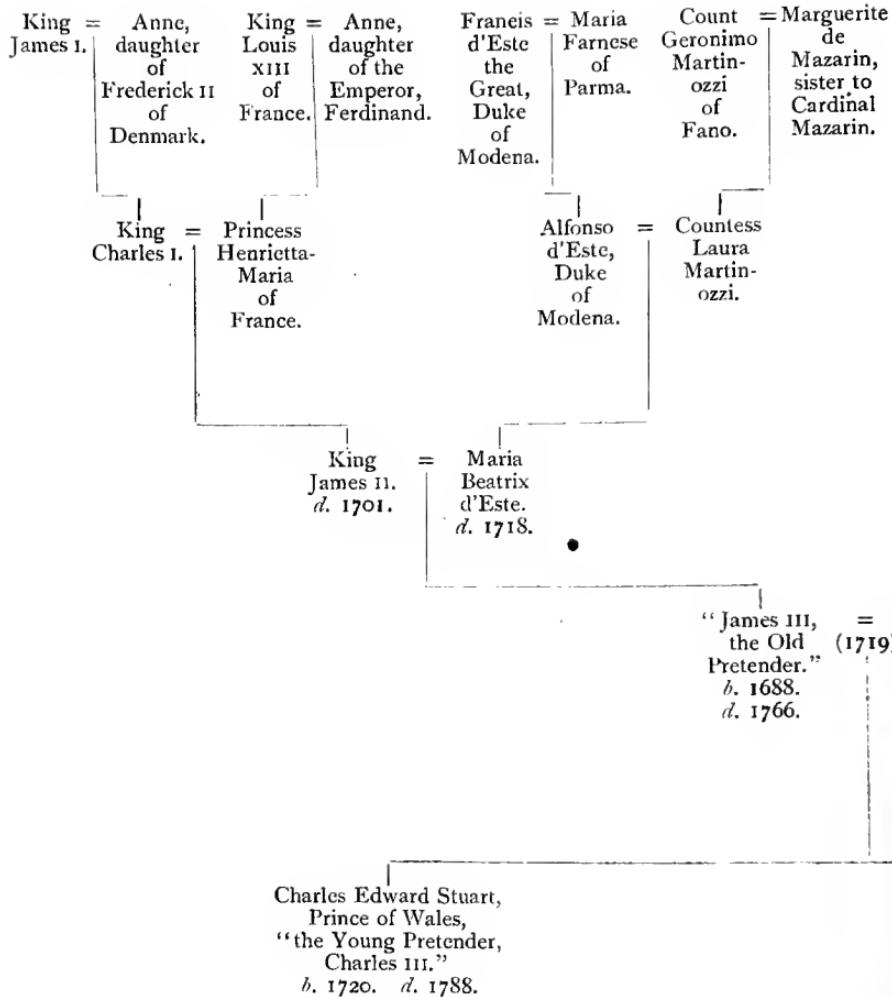
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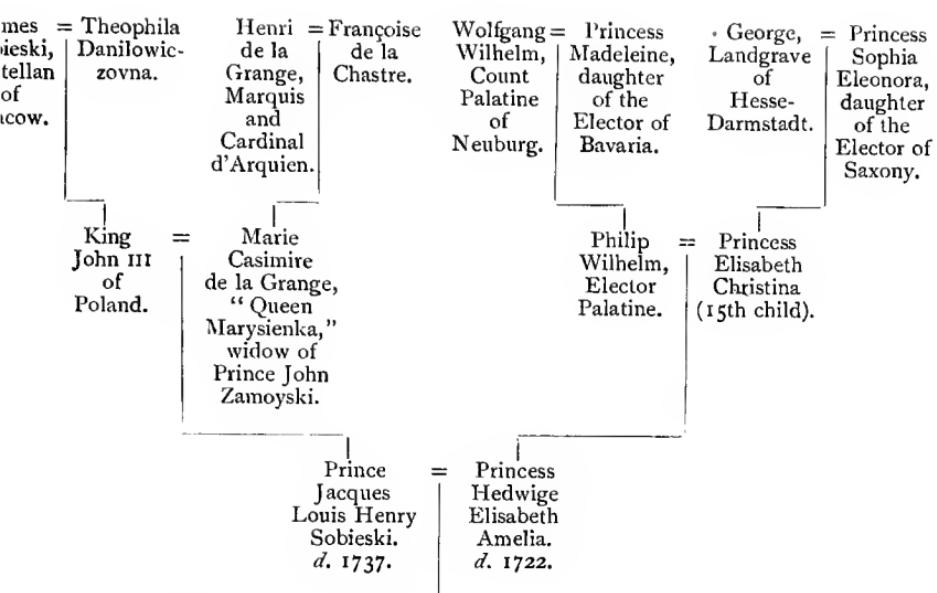
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The Armorial Device on the Book-cover is copied from the original design upon a Volume of the Cardinal Duke's, now in the possession of the Author.



"SEIZE QUARTIERS," OR PLAN OF THE LINEAL ANCESTORS
OF CHARLES AND HENRY STUART.



Clementina Sobieska,
 Co-heiress of the
 royal Polish House of
 Sobieski
 either with her sister
 ia-Charlotte Sobieska,
 who was married to
 es Godefroi de la Tour,
 Duc de Bouillon.
 . 1702. d. 1735.

HENRY BENEDICT STUART,
 Cardinal Duke of York,
 "Henry IX."
 b. 1725. d. 1807.



HENRY STUART CARDINAL YORK

CHAPTER I

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH. 1725-1745

“ Ungrateful Britons, rouse for shame,
And own the royal race,
Who can alone your fame restore,
Your sufferings all redress.
To Royal James, your native king,
Your vows and homage pay,
That ages late may see him reign,
And his blest son obey.”

MIDWAY between the Forum of Trajan and the beautiful Trevi fountain lies the Piazza dei Santi Apostoli, which, despite the enormous changes Rome has suffered since the Italian occupation, still presents much the same appearance as it did in the distant days when the Royal Stuarts were occupying the palace at its northern end that partly faces the newly-made, busy Via Nazionale. A long narrow space, the piazza's eastern side is distinguished by the ornate façade of the Colonna Palace and the lengthy pillared front of the Basilica of the Holy Apostles, a church that is closely associated with

the fortunes of the exiled House; whilst its side towards the Corso contains the huge palace of the Odescalchi, which, strangely enough, had early in the eighteenth century sheltered for some years Clementina Stuart's grandmother, the notorious Queen Marysienka of Poland. The former Stuart residence itself, usually known as the Palazzo Muti, is a commonplace structure, boasting neither antiquity (for it had only been erected in the previous century) nor architectural interest like many of its neighbours. All traces of regal splendour have disappeared, and to-day the old Stuart palace has a mean, unimposing appearance, although the entrance to its dingy courtyard still contains a marble tablet commemorating the subject of this biography.¹ Being roomy enough to house a large number of Jacobite courtiers and servants, the Palazzo Muti had been purposely selected by Pope Clement XI (Albani) as suitable quarters in Rome for James the Third, titular King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, and for his bride, the Princess Maria Clementina Sobieska, granddaughter of King John III of Poland. Before its doors the Papal cuirassiers daily mounted guard as at the Vatican or Quirinal, for James was treated in the Eternal City with every possible mark of reigning sovereignty; and under its roof, on the last day of the year 1720, was born Charles Edward Stuart, Prince of Wales.

It was in this gloomy old palace, too, that on March

¹ "Abitò questo Palazzo Enrico Duca poi Cardinale di York che figlio superstite di Giacomo III d'Inghilterra prese il nome d'Enrico IX in lui nell' anno MDCCCVII s'estinse la dinastia de' Stuardi."

(There once dwelt in this Palace Henry, Duke and afterwards Cardinal of York, who as sole surviving son of James III of England took the title of Henry IX and in whom the Dynasty of Stuart expired in the year 1807.)

6th, 1725, Henry Benedict, the younger son of James and Clementina Stuart, first saw the light, the news of his birth causing further elation at the Jacobite Court and a corresponding amount of annoyance to John Walton, the Hanoverian spy in Rome, who had confidently proclaimed that the Stuart Queen was incapable of bearing another child. James, having at once sent word to inform Pope Benedict XIII (Orsini) of this happy event, lost no time in conferring the ancient dignity of Duke of York upon his second-born, a royal English title that had not hitherto been of good omen in the Stuart family, for of its two previous holders one had lost his head and the other his throne; it is, moreover, a peculiar circumstance that this title of York, though bestowed by the Jacobite king, has always been associated with Henry Stuart's name by the British people. On the Pope's arrival at the palace of the Santi Apostoli, the delighted monarch, advancing to meet his august visitor with the newborn baby in his arms, proudly exhibited the young Prince to the Pontiff with these words: "I present the Duke of York to Your Holiness, that you make him a Christian."¹ Benedict without delay baptized the royal infant in the private chapel of the palace, giving him no fewer than twelve names, of which four only, Henry Benedict Maria Clement, were ever made use of by their owner:—Henry, in memory of eight English kings; Benedict, in honour of his sponsor; and Maria Clement in remembrance of his Polish mother. Later in the day every Cardinal then residing in Rome came in person to congratulate their Britannic Majesties on the birth of a second prince.

Before proceeding further it will be useful to note the

¹ B. W. Kelly, *Life of Cardinal York*.

relationship of Charles and Henry Stuart with the various royal and noble houses of Europe. By glancing at their "Seize Quartiers," or genealogical scheme of their lineal ancestors, it will quickly be perceived how curious an admixture of British, Polish, French, Italian and German blood flowed in the veins of the rising generation of the Royal Stuarts. Through their paternal grandmother, James II's exiled Queen, the two young princes were allied to the ducal family of Modena,—an illegitimate branch of the famous House of Este of Ferrara,—whilst through their mother's mother, Princess Hedwige-Elizabeth of Bavaria-Neuburg, they were connected with a number of German reigning dynasties. The Sobieskis themselves were of pure Polish descent, but Queen Marysienka of Poland, wife of King John III, had been born Marie-Casimire d'Arquien, daughter to a plain French country-gentleman, who owing to Marysienka's influence ultimately died a Cardinal. Outside this plan of their "Seize Quartiers," the nearest collateral relations of Charles and Henry Stuart were their uncle, the attainted Duke of Berwick, James II's favourite natural son, who founded the ducal houses of Liria in Spain and of Fitz-James in France; and their aunt, Marie-Charlotte Sobieska, Duchess of Bouillon, who finally became co-heiress together with her sister, the Stuart Queen, of the royal honours and considerable wealth of the Sobieskis. Through their grandfather's sister, Henrietta Stuart, Duchess of Orleans, the two boys were connected with the Royal Family of Sardinia, and still more remotely (by the far-off union of James I's daughter with Frederick V, Prince Palatine) with their Hanoverian supplanters on the British Throne.



HENRY STUART AS A CHILD

By a singular coincidence the birth of Henry Stuart, who throughout his long life always exhibited a peculiar love of peace and a strong aversion to domestic strife, occurred at a moment of fierce quarrelling within the walls of the palace of the Santi Apostoli. Almost on the eve of his second son's birthday, James had appointed for his secretary of state the titular Earl of Inverness, an act that roused to fury his Consort, who, rightly or wrongly, imagined the existence of a guilty attachment between her husband and Lady Inverness, "a mere coquet, tolerably handsome, but withal prodigiously vain and arrogant." A suggestion, also mooted at this time by the leaders of the Jacobite Court, that her newborn child should be sent away as soon as possible to be educated at Madrid, further excited Clementina's anger, so that, as a concession to her maternal feelings, the Spanish scheme, which from a political standpoint carried much to recommend it, was definitely abandoned. Yet before the year had expired, so tense had grown the friction between the Stuart King and Queen, that in a fit of mingled jealousy and depression Clementina at last withdrew to a neighbouring Ursuline convent, nor did she return to her husband and children until February 1728, on the voluntary retirement of Lord Inverness from Rome.

Sincerely charitable and deeply, austereley pious, Clementina failed to obtain any great amount of influence over her two sons, although she spent much time in thwarting the projects of her husband, who wished to give the young Princes a more liberal education than their narrow-minded mother approved. To please the Queen's fancy and to quiet her perpetual fears of unorthodox teaching, the erudite Chevalier Andrew

Ramsay—the intimate friend of the great Fénelon and the author of that once popular schoolroom classic, “The Travels of Cyrus”—had been dismissed from his post of tutor, and the vacant place given to an Irish Roman Catholic, Sir Thomas Sheridan, and the Abbé Légouz, of the University of Paris. That the former was incapable of teaching his native tongue is sufficiently proved by his elder pupil’s strangely ill-written and ill-spelt letters in after-life; yet Henry, owing to his more studious nature, somehow contrived to obtain a very fair knowledge of the English language, which he always wrote with ease and clearness, though not without many eccentricities of grammar and spelling. That the future Cardinal was more painstaking at his lessons than Prince Charles can be inferred from a passage in a letter written by Field-Marshal Keith to his brother, Lord Marischal, in November 1731 :—

“The little Duke is much on his good behaviour. He has ordered a journal of his actions to be kept and given me, that you may know how well he behaves. I never saw any child comparable to him. His brother has already got the better of his Governors, which makes him a little unruly.”¹

But of Henry’s childhood we possess few details, though as an infant he seems to have enjoyed more robust health than Charles, for his cousin, the young Spanish Duke of Liria, describes him at the age of two as “a prodigy of beauty and strength.” He was still only in his tenth year when (on January 18th, 1735) he lost his mother, who, already reduced almost to a skeleton

¹ *Life of Cardinal York.*

by secret ill-health and religious exercises, had lately appeared to those around her "like one whose eager soul, biting for anger at the clog of her body, desired to fret a passage through it."¹ Clementina's intense spirituality and neglect of all mundane interests, qualities that were certainly out of place in one who was at once a queen, a wife and a mother of children, had long rendered her unfit to dwell in a practical, unkind world. Though for the last seven years of her existence she had dwelt under her husband's roof, the pair had in reality lived wholly apart, for the Stuart King was ever absorbed in his endless political schemes, whilst his Consort, suffering equally in mind and body, had grown to care for nothing except her good works in Rome, nor did she pay any attention to her sons' up-bringing, save at such times as her suspicious nature led her to detect the dreaded Protestant influence of the Princes' governor, James Murray, titular Earl of Dunbar.

The public funeral accorded to the late Queen Clementina constituted one of the most striking displays of royal honours to the exiled Stuarts in Rome. The embalmed body of the dead Queen, clothed in the habit of a Dominican nun, was first borne by a number of Irish Dominican Fathers to the neighbouring Church of the Holy Apostles, where it was laid upon a magnificent catafalque in the centre of the choir, which for the occasion had been hung with sombre silver-fringed draperies and illuminated by hundreds of wax candles. As in the case of a deceased pope or temporal sovereign, the Papal Guards patiently watched beside the corpse with drawn swords for three whole days, during which

¹ Thomas Fuller.

time fine ladies and gentlemen of every nationality to be found in Rome, and hundreds of priests, monks and nuns attended the lying-in-state to pay a last visit of respect or curiosity. On Sunday, January 23rd, the final arrangements for burial in St. Peter's having been completed, Clementina's ladies-in-waiting removed the religious dress from their mistress in order to vest the body in robes of purple velvet lined with ermine, after which they laid a royal crown on her head and placed orb and sceptre in the lifeless hands. At noon no fewer than thirty-two Cardinals in their flowing mourning-robies of violet took part in the solemn Office of the Dead, that preceded the great public procession wherein nearly all Rome took part. During its passage through the wide squares and tortuous lanes leading from the Church of the Holy Apostles across the bridge of Sant' Angelo to St. Peter's, the royal bier was closely attended by members of the Stuart household, by the students of the English, Scotch and Irish Colleges, and by a detachment of cuirassiers, who kept the many thousands of spectators at a respectful distance. All the Confraternities in Rome, carrying torches and wearing their uncouth but picturesque habits, and all the Pope's servants in their splendid liveries followed, whilst in the rear of the long train appeared ten magnificent mourning-coaches, containing James Stuart, Prince Charles, Prince Henry and the chief persons of the Jacobite Court. Hundreds of English visitors then in Rome watched with deep interest the stately ceremonial and the long winding fantastic stream of mourners, nor did many of them fail to attend the final scene in St. Peter's itself. On reaching the Vatican Basilica, which by express order of the reigning Pope,

Clement XII (Corsini), had been draped with black velvet and adorned with the regal escutcheons of England, Scotland, Ireland and Poland, the gloomy *De Profundis* was recited, and then the body of the Stuart Queen was reverently stripped by Dominican nuns of its robes of purple and ermine and was once more habited in the religious dress, preparatory to its being placed in a coffin and removed to the crypt below.¹

It was commonly reported that formal application would some day be made to obtain the Beatification of the late Queen on account of her severe piety and extensive works of charity, particularly as her confessor, the noted Father Leonard, of Port Maurice (afterwards beatified and canonised), had latterly superintended her many benevolent schemes amongst the destitute and sinful of Rome. But no such plea seems ever to have been formally advanced, although the reputed sanctity of John Sobieski's granddaughter evidently came to be regarded as efficacious in her native Poland, for there is included amongst the *Stuart Papers* a curious account of a Polish nobleman's child being healed of "a putrid fever" through her direct intervention. As this official statement of a miracle, alleged to have been performed by Henry Stuart's mother, is of some historical interest, part of the original Latin document, which is dated June 30th, 1781, forty-six years after the Queen's death, is here quoted :—

"I, Ferdinand Sturm, noble of Hirschfeld and a Doctor of Medicine, once in the year 1771 commended myself to the Venerable Maria Clementina, Queen of

¹ *Parentalia Mariæ-Clementinæ, Magnæ Britaniiæ etc, Regina. Romæ, 1735.*

Great Britain, and in the merits of her name I petitioned God Almighty to restore my son's health. I prayed from the inmost depth of my heart, making vows that I promised to fulfil till my life's end in honour of This Advocate. Then I returned to the sick-room, where I found my son lying in his mother's arms and suffering from an attack of bleeding at the nostrils, whereby he was relieved of more than two pounds of blood within the space of an hour and a half. Joyfully the child cried out to me, 'Dear Father, at last I am well again!' Then voluntarily rising from his bed he was from that very moment restored to his original state of health.—And many other boons of Almighty God have I since obtained by means of this powerful Patroness."¹

But although Clementina has never been enrolled amongst the saints of the Roman Calendar, yet the Eternal City still holds recollections of her self-denying life, for many a convent and pious institution received her bounty. In the northern aisle of St. Peter's can be seen her costly monument, a marble sarcophagus with flowing drapery and with a mournful cherub holding aloft her medallion portrait in garish mosaic, which Bracchi erected for Pope Benedict XIV in the somewhat theatrical taste of the period ; and on one of the columns also of the Church of the Holy Apostles exists another memorial, beneath which in after years her melancholy and repentant husband used to remain kneeling for hours. In this latter Clementina's heart rests enclosed in a marble urn of *verde antico*, above which two cherubs offer a regal crown and a heart of the purest white to the Almighty

¹ *Stuart Papers.*



CLEMENTINA STUART

and His angels; whilst below is inscribed on a slab of porphyry a Latin couplet, which may freely be translated—

“Here lie the ashes of a Royal Heart
That Heavenly Love did burn to nothingness.”

Clementina's early death, though openly deplored by her husband and children, undoubtedly tended to heal many existing disputes and to soothe the jarring elements of the Jacobite Court; on the other hand, her uncertain temper and her constant habit of untimely meddling were quickly forgotten, whilst only the ascetic piety of the unhappy Queen was left behind as a fragrant and cherished memory.

After a period of mourning the Stuart King and his children again began to appear in public, and many are the impressions of the exiled family that have been transmitted to us by some of the numerous British travellers who were now thronging Italy. For the Rome of the Clements and the Benedicts, who for nearly half a century openly espoused the cause of James Stuart and granted him every means for the up-keep of a royal Court, was undoubtedly the most cosmopolitan city of eighteenth-century Europe. Its galleries of paintings and sculpture, its famous ruins of antiquity, its richly decorated churches and its vast palaces formed of themselves sufficient excuse to make a visit to Rome the cynosure of every educated person of whatsoever creed or race; whilst in addition to its intellectual and artistic attractions, the Capital of the Popes was at this time justly celebrated for its music, both sacred and secular. Moreover, its broad, airy squares, the exquisite gardens of its villas, its fine modern quarters and its unfailing supply of pure

water—so rare a boon in an Italian city—combined to render Rome not only the most beautiful, but also the most healthy capital in Europe. As a peaceful spot, far removed from the incessant warfare of the age, there was nothing to deter the northern stranger from paying a lengthy visit to a place where he found himself equally secure from the possible outbreak of hostilities and from the dreaded interference of the Inquisition. We have small cause to wonder therefore that the English, a race always prone to travel, should have frequented the Eternal City in great numbers, nor that, in consequence, the Royal Stuarts, the guests of Rome itself, should have thus been brought into close and frequent contact with Britons of the upper classes in a place so remote from their ancient kingdom. And though it was held high treason for any British subject to speak to the Pretender himself, the same penalty did not apply to a chance introduction in some public place to the two lads, so that Charles and Henry were not unfrequently followed, stared at, and even questioned by inquisitive English people.

As his two sons increased in years James began to initiate them into all the intricacies of his perpetual schemes and intrigues, both boys expressing the greatest eagerness to recover their grandfather's lost crown. As early as the siege of Gaeta in the year preceding Queen Clementina's death, which Charles Stuart had attended under the guidance of his cousin, the Duke of Liria, John Walton was reluctantly forced to admit the attributes of personal courage and efficiency at least in James' elder son. Of Henry's powers it was as yet too early to predict, but as time wore on he gave promise of growing up fully as energetic as his elder brother. Both boys were highly

popular in Roman society, although the little Duke of York, owing to his pretty bright face and engaging manners, was usually held the favourite by the lazy, frivolous Italians, to whom Charles' inordinate love of sport and adventure did not appeal so strongly. But preference for Henry was by no means confined to the Romans, for more than one English traveller affected to recognise superior talents in the junior of the two Stuart Princes, both of whom were naturally objects of much interest and speculation. Samuel Crisp—the “Daddy Crisp” of Fanny Burney and her sisters—singles out Henry for special praise after seeing all three members of the family at a grand masked ball given at the Bolognetti Palace in honour of the young Prince Frederick Leopold of Saxony, son of King Augustus of Poland, in February 1739, a date at which the Jacobite Duke of York had not attained his fourteenth year:—

... “Last day of the Carnival was the Marchesa Bolognetti’s Ball, which I will give you a small History of, and so conclude this voluminous letter. The Apartments were not so grand nor the Ball room so magnificent as at Prince Colonna’s, but still very fine; but ’tis on account of the Chevalier’s Sons, who were out of Masque, that I give you this further trouble. In order to avoid all Dispute about Precedence, as I told you before, they were both in Masquerade Habits of two young Shepherds, very rich, white silk hats with Diamond Loops and Buttons; Bankes of White Ribbands at their knees and shoes, their faces unmasked, notwithstanding which they were to be considered only as masques, not as Princes, and accordingly everybody called them Signor

Maschera; this was to avoid all Dispute with the Prince of Poland. I think I may say with truth they are two as fine youths as ever I saw; particularly the youngest, who has more Beauty and Dignity in him than even one can form to oneself in Idea; he danced miraculously, as they say he does all his exercises; singing, so I am told, most sweetly, and accompanies himself, and is, in short, the admiration of Everybody; these Accomplishments must come to him by the Mother, for I take the Father to be a Poor, Mean, Cowardly Bigot, and nothing more. Well, these two young Sparks sat on one side of the room, and the Prince of Poland on the other; they had never yet spoke to one another, but the Marchioness Bolognetti (who is mighty fond of the Pretender and his Family) was resolved to bring them Acquainted this time, and the sight of the particulars of all this, which I had very fully, pleased me very much. The eldest, whom they give here the title of Principe di Gallia, began the Ball with the prettiest Woman I ever saw, called the Bonaventura (I desire you'd toast her for my sake now and then, for she is quite beyond compare the Queen of all Beauty), and after him the younger. In about an hour, in came the Chevalier himself, in a purple and silver domino and masqued; everybody made a great bustle to make room for him when he came in, and after he had gone up to the Marchioness and some other Ladies to make his compliments, he came down to the end of the Room, where all the English Gentlemen were together, most of them unmasked, and stood among them. I believe he did it on purpose; but nobody took any manner of notice of him, though he talked English for half an hour

together to one of his attendants; I was the very next to him, and he heard the English Gentlemen talking together all round him. After some time the Master of the Ceremonies of the Ball came and asked him by the name of Sire if his Majesty had had a mind to see the young Princes dance; to which he answered he should be very glad of it, and accordingly the eldest began, and while he was dancing I was got somehow or other within two or three yards of the Prince of Poland without knowing what was going to be done; but when his minuet was ended the Marchioness Bolognetti who sat next the Prince of Poland, called to Signor Maschera to come and sit by her; which accordingly he did, and in sitting down made a bow to the Prince of Poland, who returned it and spoke to him; so there was a conversation begun between them, across the Marchioness Bolognetti, who, seeing her scheme take effect, got up and made them sit close together; soon afterwards the second son, il Duca di York, as they stile him, had done his minuet, upon which immediately the Lady that sat next the Prince of Poland on the other side immediately got up and made room for him in her place, on which the whole room fell a-clapping and cried Bravo! Bravo! I never saw anything so genteel as this young one's paying his court to the electorall Prince; his looks, his gesture, all was the finest and most expressive that can be imagined, and I was near enough to hear now and then a Sentence: they call'd Cousins; after some short space they both got up to begin English Country Dances, which they have taught all the Roman Ladies, who are much pleased with the fashion. I was not a little surprised to hear my old

friends Butter'd Peas and Willy Wilkie struck up in a Roman Palace; but here I must end for want of room, else I could tell you a good deal more, though I fancy you will think this is enough.”¹

A more distinguished Englishman than Crisp, who likewise describes the Stuarts about this time, was Thomas Gray, the poet, who in a letter to his mother from Rome, dated April 2nd, 1740, remarks, “I have not seen his majesty of Great Britain etc, though I have the two boys in the gardens of the Villa Borghese, where they go a-shooting almost every day; it was at a distance, indeed, for we did not choose to meet them, as you may imagine. This letter (like all those the English send or receive) will pass through the hands of that family, before it comes to those it was intended for . . .” Later in the same year the author of the immortal *Elegy* had further opportunities of studying “il Serenissimo Pretendente” and the Princes “at church, at the Corso and other places; but more particularly at a great ball given by Count Patrizi at which he and his two sons were present. They are good fine boys, especially the younger, who has the more spirit of the two, and both danced incessantly all night long. For him, he is a thin, ill-made man, extremely tall and awkward, of a most unpromising countenance, a good deal resembling King James the Second, and has extremely the look and air of an idiot, particularly when he laughs or prays: the first he does not often, the latter continually.”² But the fairest account of James

¹ W. H. Hutton, *Burford Papers*, 1905.

² *Poems and Letters of Thomas Gray*.



CHARLES STUART AS A YOUTH

Stuart, his sons and their home-life in the palace of the Santi Apostoli is undoubtedly to be found in the Italian letters of the Président Charles de Brosses, who was neither an enthusiastic Jacobite nor a carping Whig, but simply an unprejudiced Frenchman:—

“The King of England is treated here with as much respect as though he were a real reigning Sovereign. He lives in the Piazza dei Santi Apostoli, in a large palace not remarkable for beauty. The Pope’s soldiers mount guard there as at Monte Cavallo, and accompany him whenever he goes out, which is not often the case. It is easy to recognize him for a Stuart, of which family he has every trait; for he is tall and lean, and in face strongly resembles the portraits we have in France of his father, King James the Second. He is also very like Marshal Berwick, his natural brother, except that the Marshal’s face was sad and severe, while that of the Pretender is sad and silly. His household is rather numerous, its most distinguished member being the Lord Dunbar, a Scotchman of spirit and high reputation, to whom he has entrusted the upbringing of his sons, although he professes the Anglican religion. The Pretender’s dignity of manners is extraordinary; I never beheld any Prince preside over a great assembly so well and so gracefully. Yet his life in general is very retired, and he only comes for an hour to take part in the entertainments he occasionally provides to the ladies of Rome for the amusement of his sons. He is pious in the extreme (*dévote à l’exces*); and he passes much of every morning in prayer at his wife’s Monument in the Church of the Santi Apostoli. Of his talents my own lack of information forbids me to speak

with certainty ; they do not appear to me to be great, but his conduct is reasonable and his behaviour dignified. Although I often have the honour to see him, it is but for a moment on his return from church, for he then retires to his own chamber until dinner-time. He speaks seldom at that meal, but always courteously and pleasantly, and he withdraws from the room as soon as dinner is finished. . . . When he sits down to dinner, his two sons, before seating themselves, go to kneel before him for his blessing. He usually speaks to them in English, but to the others in Italian or French. The young princes have a small supper in the evening at which the King never appears.

" Of his two sons, the elder is called the Prince of Wales, the younger the Duke of York. Both have the Stuart air, but the younger is still a child with a pretty face. They are amiable, polite and gracious, but they exhibit no signs of ability and both are less developed in ideas than princes should be at their age. The younger is the more popular of the two in Rome on account of his handsome face and charming manners. Yet I gather from those who know them intimately that the elder is made of far better stuff and is more beloved by his own suite ; that he is kind-hearted and courageous, and that he feels his present position acutely ; and that if he does not make a serious effort some day it will not be for lack of initiative. Both princes are devoted to music and understand it thoroughly. The elder plays the violoncello very well, and the younger sings Italian songs with a clear child's voice and in the best taste ; they give a concert once a week ; it is the best music in Rome and I never miss it. Yesterday I entered whilst they were performing Corelli's famous work, the *Notte di Natale*, and I ex-

pressed my regret at not having arrived in time to hear the whole of it. When it was over and they were about to pass to another piece, the Prince of Wales said, 'No, wait! let us begin over again, for I chanced to hear Monsieur de Brosses say he would greatly like to listen to the whole piece.' I gladly inscribe this little incident, as it shows much attention and good-nature."¹

The shrewd and impartial comments of de Brosses without doubt constitute the most authentic account we possess of the Stuart King and his two sons, and they present to us by no means an unpleasing picture of the exiled family and of their daily existence in the Roman palace. Other descriptions of the two Princes, both from Jacobite and Hanoverian sources, are to be found in tolerable abundance, and nearly all agree in ascribing an attractive personality to Henry, who as a growing lad seems to have been quite as much the object of general attention and sympathy as his brother Charles:—

"The two young gentlemen are very pretty figures as to their persons. The elder has much better parts and a quicker apprehension than the younger, who, sensible of his inferiority in that respect, makes it up by greater application. The last is more lively, the other the more considerate. . . . They are both virtuous, and as likely as any young men to bear up against the corruption of idleness, the only quarter from which there appears any danger. They are both exceedingly good-natured and well-bred, and their sweetness of temper and accomplishments of address and good breeding gain them the

¹ Président Charles de Brosses, *Lettres sur l'Italie*, 1740.

affections of all that converse with them. The elder, who is the more reasonable and has the better knowledge and judgment, does not show any attachment to any particular mode of religion, to which the younger seems more disposed.”¹

It is somewhat surprising to find that the most incorrect estimate of Henry’s character and its probable development is that given by John Murray of Broughton, who from his intimacy with the Royal Stuarts ought to have been well qualified to judge accurately in such a case. Murray of Broughton had arrived at Rome in the autumn of 1741 at a moment of intense political activity at the exiled Court, nor was it long before this impulsive young adherent was raised by James III to the dignity of Secretary of State for Scottish affairs. Murray’s subsequent conduct and ultimate betrayal of certain of the Scottish leaders in “the ‘Forty-Five” do not concern us here, and we have only to remark that in the years immediately preceding Charles’ great adventure he was a devoted Jacobite with every opportunity to observe and appraise the natures of the two young Princes, on whom rested all hopes of a Stuart Restoration, for it was plain to all that James himself, though little more than fifty years of age, had grown too feeble and ailing to play a prominent part in the active warfare that must of necessity ensue before the British Crown could possibly be regained. In the year 1742, when Charles had lately attained his majority and Henry had turned seventeen, Murray writes home to his sister, Lady Polmood, the most glowing accounts of both youths. After an extravagant eulogy of

¹ A. C. Ewald, *Life of Prince Charles Stuart*.



MEDALS OF CHARLES AND HENRY STUART
SILVER TOKEN OF THE LATTER AS PAPAL VICE-CHANCELLOR, 1752

Prince Charles, whom he declares endowed with every conceivable gift of form, virtue and intellect, he proceeds to characterise Henry Stuart as a true Sobieski, who was one day likely to imitate the prowess of his great-grandsire, the Polish warrior-king and victor of the hosts of Islam under the walls of Vienna :—

“ Henry Benedict, the second son, has also a very fine person, though of a stature somewhat lower than his brother, and his complexion not altogether so delicate; he is, however, extremely well made, has a certain agreeable robustness in his mien, and a more than common sparkle in his eye. Many of those perfections I have, though faintly, described as appertaining to the one are equally the due of the other ;—’tis hard, indeed, to say which of them has most applied himself to all the branches of those kinds of learning which enable a man to be useful to his fellow-creatures. The difference I make between their tempers is this, that the one has the agreeable mixture of the Stuart and Sobieski, as I have already said, and the other seems actuated more entirely by the spirit of the latter ; all the fire of his great ancestors on that side seems collected in him, and I dare believe that should his arms ever be employed in so warrantable a cause as that which warmed the breast of his glorious progenitor, when a hundred and fifty thousand Turks owed their defeat to the bravery of a handful of Christians led on by him to victory, this warlike young prince would have the same success. This martial spirit discovered itself when, being no more than nine years old at the time his brother accompanied the young King of Naples [to the siege of Gaeta], he was so much discontented at being

refused the partnership of that glory and that danger, that he would not put on his sword till his father threatened to take away his Garter too, saying it did not become him to wear the one without the other.”¹

But high spirits and military tastes in a mere boy—and Henry Stuart was no more than a boy in the year 1742—are sometimes apt to vanish with the approach of manhood; and in this particular instance a complete change of character and ideas must have occurred between the date of Murray’s fulsome description and the young Prince’s impending visit to France. The next few years were, in fact, destined to bring to light all the latent qualities of both James III’s sons, and, amongst other surprises, to show how utterly mistaken had been Murray of Broughton in his prediction that Henry was likely to prove a second John Sobieski to the Stuart fortunes.

¹ *Genuine Memoirs of John Murray, Esq.*

CHAPTER II

VISIT TO FRANCE. 1745-1747

"Here's a health to the King whom the Crown doth belong to ;
Confusion to those who the right King would wrong so ;
I do not here mention either Old King or New King ;
But here is a health, boys—a health to the True King !

Here's a health to the Clergy, true sons of the Church,
Who never left king, queen nor prince in the lurch ;
I do not here mention either Old Church or New Church ;
But here is a health, boys—a health to the True Church !"

QUARTER of a century had now elapsed since James Stuart's ill-fated expedition to Scotland, and during these intervening years Jacobite attempts on the British throne had been confined to abortive plots and to a voluminous correspondence between the Court of the Santi Apostoli and its many agents in Britain, France and Spain, but at last the great war of the Austrian Succession once more brought to the front the cause of the Stuart Dynasty. Even before this date, England, much to the grief of Sir Robert Walpole, had become embroiled with Spain, and now the attitude of the Elector of Bavaria towards the late Emperor Charles VI's only child and heiress, the famous Queen-Empress Maria-Theresa, succeeded in plunging all the great States of Europe into a com-

plicated but fierce struggle. Louis XV of France thought fit to support the Bavarian claims; Frederick of Prussia took advantage of the Austro-Hungarian embarrassments to seize the province of Silesia; the King of Sardinia, Charles Emmanuel III, invaded the Spanish province of Lombardy on the pretext of some obsolete claim; Britain, at the eager instigation of George II, who as a German prince was intensely interested in this Continental war, came in course of time to the rescue of the Queen-Empress; Tuscany was in arms to uphold its Grand-Duke, Maria-Theresa's husband; the Bourbons of Naples joined in the Italian policy of Spain; whilst Venice and Rome were left almost the only two neutral States in the whole of Italy.

In Rome itself, however, there existed side by side two antagonistic parties, the stronger of which upheld the claims of the Bavarian Prince and sympathised with Bourbon aggression, whilst the weaker, that included some of the most astute and able politicians of the Roman Curia, such as Cardinal Alessandro Albani, himself a connection of the Austrian Imperial House, openly declared in favour of Maria-Theresa and of her husband. The Stuart Court naturally sided with the Bourbon faction, for it was to the monarchs of France and Spain that James had ever looked for the outside assistance that was absolutely essential for the success of his own restoration. Fortune, in truth, seemed at last to smile upon the House of Stuart, for the political confusion of the time was all in its favour, and it had an able representative in James' elder son, who had already reached man's estate, and whose patience

strength and courage obviously fitted him for the hard task of adventure and conquest that lay before him. For some time past Charles had been carefully studying the European situation, and it seemed to his youthful, eager mind that the favourable moment for action had at last indeed arrived, when the cautious and pacific Cardinal Fleury died, and there arose to power at Versailles Cardinal Tencin, an ambitious Churchman, who owed his Scarlet Hat to James' still considerable influence at Rome, and was in consequence genuinely enthusiastic in his support of the Stuarts.

But Cardinal Tencin's accession to office at the French Court was by no means the only circumstance upon which Charles Stuart was induced to rely. Ever since the declaration of the war with Spain, the Jacobite party in Britain, which Bolingbroke had not untruthfully described as "an unorganised lump of inert matter, without a principle of life or action in it," had shown distinct signs of reanimation. In Scotland, Lord Traquair, the titular Duke of Perth, the treacherous old Lord Lovat, and the chivalrous young Cameron of Lochiel were conspiring for a Stuart restoration; in England Lord Barrymore, Dr. William King (Principal of St. Mary's Hall at Oxford), Sir John Hinde Cotton, a zealous Jacobite and a member of Parliament, the Duke of Beaufort and a number of distinguished persons were in favour of a change of dynasty, whilst Sir Watkin Wynne, the head of the leading Cambro-British family, was ready to answer for the necessary support from North Wales. With such rosy accounts of the growing strength and devotion of the Jacobite party at home, it is scarcely to be wondered at that the hopes of the Court

of the Santi Apostoli ran high at this period, for even Sir Robert Walpole himself did not refrain from communicating with "the King across the Water," though what exact reason he had for so doing must ever remain somewhat of a mystery. James, who returned a carefully worded reply to Walpole's message, could hardly have regarded the great Whig statesman's profession of attachment otherwise than as a ruse, yet such an incident in itself afforded an additional proof of the deep dissatisfaction then reigning amongst all classes in England.¹ Jacobitism had, in fact, derived new life and strength from the war, and in consequence, the toast of "the King, the Prince and the Duke" was now being drunk with enthusiasm in all parts of the kingdom. And amongst the many expressions of revived British loyalty to the ancient line of Stuart that were being received in Rome at this time, it is interesting to observe that the name of James' younger son is sometimes included; for we learn that in the winter of 1743 a movement was set on foot in the ancient city from which Henry derived his ducal title, that the mayor and certain aldermen of York "made large professions of their attachment to the Family of Stewart . . . and that they intended to send the Pretender's youngest Son the Compliments of their town in a Gold Box, but were afraid lest it might be discovered by the workmen . . ."²

As early as 1739, the year of the outbreak of the war with Spain, John Walton, the spy, had noticed signs of an increased commotion at the Court of the Santi Apostoli, and from the fact that during that very year

¹ Earl Stanhope, *History of England*.

² *Memorials of Murray of Broughton*.

Prince Charles had appeared at a great ball in the Doria Palace dressed in Highland costume and Stuart tartan, thereby attracting general attention in Roman society by such an unfamiliar garb, he had drawn a justifiable inference that sooner or later an effort to rouse the Scotch clans would be attempted. At Walton's suggestion, therefore, every precaution was now taken to circumvent Charles' escape from Rome, and even, if possible, to seize his person; nevertheless, thanks to the excellent arrangements made by the Chevalier Tencin, nephew to the French Cardinal and Maltese ambassador at the Vatican, the young Prince of Wales managed to get clear away from Italy and to arrive in Paris towards the end of January 1744. So well contrived had been the scheme, and so darkly kept the secret of the Prince's flight by Lord Dunbar and Tencin, that even Henry did not become aware of his brother's absence until Charles was actually out of the Papal States and well forward on his perilous journey towards Paris.

After spending over two months in the closest seclusion in the French capital, the young Chevalier in April embarked with Marshal Meurice de Saxe, a natural son of King Augustus of Poland and the ablest French general of Louis xv's reign, on board one of the transports of a flotilla at Dunkirk with which it was intended unexpectedly to invade the southern coast of England. Full of warm hopes and pleasurable excitement the young Prince now sent to Rome the most glowing descriptions of his chances of success, but a tactical blunder on the part of Admiral Roquemore, commanding the French fleet in the Channel, coupled with a most violent and inopportune tempest, upset in the space of an hour or two

the whole manœuvre that had been so long and so carefully planned. The French warships, in a much distressed condition, were forced to put back as best they could to Brest and Rochefort, whilst the storm, which beat with full fury upon the French coast, sunk several and disabled more of the unlucky transports, so that it was only with the greatest difficulty that the vessel carrying on board the Prince and Marshal Saxe was conducted back to port. This disaster, as complete as it was unforeseen, utterly shattered for the time being the hopes of the Jacobites on all sides. Partisans of the cause in Britain were bitterly disappointed at this latest failure of Jacobite plans; the French Minister of War, the Marquis d'Argenson, was much discouraged at the loss of so valuable an armament, and was consequently disinclined to risk a second expedition in the same unlucky cause: whilst the poor old Stuart King in Rome was not only utterly disheartened by the dismal news, but became seriously alarmed for the safety of his elder and favourite son.

Meanwhile, sick of French delays and French intriguing, Charles was acting on his own initiative. Borrowing money from Waters and his son, the Stuart bankers in Paris, he fitted out a man-of-war, the *Elisabeth*, and a brig, the *Doutelle*, in the latter of which he embarked at Nantes with the intention of setting out for Scotland. His plans all prepared and the moment of sailing arrived, the young Prince sent an affectionate letter to his father, explaining the reasons of his enterprise and craving the paternal blessing. The voyage proved to be fraught with danger; the *Elisabeth*, pursued by the British naval captain, Brett, had to return for safety to Brest, but on

August 2nd the *Doutelle* dropped anchor off the islet of Erisca in the Hebrides. A few days later Charles, with seven devoted followers, reached Moidart on the mainland, and before October had drawn to a close, that is, within a space of three months, he was complete master of the whole of Scotland with the exception of the castles of Edinburgh and Stirling.

Leaving with reluctance the ever-fresh and ever-fascinating story of Prince Charles' adventurous campaign in Scotland, we must now turn to relate Henry Stuart's insignificant and unprofitable share in the last serious attempt of the Royal Stuarts to recover the British Crown. Ever since Charles' departure Henry had remained at Rome with his father, and both had shared in the bitter disappointment caused by the dismal failure of the projected invasion of the English coast by Marshal Saxe, though it is difficult to believe Sir Horace Mann's statement that Henry Stuart "fainted away on the recital of it" by their good friend, Bailli Tencin.¹ After Charles' embarkation in the *Doutelle* for Scotland, with news becoming more scanty and unreliable in consequence, both father and son grew inclined to take the most gloomy views of the Scottish project and even of the safety of its author. With what exact feelings Henry regarded his brother's scheme from the very beginning, it is difficult to gauge, but it is most likely that he shared the opinion of his father, who, whilst admiring and openly praising his elder son's enterprise, in reality only longed for "his dearest Carluccio" to return safe and sound to the shelter of the old Roman palace. For though James professed himself to be—and in a certain sense undoubtedly was—

¹ *Letters of Sir Horace Mann.*

deeply interested in the Scottish campaign, yet, to judge from the King's private correspondence on the subject, he seems to have been ever a prey to the fixed idea of ultimate failure, a dismal foreboding in which Henry probably agreed. But Dunbar and the members of the Jacobite Court in Rome were jubilant over the Prince's voyage to Scotland, and it was in all probability at their instance that the decision was made for Henry to set out in order to assist his elder brother's endeavour. James, who had already lost his Joseph, did not relish the idea of parting with his Benjamin, though the latter appears to have been willing enough to follow in his brother's footsteps, but he consented nevertheless to this new scheme.

And here it is necessary to remark that Henry Stuart, the brilliant boy of promise, "with a more than common sparkle in his eye," had by no means developed into the type of leader that the Jacobite cause demanded. The high spirits of his boyhood seem to have evaporated; his eager, childish desire to win back the throne of his ancestors had grown somewhat languid; he had become thoughtful and reserved, whilst his mind had undoubtedly acquired not a little of the prevailing tone of the ecclesiastical world of Rome. Hanoverian agents characterise him as "bigoted," and if by that epithet we conceive that they thought Henry had become inclined to regard the cause of his House as a religious rather than a political question, we may conclude that the description was tolerably correct. There is, however, no reason to deny Henry the possession of personal courage, yet it is quite obvious that he was deficient both in military ardour and in political talent, and such a person, even with the

best of intentions, was hardly likely to do his elder brother much service either in the field or at a Bourbon Court. As a proof of these statements concerning this change, or rather growth, of character, feeling and interests, we have only to compare the picture of Henry as a boy, full of life and spirit, with the presentment of him in Daulle's engraving, with the heavy, dreamy face, almost sheep-like in its utter lack of expression, and with the figure looking so utterly out of place in its suit of mail against the background of a naval battle. Yet in the difficult, thankless and inglorious part he was destined to play during "the 'Forty-Five," Henry certainly did his best, and it was Nature's deficiencies rather than his own ill-conduct that served to render him a complete cipher during the momentous year that he remained in France, whilst his brother was fighting and enduring in Scotland. Add to all this, the fact of his extreme and untried youth—he passed his twenty-first birthday only a few weeks before Culloden—and there will then be found a sufficiency of reasons to account for Prince Henry's failure in a part that would have taxed to the utmost the full powers of a much older, abler and more enthusiastic person.

On August 11th, 1745, James III dispatched a long letter to Louis XV, wherein he declares that his increasing age and infirmities make it practically impossible for him to leave Italy, and he even mentions his intention of abdicating in his elder son's favour, should he be successful in winning the British throne. In the same letter he also alludes to Henry's intended departure, and commends the young Prince to the notice of His Most Christian Majesty of France.

“A ROME, ce 11 abut, 1745.

“. . . The example set by my Son and Heir naturally enough rouses my second. He cannot endure the idea of having to remain in Rome, whilst his brother is in Scotland, and although the dangers and difficulties of escaping from Italy have grown greater than ever, he will take the very earliest opportunity of making his way to Avignon, so as to await the orders of Your Majesty in that city.”¹

Arrangements for Henry's journey were in fact being made at this very moment with extreme caution and secrecy, for Rome was still swarming with Hanoverian agents, great and small, and the admirals of the British and Sardinian fleets, suspecting the embarkation for France of the Pretender's younger son, and hoping to secure so valuable a prisoner, were now watching the western Italian coasts. Almost on the day that James Stuart wrote to Louis xv, Sir Horace Mann—British Minister for nearly half a century to the Court of Tuscany at Florence, and so well known to us as the friend and life-long correspondent of Horace Walpole—informs his Government that the Pretender's second son is lying desperately ill with an attack of malaria, caught whilst hunting in the Campagna. From the early part of August until the close of the month, Henry remained in his bed-chamber at the Roman palace, where many friends (and probably spies also) came to inquire after his health, but on the night of August 29th he went on foot and in disguise to the house of Monsieur Tencin,

¹ Stanhope.

who took him to the palace of Cardinal Aquaviva, the Spanish Minister at the Roman Court. The secret was not, however, so well kept but that the exact hour and the direction of the young Prince's flight were quickly discovered by Sir Horace Mann's agents:—

"The Second Son departed from Rome, the 29th [August] at night, with as much mystery as his Demetrius did last year; for some days before he pretended to be ill with a swelled face, with which he exhibited himself, but the morning of his departure it was said he had a fever, which carried symptoms of the small-pox, so nobody was admitted. At three hours in the night, he set out with the same *Valet de Chambre* of Bailli Tencin who attended his brother, whom some believe that he has gone to join. An opinion prevails that the Pretender himself will set out soon."¹

The general impression seems to have been that Henry Stuart, not thinking it safe to cross the sea to France, would make his way overland to join the army of the Infant Philip in Lombardy, but Cardinal Alessandro Albani, the chief representative in Rome of the Austrian faction, and a most bitter opponent of the Stuarts, who did not scruple to supply Sir Horace Mann both directly and indirectly with political intelligence, soon learned that the Prince's true objective was Avignon, and at once forwarded this piece of news to the British Legation at Florence. Sir Horace Mann now sent word in feverish haste "to Mr. Cooper, com-

¹ Letters of Sir Horace Mann.

manding His Majesty's squadron on the coasts of Genoa, to desire him to use all the means he could to intercept any small vessels that might depart from Genoa to the coast of France."¹

But with the aid of Tencin's confidential servant, who was evidently too faithful to be corrupted by Cardinal Albani's gold, Henry was enabled to reach the Genoese coast, whence he crossed in safety to Antibes (the port at which his brother had also chosen to disembark nineteen months before), and from that place made his way direct to Avignon, which throughout the first half of the eighteenth century had been much frequented by Jacobite emissaries, owing to its central position with regard to the Courts of Paris, Madrid and Rome, and also from the fact that this ancient city on the Rhône was Papal territory. Here Henry became for a short time the guest of James Butler, Duke of Ormonde, then over eighty years of age, and only destined to live a few weeks longer, for the devoted old Jacobite exile died on November 16th of this very year. Henry had now the choice of making his way either to Madrid, where the young Prince would have been nominated Admiral of a fleet that was being fitted out at Ferrol for a descent upon the Irish coasts, or of proceeding northward to Paris, to assume command of the flotilla that was being slowly prepared and the troops that were being leisurely drilled at the Channel ports, with the ostensible object of a second invasion of England. All advice to the inexperienced young Prince being in favour of the French command, Henry accordingly travelled to Versailles,

¹ *State Papers, Tuscany, 1745.*

though in all probability he would have found less chicanery and more sincerity with regard to the true interests of his House at the Spanish than at the French Court.

On his arrival at Versailles, Henry, who was introduced at Court by his cousin, the Duc de Fitz-James, was well received by Louis, and treated with the full dignity due to the younger son of a reigning king, for the recent news of the young Chevalier's victories was now stirring all France, so that even the indolent and vicious Louis was inclined for the time being to regard the Stuart cause with favour. As soon as possible Henry proceeded to his assigned post, the nominal command of the forces collected at Boulogne, Dunkirk and other ports, which d'Argenson, in consideration of Charles' marvellous and unforeseen success in Scotland, decided once more to use for the purpose of invasion.

The French Government had indeed an unique chance of overthrowing the House of Guelph. The British forces in the Netherlands were suffering defeat after defeat at the hands of Marshal Saxe; George II himself delayed in Germany; the people of England were sick of the "Hanoverian" war; the Jacobite army had already conquered Scotland, and it was openly said that England, Wales and Ireland were ready to rise at the eagerly expected news of a French landing. The arrival of Henry Stuart in France probably hastened the action of d'Argenson with regard to this second projected invasion, for he now applied to the Minister of Marine, de Maurepas, to draw up definite plans for the attempt. De Maurepas' reply is embodied in a *Mémoire*, dated

October 13th, 1745, which suggests the dispatch of 10,000 troops by sea on the first suitable occasion under the command of the Duc de Richelieu, in company with Henry Stuart, and it further names the ports of Ostend, Dunkirk, Calais, Ambleteuse, Boulogne and Fécamp as suitable starting points. Dunkirk was finally fixed upon as the chief base of operations, and thither Henry at once repaired, little thinking he was destined to spend there and at other points of the Flemish coast six weary months in watching the training of soldiers that were never seriously intended to fight on English soil, and the equipment of transports that were never to sail. With Henry, likewise chafing at the eternal delays and excuses of the French Ministers and commanders, were George Keith, Lord Marischal and other Jacobite leaders, all of whom were endeavouring to persuade the Duc de Richelieu to carry out his promised invasion by assuring him of influential support in England and by urging the imperative duty of immediate action. So favourable was the moment and so essential was haste in seizing its opportunities, that it is not surprising to find in after years amongst the Jacobites a firm belief that the Duc de Richelieu and some of his officers had been heavily bribed by the Government in London to procrastinate. Indeed, the callous attitude of the French King, his general and his War-Minister towards the unfortunate Stuarts at this most critical juncture would alone be quite sufficient to account for the unquenchable hatred that Prince Charles always professed in his latter years towards France and the French nation.

During the winter months of 1745 Henry did all that was possible—though that was little enough—to assist



HENRY STUART IN 1745

his brother's gallant adventure from a distance. At his instigation single ships with arms and money on board quitted the French coast from time to time, and one or two of these vessels reached Scottish ports in safety, though most of them were captured by British privateers. Never before, in fact, had the true value of the British Navy been realised by the Government, for, as a modern authority on Naval History tells us, "the assured British command of the sea really made his [Charles Stuart's] enterprise almost hopeless from the first; for even his private sympathisers in France could not aid him with supplies, such vessels as they dispatched being almost invariably snapped-up by British cruisers."¹

With Admiral Vernon's squadron keeping a close watch upon all movements at Dunkirk and Calais, it was scarcely in Henry's mild unadventurous nature to essay a solitary landing in Charles' magnificent manner upon the English coast, the white cliffs of which must have appeared tantalisingly near at hand; yet on one occasion the captain of the *Sheerness* thought he recognised the young Prince amongst the crew of a captured French vessel, the youthful prisoner in question, however, being found to be the son of Lord Derwentwater. Henry, it is certain, never once quitted dry land, though his position with the French army of transport must have grown highly irksome to him. With the Duc de Richelieu and his officers, who were alternately amused and irritated by the Prince's religious fervour, Henry was anything but a favourite, nor did the French duke scruple on occasion to sneer at "the Italian bigot's" piety. "You

¹ W. L. Clowes, *History of the Royal Navy*.

may perhaps gain the Kingdom of Heaven by your prayers," remarked Richelieu one day to the future Cardinal, who by attending Mass had kept a Council of War waiting, "but never the Kingdom of Great Britain!" Yet under a more congenial commander than the scoffing Richelieu, Henry was capable of no little valour and coolness in action, for at the siege of Antwerp, apparently his only engagement, which he attended on the staff of Marshal Saxe, he bore himself well, as even d'Argenson, who hated him, was forced to admit. But Henry had little encouragement to show personal bravery, for the brilliant campaign of Marshal Saxe in no wise contributed to the advantage of his House, and could not therefore have greatly interested him, whilst he himself and Lord Marischal failed to rouse the activity of the Duc de Richelieu.

By the early springtime Charles, for want of the promised support from France, had been compelled to retreat northwards from Derby, and thus a golden opportunity for France and for the Stuarts was definitely lost. Henry, so we learn, was on his knees in church when the fatal news of Culloden was brought him, yet this information was received with calm resignation by one who had already learned by bitter experience the utter fatuity of French promises and had from the first never taken a sanguine view of his elder brother's romantic expedition. As for the Stuart King, on receiving Henry's reports from France it is not strange to hear that he remained "in the utmost Consternation and Affliction at Albano," nor that he said "that it was with the greatest reluctance and after having been solicited for a long time, that he consented to deliver his sons to the conduct of France,

and that he never flattered himself with any good from it.”¹

After Culloden Henry left the Flemish coast and returned to the neighbourhood of Paris (where Louis had assigned him a residence at Clichy), to busy himself in inducing Cardinal Tencin and his friends at Court to send a couple of privateers to search for his absent brother amongst the isles and lochs of the Highlands. Thanks to Henry’s exertions, two ships were now dispatched for the northern Scottish coast, but six anxious months of waiting elapsed before the joyful news arrived that the quest for the royal fugitive had been successful, and that Charles Stuart with over a hundred refugees had disembarked on October 10th at the little Breton port of Roscoff. Immediately after landing on French soil Charles sent a letter to his brother Henry with “to lines” enclosed for his father, “just to show him I am alive and well,”² on receipt of which Henry, with some of his friends, hastened westward to meet him on his way to Paris. It was nearly three years since the two brothers had last seen each other, and they both expressed the greatest satisfaction in being once more united after so long an absence, whilst the younger hastened to give the King in Rome a further account of Charles’ return:—

“CLICHY, October 17, 1746.

“The very morning after I writ you my last, I had the happiness of meeting with my dearest brother. He did not know me at first sight, but I am sure I knew him very well, for he is not in the least altered since I saw him, except grown somewhat broader and fatter, which is in-

¹ *State Papers, Tuscany.*

² Ewald, *Prince Charles Stuart.*

comprehensible after all the fatigues he has endured. Your Majesty may conceive better than I can express in writing the tenderness of our first meeting. Those that were present said they never saw the like in their lives ; and, indeed, I defy the whole world to show another brother so kind and loving as he is to me. For my part, I can safely say that all my endeavours tend to no other end but that of deserving so much goodness as he has for me. . . . The Prince sees and will scarce see any body but myself for a few days, that he may have a little time to rest before he is plagued by all the world, as to be sure he will, when once he sees company. I go every day to dine with him. Yesterday I brought him privately to see my house ; and I perceive he has as much *goût* for the chase as ever he had.—Most humbly asking Your Majesty's blessing, I remain, Your most dutiful son,

“ HENRY.”¹

Upon Charles' flattering reception at Versailles, upon his high hopes drawn from the French King's gracious attitude towards himself, and upon his subsequent disappointment and humiliation we must not dwell ; for this work deals solely with Henry Stuart, who in Charles' European intrigues after his Scottish expedition played a very small part during the six months that the two brothers were together on French soil. Whilst Charles was eagerly building up new plans for the recovery of the British Crown that he had so nearly grasped, Henry was reflecting upon two patent and significant facts, the first of which was that the Stuart cause had just sustained a crushing if not decisive blow, and the second that no

¹ Stanhope, *History of England*.

reliance could be placed in the many promises of French aid, although without it all future attempts were doomed to certain failure. Realising thus that the late defeat was final, Henry considered himself at liberty to take a certain step, which, there is every reason to believe, he had long been meditating, but which, out of consideration for his brother, he had hitherto refrained from announcing. Brought up in a strictly moral household and in the clerical atmosphere of Rome, Henry Stuart's peace-loving, unambitious nature had for some time past been attracted by the studious and quiet lives of so many Roman Churchmen of his acquaintance. His residence abroad had only served to confirm him in his original desire for the priesthood, since during a year and a half he had seen with the French army of invasion the folly of ambition and the uselessness of political strife; whilst a person of his temperament was not unnaturally horrified at the openly displayed vices, the universal corruption and the mocking disregard of religious duties which prevailed amongst the courtiers surrounding the person of the Most Christian King. "He was as much scandalized by his French experiences, as the French Court was bored with his own absurd prejudices,"¹ writes Cardinal Albani spitefully to Sir Horace Mann; whilst we, knowing the utter depths of infamy of Louis xv's Versailles, can easily understand, and indeed can even admire Henry's contempt and hatred of so foul a Vanity Fair. Moreover, the continued melancholy of his father at Rome and the tension of the many anxious months that had passed between the news of Culloden and Charles' landing in Brittany added to Henry's strong desire for a means of

¹ *State Papers, Tuscany.*

escape from the political world of trouble and intrigue, for which he was by nature so little fitted; therefore, by the date of Charles' escape from Scotland, we may reasonably suppose he had fully decided to return to Rome in order to become a priest, as soon as such a step could be conveniently arranged.

In spite of the affectionate meeting of the two brothers outside Paris, it was not long before Charles began to suspect Henry of nurturing some secret scheme, and accordingly he now began to complain in his letters to his father of the latter's waning interest in the cause, and of his silence and reserve: "He does not open his heart to me, and yet I perceive he is grieved, which must proceed from malicious people putting things in his head, and preventing him against me. Notwithstanding, I am persuaded he loves me tenderly, which is the occasion of my grief. God Almighty grant us better days . . ."¹

James Stuart, however, was evidently inclined to take Henry's part, for a long letter, dated April 17th, 1747, which gives Charles excellent advice as to choosing a bride and warns him of his coming expulsion from French territory, contains the following passages, that seem to hint at a complete understanding between the father and his younger son:—

"I cannot end this without expressing to you my concern to remark from your own letters your uneasiness and jealousies in relation to your Brother, by which means it is impossible he can be of any service to you, as he will even become a constant subject of uneasiness to you, so

¹ Stanhope.

that I own I am tempted to send for him back hither, and tho' I don't order him to return to me, yet I now write to him that he may do so when he pleases, and the truth is, as matters now stand, I think it would be more for your service that he should be here, were it but for a few months, and were he to stay here he would be of the less expence to me, and I could be better able to supply you at a pinch. *Enfin*, my Dear Child, my whole thoughts are turned to provide as much as is possible for the real good and advantage of both of you . . ."¹

By a curious coincidence, during the very day on which James Stuart was occupied in advising his heir, Charles, noting an improvement in Henry's manner, wrote to his father the following characteristic letter from Paris :—

" . . . I finde my brother more cummunicative to me than usual, which gives me great pleasure, as I love him with all my heart, and he me in y^e same manner. Your Majesty may be absolutely shure what any little coldness or broalierie that may ever happen to be betwixt us is nothing, but venting one another's spleen, which, God nose, we have occasion enough to have, seeing every day so many follise of our own people, besides strangers . . .

"To the King, Aprill y^e 17th, 1747."²

But if Charles was under the impression that his relations with Henry were about to be placed on a

¹ *Ibid.*

² *Ibid.*

better footing, he was vastly mistaken, for the latter, having privately obtained his father's permission to return to Rome, was only waiting for a favourable moment in which to slip away from his elder brother's control. Before the end of April, therefore, Henry, aided no doubt by Cardinal Tencin, who was thankful at this time to be quit of one at least of the Stuart Princes, had fully prepared plans for his flight, which took place on the afternoon of the 29th. By special invitation Charles arrived to sup that evening at Henry's house at Clichy, where, on his arrival, he found the rooms lighted and a meal prepared, but no sign of his host. Alarmed and angry, he learned the following morning of Henry's departure on the previous day, but it was not till several weeks later that he was informed of the actual cause of Henry's desertion, by means of a long letter from James himself. In this important communication, which, like all his letters, is full of lucid statements and strong common-sense, James Stuart acquaints his elder son with Henry's decision to become a Cardinal, and for the giving of his consent to this step he adduces two excellent reasons: first, that he has neither the right nor the power to forbid a religious vocation; and second, that in the present low financial condition of the family, owing to heavy expenses connected with the late Scottish expedition, he finds no little satisfaction in seeing his younger son thus honourably placed and amply provided for. At the same time, so he tells Charles, he can quite understand his natural annoyance at Henry's secretive conduct, but begs him in the most earnest and affectionate terms to bow to the inevitable with a good grace:—

"ALBANO, June 13, 1747.

"I know not whether you will be surprised, my dearest Carluccio, when I tell you that your brother will be made a Cardinal the first days of next month. Naturally speaking, you should have been consulted about a resolution of that kind before it had been executed; but, as the Duke and I were unalterably determined on the matter, and as we foresaw you might probably not approve of it, we thought it might be showing you more regard, and that it would be even more agreeable to you, that the thing should be done before your answer could come here, and to have it in your power to say it was done without your knowledge and approbation. It is very true I did not expect to see the Duke here so soon, and that his tenderness and affection for me prompted him to undertake that journey; but after I had seen him, I soon found that his chief motive for it was to discourse with me fully and freely on the vocation he had long had to embrace an ecclesiastical state, and which he had so long concealed from me, and kept to himself, with a view, no doubt, of having it in his power of being of some use to you in the late conjunctures. But the case is now altered; and as I am fully convinced of the sincerity and solidity of his vocation, I should think it a resisting the Will of God, and acting directly against my conscience, if I should pretend to constrain him in a matter which so nearly concerns him. The maxims I have bred you up in, and have always followed, of not constraining others in matters of religion, did not a little help to determine me on the present occasion,

since it would be a monstrous proposition that a King should be a father to his people, and a tyrant to his children. After this, I will not conceal from you, my dearest Carluccio, that motives of conscience and equity have not alone determined me in this particular; and that when I seriously consider all that has passed in relation to the Duke for some years bye-gone, had he not had the vocation he has, I should have used my best endeavours, and all arguments, to have induced him to embrace that state. If Providence has made you the elder brother, he is as much my son as you, and my paternal care and affection are equally to be extended to you and him, so that I should have thought I had greatly failed in both towards him, had I not endeavoured by all means to secure to him, as much as in me lay, that tranquillity and happiness which I was sensible it was impossible for him to enjoy in any other state. You will understand all that I mean without my enlarging further on this last so disagreeable article; and you cannot, I am sure, complain that I deprive you of any service the Duke might have been to you, since you must be sensible that, all things considered, he would have been useless to you remaining in the world. But let us look forward, and not backward. The resolution is taken, and will be executed before your answer to this can come here. If you think proper to say you were ignorant of it, and do not approve it, I shall not take it amiss of you; but, for God's sake, let not a step which naturally should secure peace and union amongst us for the rest of our days, become a subject of scandal and *éclat*, which would fall heavier upon you than upon us in our present situation, and which

a filial and brotherly conduct in you will easily prevent. . . . God bless my dearest Carluccio, whom I tenderly embrace.—I am all yours,

JAMES R."¹

But Charles was in no mood to listen to diplomatic arguments, however sound or however clearly expressed. On receipt of the letter quoted above, he became enraged with Henry for his resolve to enter the Church, and almost equally angry with his father for having countenanced such a step. His wrath, too, was inflamed still further by d'Argenson, who spoke in the most indignant terms of the "matchless treachery" (*insigne fourberie*) that Henry had displayed by his sudden flight, and by his acceptance of the Scarlet Hat. "Italian, superstitious, rogue, avaricious, fond of ease, and jealous of the Prince," are some of the epithets that the French War-Minister thought fit in his *Memoirs* to bestow upon Henry Stuart, nor did he shrink from declaring (what he must have known to be untrue) that Cardinal Tencin and others had been bribed by George II's Government to persuade the Duke to embrace an ecclesiastical career, an object "which England desires more than anything in the world."² D'Argenson's gibes and aspersions seem to have added fresh fuel to Charles' burning anger, for he now gave orders for his brother's name to be omitted from the usual toast at table, and nevermore to be mentioned in his presence. Thus for over eighteen years the two brothers, who had grown up together under the same roof and on such affectionate terms of intimacy, remained practically dead to each other, nor did Charles till his dying day truly forgive

¹ Stanhope.

² Andrew Lang, *Pickle the Spy*.

Henry for his *insigne fourberie*, although the chance force of political circumstances was once more destined to reunite their lives after many years of separation.

Some sort of reconciliation was in course of time patched up between Charles and his father, though the latter nevermore set eyes on his "dearest Carluccio," who henceforward carefully avoided Rome, and only corresponded fitfully and coldly with a loving parent, who, even if he had acted wrongly, had certainly acted for the best. From one point of view, however, Charles' indignation was undoubtedly justifiable, for he alone, of the King, the Prince and the Duke, clearly foresaw the disastrous effect that Henry's entrance into the College of Cardinals would produce amongst the great mass of Anglican and Protestant Jacobites in Britain. During his late campaign he had learned how deep and how widespread was the distrust of the Roman Church amongst all classes in Great Britain, and how valuable an asset to the Government in its hour of trial had been this universal feeling, which in the popular mind connected the Stuart cause with Papal designs against religious liberty.¹ Modern writers have called Henry's admission to the Sacred Collcge a second Culloden to the Stuart cause; but it was in reality (as Charles only too clearly perceived) a far greater and more enduring disaster. Under more favourable conditions the effects of Culloden might yet have been wiped out—and indeed the cruelties of the Duke of Cumberland could hardly have endeared the Highlander to the Guelph

¹ For example, see the celebrated forgery, deliberately published by the Government in 1745 and entitled *A Genuine Intercepted Letter . . . to the Pretender's Son in Scotland.—Notes and Queries.*

dynasty—but a definite and official connection of the Stuarts with the detested and dreaded Papacy was certain to alienate all Protestant waverers. Whilst, therefore, we condemn and deplore Charles' bitter rancour towards his brother and his heartless neglect of his father, we cannot deny that he had a genuine cause of grievance against both for their total upsetting of his cherished schemes.

CHAPTER III

CAREER IN THE CHURCH. 1747-1769.

“ Vous, dont le front predestiné
À nos yeux doublement éclate,
Vous, dont le Chapeau d’Ecarlate
Des Lauriers de Pinde est orné,
Qui marchant sur les pas d’Horace
Et sur ceux de Saint Augustin,
Suivez le raboteux chemin
Du Paradis et du Farnasse.”

HAVING successfully eluded his brother, Henry proceeded southward, reaching Ferrara within the Papal frontier on May 18th, 1747. Leaving Ferrara after a few days' rest he arrived on the evening of May 25th at Rome “in a very mean equipage with an ordinary chaise and two servants on horseback.”¹ Only one or two personal friends had been let into the secret of Henry's late movements, so that a complete air of mystery hung over his sudden reappearance in Rome, especially since the young Duke declined to receive any visitors except Cardinals Riviera and Valenti, who were now closeted daily for hours with James and his son in the Stuart palace. “The young Prince seems very quiet at present,” writes a baffled agent to his master, Sir Horace Mann, “but he has certainly something in his head which will soon flash

¹ *State Papers, Tuscany.*

out ;" but Mann himself on hearing that both James and Henry continued to speak with deep respect of King Louis in spite of his late behaviour, concluded from this circumstance that the matter of a French pension was being secretly arranged. General curiosity was, however, quickly satisfied. Within three weeks of Henry's return James was in a position, as we have seen, to inform Charles in Paris of his brother's decision to be made a Cardinal almost immediately, and in the same month (June 27th, 1747) Sir Horace Mann was able to send this interesting and strange piece of news to Horace Walpole in England :—

"The Pretender's second son is to be made a Cardinal! The ceremony is fixed for the 3rd of next month, but violent quarrels have happened about the ceremonial on this occasion. He pretends to wear Ermine on his *Cappa* as a sign of Royalty, and consequently to take place of Cardinal Ruffo and all the other Cardinals, by whom he insists on being visited. All this and much more has alarmed their Eminences. Cardinal Ruffo went to Castel Gandolfo to expostulate with the Pope upon it. . . . The future young Cardinal's family is settled ; he is to have a Monsignore Leigh for a *Maestro di Camera*, a very noble Irishman born at Cadiz of a little merchant there ; two Sicilian Marquises for his Major-Domo and Cup-bearer ; and an Abbé Falingieri for *Segretario dell' Embasciata*. You know the Cardinals have people about them with these titles, but as all the above are supposed to be vastly noble, the other Cardinals grumble at it. They say he is to be Legate of Avignon for life, and that he is to have the Archbishoprick of Monte Reale, which

Aquaviva had, and which they say is worth near 100,000 Ducats a year.—Is not he vastly in the right to become Cardinal?"¹

This is the first of a long series of criticisms, always ill-natured and often unfair, which Mann includes both in his official dispatches and in his private letters concerning the acts and aims of "the Youngest Pretender." But if the British Minister's disparagement of James Stuart's second son can be excused on political grounds, the same plea cannot be advanced in the case of a brother Churchman, Cardinal Alessandro Albani, whose enmity against Henry (though arising from a totally different cause) was nearly as bitter as that of Charles Stuart. It was this relentless enemy of the exiled House who now prevailed upon his fellow Cardinals to petition the Pope against granting in Henry Stuart's case the special honours usually accorded to a prince of the blood royal; and in spite of Benedict's open recognition of James as a reigning king and of his obvious desire to serve his family in every way possible, Albani's fierce endeavours were partially successful. "I had the honour to acquaint Your Grace," writes Mann to the Duke of Newcastle, "by my last Letter with the objections which the Cardinals had made to the Pretensions of the Pretender's youngest Son on his being made a Cardinal. A Congregation was held last Thursday on the subject, at which Cardinal Albani assisted, in which it was resolved that he should have no superior rank, but take his place as the last of the Cardinals Deacons. The only two distinctions which the Pope himself insisted should be shewn to him are, first,

¹ *Letters of Sir Horace Mann.*

the title of Altesse Royale et Eminentissime (though in speaking to him Cardinal Albani says that may easily be avoided); the other, that during the three days from the promotion to the ceremony of giving him the Red Hat the Cardinals who would visit him instead of going in their common black habits should wear the red Soustanne or Cassock which is their habit of ceremony.”¹

These matters, though apparently trifling in themselves, are in reality of some degree of importance, for the natural result of this semi-recognition of Henry Stuart’s royal claims was that his precise rank and the proper etiquette attaching to it in Rome were never clearly defined. In consequence of Benedict’s unwilling compromise with Albani and certain of the Cardinals on this subject a number of petty disputes arose later, disputes that were equally derogatory to Henry and to his opponents in the Sacred College. At the very date even of his election to the Cardinalate a heated argument took place as to whether the ducal coronet or the tasselled hat should be represented uppermost in “the supposed coat-of-arms of the Pretender’s son”; a vital question that was eventually determined in favour of the Hat!

Henry Stuart was by no means the first English prince to enter the religious life. Odo of Bayeux and Henry of Winchester in Norman times may perhaps be considered as statesmen rather than as bishops; but of the royal line of Plantagenet, Henry Beaufort, son of John of Gaunt, and Reginald Pole, grand-nephew of King Edward IV and last papal Archbishop of Canterbury, had both been raised to the purple.² Nevertheless, if

¹ *State Papers, Tuscany.*

² A Cardinal is frequently styled *Porporato* in Italy.

James III were actually a reigning Sovereign,—and in Rome he had been fully acknowledged as such for over a quarter of a century,—then Henry Stuart may be reckoned as the first and last son of an English king to be made a Cardinal.

On June 30th, 1747, the Duke of York received the tonsure—the formal shaving of the scalp that precedes the reception into the religious state—at the hands of the Pontiff in the chapel of the Stuart palace and in the presence of his father and all the members of the Jacobite Court. Four days later, on July 3rd, he proceeded in full state to the Vatican, where at the altar of the Sistine Chapel he accepted the Scarlet Hat of a Cardinal Deacon from Benedict XIV. The ceremony ended, the Pope pronounced a set speech, or allocution, to the many Cardinals present, wherein he alluded most pointedly to the royal rank and the eminent virtues of this new member of the Sacred College. In the course of this address, which Sir Horace tells us—of course on the sole authority of Albani—was “extremely ridiculed in Rome,” Benedict dwelt at some length upon the sacrifices made at various times by King James III for the Catholic faith, and upon the good works and redoubtable piety of the late Queen Clementina, predicting from their noble example that the son of such a pair was destined to become an ornament not only to the College of Cardinals, but to the whole Church. He excused the extreme youth of this new candidate by pointing out to those present that St. Charles Borromeo had been created a Cardinal when of the same age as Henry Stuart, and that there were many precedents of other famous Churchmen having been permitted to enter

the Sacred College when far younger than the Stuart prince, "who," in the words of St. Bernard, "belied his tender years by his ripe understanding, surpassed his age by his merits and compensated for the lack of a venerable appearance by his virtues."¹ No dissentient voice having been raised at the Pope's formal request for election—*Quid vobis videtur?*—Henry Benedict Maria Clement Stuart was duly enrolled a member of the Roman Sacred College under the title of the Cardinal of York. As the newly vested *Porporato* issued from the Vatican, the artillery at the Castle of Sant' Angelo thundered forth in his honour, whilst throughout the remainder of this memorable day James was occupied in receiving in his palace the visits and congratulations of the Cardinals, the Senators, the nobles and the members of the diplomatic body in Rome. Six days later the Cardinal Duke of York, as he was henceforth termed officially, attended in state at the Quirinal in order to undergo the curious rite, symbolical of his required discretion, of having his mouth solemnly opened and shut by the Pope, and to receive the sapphire ring that each Cardinal wears as emblematic of the Church's celestial foundation.² At the same time, according to immemorial custom, a parish church, that of Santa Maria in Campitelli, was conferred upon the new Cardinal Deacon; and this uninteresting baroque building, that lies between the Capitol and the Tiber, still retains in consequence a curious memorial of the Royal Stuarts. For James, in honour of Henry's

¹ *Benedicti Papa Allocutio.—State Papers, Tuscany.*

² Isaiah, chap. liv. v. 11: "O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest and not comforted, behold, I will lay thy stones with fair colours, and lay thy foundations with sapphires."

official connection with this church, now apportioned a sum of money for the purpose of holding special services within its walls for the conversion of Britain to the old faith ; and to this very day, therefore, according to the terms of the Stuart King's bequest, thirty candles are lighted on the high altar and certain litanies recited every Saturday one hour before noon. The establishment of this ceremony in a Roman parish church may be described in one sense as typical of the new form which Jacobitism had lately been assuming in Rome, for it occurs at a moment when James and Henry, definitely abandoning all idea of attaining the British Crown by force of arms or by outside political manœuvres, openly showed themselves content to limit their royal pretensions to the kingdom of England by setting up services for its speedy reconciliation with the Holy See.

Though he had already received the Hat, Henry Stuart was still a layman—a prince but not a priest of the Roman Church—and an opinion prevailed that neither James nor the Pope was anxious for him to take Holy Orders for the present. But whether or no pressure was brought to bear on him to refrain from a step that seemed but the natural sequel to his acceptance of a Cardinal's Hat, Henry, who had his full share of Stuart obstinacy, was evidently determined to become a priest with as little delay as possible, and he attained his object during the course of the following year. “The Cardinal D'Orco,” writes Mann in August 1748, “either out of Devotion or from a desire to get some rich bishoprick, has determined to take Priest's Orders, which the Pope has consented to do with reluctance; fearing, I suppose, that there may be occasion for his getting heirs

to the crown of England. He has already begun the progress of Sub-Deacon's Orders, and is to be a complete Priest the first of September, and is to say his first Mass, the 8th, in his own chapel, being the Virgin's Birthday." And again, in a letter of September 3rd, Mann continues : "The Cardinal D'Orck advances apace in the Priesthood. He has received all the inferior Orders, and is to be a complete Priest in a few days. His brother is furious, and declares he will never see him. . . . The Cardinal is all devotion. He fasts and prays as much as his mother used to do, and, they say, has ruined his constitution already."¹

Mann was, as usual, correctly informed on the main point, for during the month of August 1748 Henry Stuart received the four Minor Orders together with the Orders of Sub-Deacon and Deacon. On September 1st he was ordained priest, saying his first Mass a few days later in his father's domestic chapel. In the same month he was created Cardinal-Priest by the Pope, and on the festival of the Holy Innocents he celebrated his first *Messa Cantata* in the Sistine Chapel, James Stuart and twenty-two Cardinals being present. Benedict now hastened to bestow on the new Cardinal-Priest the lucrative and important office of Arch-Priest of the Vatican Basilica, a post that carried with it a considerable amount of patronage amongst the large body of officials attached to St. Peter's. As a thank-offering for this appointment the Cardinal Duke at once presented to the treasury of the Basilica a magnificent gold chalice set with gems, that is still occasionally used at great ceremonies in St. Peter's. The Church of the Holy Apostles, which we

¹ *Letters of Sir Horace Mann.*

have already described, was now transferred to the Cardinal Duke, who was, however, allowed to retain *in commendam* his diaconal Church of Santa Maria in Campitelli. In the same year, which also witnessed the signing of the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle and the ignominious treatment of the Young Chevalier in France, Henry thought fit to accept without demur the bounty of his brother's betrayer, Louis xv, who now made over to the Cardinal Duke the wealthy abbeys of Auchin and St. Amand, the joint annual revenues of these two sinecure benefices being said to amount to 48,000 crowns, or about £6000 sterling in English money. Nothing can better show the extent of the cleavage between Charles Stuart and his family at this period, than the devotion that the latter still professed for the French King, who, after ruining the political chances of the House of Stuart, was now preparing to banish its luckless heir.

In addition to the many favours already granted, Benedict next nominated the young Cardinal to the highly honourable post of *Camerlengo*, a Papal official who wields considerable influence at the Roman Court in the interval that occurs between the death of a pope and the election of his successor. The great basilica of Santa Maria in Trastevere, one of the largest and most venerable churches in Rome, was now assigned to the Cardinal Duke, who thereupon waived his claim to the revenues of Santa Maria in Campitelli. This splendid church in Trastevere, the quarter of Rome that lies below the Janiculan Hill on the right bank of the Tiber, still exhibits many memorials of the Stuart Prince who acted as its titular for nearly fifty years, for the Cardinal Duke carried

out various alterations within its walls. The existing chapel on the right of the choir was wholly restored by him in 1764, and the royal arms of Britain, surmounted by the crown, cross and Scarlet Hat appear conspicuous on all sides in its scheme of decoration; whilst in the sacristy is preserved a marble tablet with a long Latin inscription to commemorate his munificence towards this church. To this day also the splendid canopy of crimson damask, that on state occasions is erected in the tribune, remains embellished with the royal arms and insignia of the Cardinal Duke, who was its original donor.

In May 1758 Benedict XIV, perhaps the most distinguished and enlightened Pontiff of the eighteenth century, expired, whereupon the services of the Cardinal Duke, as Camerlengo, were for the first time called into requisition. During the ensuing Conclave—the first of the four papal elections in which he was destined to take part—one of those unseemly disputes concerning the exact nature of the etiquette to be observed with regard to the Stuart Cardinal took place, and this childish squabble is of course retailed with gusto by Sir Horace Mann:—

“ There has been a fracas in the Conclave between the Cardinal de’ Lanze of Turin and Cardinal York. The Latter went to compliment him upon his arrival, but observed that during the whole visit he never once pronounced the word *Altezza*, or joyned anything royal to *Eminenza*. Cardinal York stifled all his resentment at the time, but resolved to be even with him, and waited for the return of the visit, the hour of which having been asked and granted, Cardinal de’ Lanze proceeded with ceremony,

but found the door of York's Cell shut, and was refused admittance."¹

On this occasion also the Cardinal Duke caused no small annoyance both to his father and to the French Cardinals by speaking on behalf of the Austrian candidate for the Papacy instead of supporting the Venetian Cardinal, Carlo Rezzonico, whose election was strongly desired by the Bourbon Courts; yet to James' remonstrance as to his conduct Henry warmly replied that "he had rather lose his head than do anything against his conscience." This sentiment, which combined lofty principles with untimely stubbornness, seems to have greatly tickled the Roman sense of humour, for on the following morning the famous statue of Pasquino, whereon the wits of Rome were in the habit of inscribing satirical comments of passing events, bore a paper with the simple words: "Ha! Ha! Ha! Nescio, Domine, loqui!"²

After a Conclave lasting four months Cardinal Rezzonico was finally elected pope under the name of Clement XIII, and was crowned in St. Peter's on July 16th "in the presence of a concourse remarkable for the great number of English nobility and gentry it contained.³ The new Pontiff evidently bore no ill-feeling against the Cardinal Duke for having previously opposed his election, since he at once restored to him the Camerlengo's purse of office (which had been surrendered by its late holder according to custom) and at the same time expressed to King James his willingness to nominate his son a bishop,

¹ *Letters of Sir Horace Mann.*

² *Ibid.*

³ Kelly.

if Henry so desired. Accordingly, in a private consistory held on October 2nd of the same year, Henry Stuart was declared Archbishop of Corinth *in partibus Infidelium*, and on November 19th the ceremony of episcopal consecration was publicly performed in the Church of the Holy Apostles :—

“ This venerable basilica of Constantine saw itself on this occasion gorgeously draped with hangings of crimson velvet and cloth-of-gold, whilst a splendid pontifical throne had been erected in the tribune of the Church with a raised seat beside it for His Majesty the King of Great Britain, whose ill-health, however, prevented him to his infinite concern from being present at the solemn ceremony. On the appointed morning the August Pontiff, escorted by a numerous train of prelates and Roman nobles on horseback, surrounded by cavalry, by cuirassiers and by his Swiss Guard, and having with him in his chariot the Cardinal Dean of the Sacred College and the Cardinal Duke of York (to whom was given the seat of honour on that day), made his way in formal procession from the Apostolic Palace of the Quirinal to the Basilica of the Holy Apostles. . . . At the conclusion of the sacred rites, which had been performed with every mark of pomp and solemnity in the presence of twenty-five Cardinals, of a great number of bishops, princes, ladies and nobles, and of an immense concourse of the Roman populace, His Eminence advanced to the throne to return thanks in public for the new dignity conferred on him by the August Pontiff. The Pope answered the new Bishop with gracious words and, to fulfil a generous impulse, gave orders that the rich vestments of cloth-of-silver

heavily embroidered with gold thread that he had himself worn at the late ceremony should be sent as a gift to the Cardinal Duke to the royal palace of the Stuarts.”¹

At the stately banquet at the Quirinal which followed, the Cardinal Duke was given the chief place of honour, whilst during the progress of the lengthy meal the many guests “were enlivened by the soft harmonies of various sacred motets, rendered by the singers of the Pope’s choir to the accompanying strains of an organ and of many stringed instruments.”²

This same year, 1758, is likewise memorable for the decision made by Don Giovanni Landò, one of the Cardinal Duke’s chaplains, to keep an official diary of his royal patron’s doings and movements, and from the day of Henry’s consecration as Archbishop of Corinth until the opening years of the nineteenth century, this task was faithfully carried out by Landò and by succeeding chaplains or secretaries. This Diary, which, in addition to personal details, records many contemporary events in Rome and at the European Courts, has happily been preserved almost intact, with the exception of one important break in the year 1788, the missing pages extending from January 8th to October 5th, a space of nearly nine months.³ The original manuscript, filling no fewer than thirty-six stout volumes, was purchased in Rome

¹ *Diaro Ordinario di Roma, 1758.*

² *Ibid.*

³ *Diaro del Cardinale Duca*: “A Diary of the Sacred Functions and of the illustrious Acts of His Royal Highness and Eminence the Lord Cardinal Duke of York.”

A portion of the missing MS. for the year 1788 is preserved in the library of Stonyhurst College, and the contents of this fragment were printed by the Chiswick Press at the instigation of Lord Orford in 1876.

some years after its owner's decease, and was finally presented, together with other valuable papers connected with the last of the Stuarts, to the British Museum in 1877 by Miss Maria Otway-Cave, the eldest daughter of Lady Braye. Its contents are somewhat disappointing to the historian, for though in places the *Diary* throws light upon certain actions of the Cardinal Duke, it deals for the most part with matters of no great concern, being largely occupied with minute and verbose accounts of ceremonies and official visits.

In July 1761 the Cardinal Duke was appointed by Pope Clement to the vacant See of Frascati near Rome, and on this occasion he resigned his titular archbishopric of Corinth and also his *commendam* of the Church of the Holy Apostles. His acceptance of the diocese of Frascati opens a totally new phase in Henry Stuart's career, and we therefore intend to devote the following chapter to a full description of his life as an Italian bishop. Six years later he was nominated by the same Pontiff to the Vice-Chancellorship of the Holy See, a coveted post which James Stuart had vainly tried to procure for his son some ten years before, and which was now conferred upon him by Clement probably as an act of compensation for the formal refusal of the Roman Court to acknowledge Charles Stuart's royal title. As Vice-Chancellor the Cardinal Duke now entered into possession of the splendid official palace of the Cancillaria, which abuts on the modern Corso Vittorio-Emanuele. Largely constructed out of the spoils of the Coliseum and enriched with rare marbles plundered from the neighbouring church of San Lorenzo in Damaso, this palace had been originally built for Cardinal Raffaele Riario, the favourite of Sixtus IV,

whose shields and badges are still visible on its imposing façade. A Tuscan architect, perhaps the great Bramante himself, is credited with the design of this palace, which from its admirable proportions and its harmonious ornamentation is commonly reputed one of the finest specimens of Italian Renaissance architecture. For nearly forty years the Cancelleria formed Henry Stuart's principal residence in Rome, although, as Arch-Priest of St. Peter's, he possessed in addition another official house near the Vatican; whilst outside the city he owned the episcopal palace at Frascati and the Villa Muti, the latter a large rambling building that afforded a pleasant retreat during the hot summer months. As Vice-Chancellor the Cardinal Duke likewise enjoyed the special privilege of coining public money in his own name during a vacancy of the Papal throne; consequently on the death of Clement XIII in 1769 he issued silver pieces from the Papal mint, having his own coat-of-arms on one side and on the other the legend *Sede Vacante*, with the date; again in 1774, prior to Pius VI's election, similar coins, or tokens, were struck.

About the date of his second Conclave (1769) the Cardinal Duke was fortunate enough to secure an invaluable secretary and a most faithful friend in the person of a certain young priest belonging to a noble family of Perugia, Don Angelo Cesarini, who in course of time became a canon of the Cathedral and Rector of the Seminary at Frascati. So deep was the Cardinal Duke's sense of his obligations to Cesarini, who subsequently shared his master's exile and poverty, that a few years before the end of his life he induced the Pope to consecrate his secretary titular Bishop of Milevi; whereupon he himself granted Cesarini an annuity of 600 crowns "with



HENRICO DUCI
S.R.E.PRESB.
LITTERARVM OM
VIRTUTIEVS SVIS
RESP. LITERARIA
DECORLET

EBORACensi
CARDINALI
NIVM MEMORIAM
PROME RITO
VMBRORVM
FRAESIDIO SVO

Ioa Crisp. Mallin sculps.

HENRY STUART, CARDINAL, DUKE OF YORK AND BISHOP OF FRASCATI

which to uphold the episcopal dignity in a befitting style.”¹

Of the income that the Cardinal Duke enjoyed it is not easy to form an exact estimate, for besides his bishopric and offices in the Roman States and his two abbeys in France, he possessed certain prebends and benefices in Spain and Mexico; whilst under his father’s will he had inherited a considerable private fortune. Sir William Hamilton, British envoy at Naples, in a despatch written to Lord Shelburne, on May 12th, 1767, remarks that “the Cardinal’s ecclesiastical benefices in the Roman States and in France are said to amount to £18,000 a year”; and Sir William adds (in a spirit of fairness which is always absent from Sir Horace Mann’s accounts of Henry Stuart) that “he does much good with them, being extremely generous. Besides the £3000 he allows the [Young] Pretender he is supposed to give at least £2000 more in private donations to support poor families in Rome.”²

This statement appears tolerably correct, so that, if we take into consideration his private means and the revenue accruing from Spanish sources, we may venture to state that the Cardinal Duke’s total income must have reached £30,000 sterling a year, or thereabouts, though one writer puts it as high as £40,000. Until the disastrous days of the French Revolution, therefore, the Cardinal Duke may be looked upon as one of the wealthiest Churchmen in Italy.

¹ *Stuart Papers.*

² A. C. Ewald, *Life of Charles Stuart.*

CHAPTER IV

BISHOP OF FRASCATI. 1761-1803

“Prende la Verga pastorale ; cammina
Ad incontrar l’Amato Gregge eletto ;
Scorri il Prato, la Valle, e la Collina ;
Di pietà, di fortezza, armati il petto.”

ON July 13th, 1761, as we have already shown, the Cardinal Duke of York had been appointed by Pope Clement XIII to the important diocese of Frascati (La Chiesa Tuscolana), which forms one of the six “suburban” sees of the city of Rome; the remaining five being Ostia (with Velletri), Porto (with Silva Candida), Sabina, Palestrina and Albano, the bishops of which hold of necessity the rank of cardinal, and serve as suffragans in a special sense under the Pope in his capacity of Metropolitan.

This intention of the second son of James Stuart to associate himself with the active life of the Italian episcopate was naturally considered a step of decided importance, which at the time caused much comment and not a little surprise in Roman society. But the young English Cardinal was perfectly satisfied with the choice he had deliberately made fourteen years before, the life of a Roman citizen and priest, so that now, with the full

approval of his father, he entered with zest upon the duties of his new office. Amongst the many eulogies and poems that were showered upon him on this occasion mention ought to be made here of the beautiful sonnet, by a long-forgotten writer,¹ in which the spirit of the saintly Clementina Stuart is supposed to address and advise her younger and favourite son, and which concludes with the graceful conceit:—

“Quant’ alme salverai col tuo consiglio,
Io tanti baci ti daro nel cielo.”

(So many souls as thou wilt save on earth,
So many kisses shall I grant in Heaven.)

Three days later, on the evening of July 16th, after the fierce heat of the long summer’s day had spent itself, the newly-consecrated bishop made his state entry into the little city on the slopes of the Alban Hills, which was destined to be the future scene of that “saving of souls” that the long-dead Stuart Queen was declared so ardently to desire. As the Cardinal Duke approached Frascati, after driving across the wide, shadeless Roman Campagna, he was met, while still some miles from his destination, by a troop of cuirassiers sent ahead as a guard of honour to escort his coach up the steep ascent. On entering the gates of the town, he found all the poorer inhabitants of the neighbourhood collected together to give their bishop a hearty welcome, and on reaching the Palazzo Carpegna, which serves as the municipal hall, he received an address from the magistrates of the city. At the episcopal palace of La Rocca, so called from its commanding site, he perceived the

¹ Don Filippo Gattinara, of Frascati.

Canons of the Cathedral and the whole of his clergy drawn up in full gala dress, and on the tiptoe of expectation to do homage to their new pastor. All persons in every class of society expressed themselves as delighted with the affability, the splendour and the royal appearance of their bishop. On the following day, which was a Sunday, the streets of Frascati were decorated with long festoons of laurel and ilex leaves entwined with ribbands; every window displayed its festal draperies, varying from the rich brocades and velvets of the wealthier citizens to the bright-coloured quilts of the poor; the cathedral-church itself was entirely draped in crimson damask, and decked with innumerable cut-glass chandeliers, according to the Italian custom on great Church festivals; the narrow streets and the great piazza were crowded with peasants from the hill districts, all wearing the wonderfully picturesque dresses and jewellery which are familiar to us from the drawings of Roman artists of the last century but are now rapidly disappearing. The ceremony of enthronement was gorgeous and impressive, and it was followed by universal rejoicings and feasting. The fountain in the Piazza Maggiore was made to flow red wine; bread and meat were lavishly distributed to the crowds; the clergy and leading citizens were splendidly entertained in the palace; bands of music played, and numberless country-dances were performed; and finally, when darkness at last fell on this merry scene, there was a fine display of fireworks and coloured lights, whilst all the hillsides twinkled with the innumerable bonfires that each distant village kindled in honour of the auspicious event.

Frascati, which henceforward became the Cardinal Duke's chief residence for the remainder of his long life, is one of the many charming little cities that nestle in the beautiful ring of historic hills surrounding the Roman Campagna. Standing nearly a thousand feet above sea level, its air is pure and fresh in summer, whilst the higher mountain ranges screen it from the bitter winds that sweep down from the snow-covered Apennines in winter and early spring. The present town, which is of late medieval origin, is said to have obtained its pleasant-sounding name from the *frascati*, or temporary huts erected by the houseless inhabitants of the ancient city of Tusculum on its final destruction by the Emperor Henry VI, towards the close of the twelfth century. It is a picturesque, rambling little place, but possesses little or nothing of sufficient interest to detain the traveller, for its cathedral-church, which witnessed the enthusiastic entry of the Cardinal Duke of York on this warm July evening in 1761, is a commonplace rococo structure built some two hundred years ago, and beyond this there is little else to inspect except the old twelfth-century church of SS. Sebastian and Roch (that was formerly the cathedral, and is still known as "Il Duomo Vecchio") and a fine Renaissance fountain erected in 1480 by the French Cardinal d'Estouteville. At the time of Henry Stuart's consecration to the see, the episcopal palace of La Rocca—the present appearance of which is greatly due to the alterations made by him—was a large brick medieval castle with battlements, that had for centuries served as a stronghold of the Imperial party until its final capture by the Romans under Pope Celestine III in 1191. But though of

comparatively recent origin for an Italian city, Frascati is excessively rich in classical associations, and its ecclesiastical name of Chiesa Tuscolana always serves to recall the famous old Roman settlement that it has supplanted. For ruined Tusculum, with its undying memories of Cicero and Pliny, of Plutarch and Strabo, and of many another noble Roman, both of Republican and Imperial times, stands a little above the modern Frascati, which is itself said by archæologists to occupy the site of the sumptuous villa and gardens of the epicure Lucullus. Around the town the richly wooded slopes are dotted with some of the most beautiful garden-encircled villas — Aldobrandini, Mondragone, Torlonia and the like—that the wealthy Roman nobles of the Leonine age, or the papal families of the decadent seventeenth century could contrive to erect; for Frascati, in this one respect at least, has always managed to maintain the ancient reputation of its classical fore-runner, Tusculum, as an enviable and safe retreat from the oppressive heat and the dreaded fevers of the Roman summer. And yet Frascati is so little distant from the Capital that the great dome of St. Peter's looms large against its western horizon; indeed, no other of the many hill cities that overlook the Campagna combines at once such healthiness of air and so many natural beauties with such nearness to Rome itself. We can therefore hardly wonder at the constant devotion to this spot, at once so beautiful and so convenient, that the Cardinal Duke always evinced, for, from the time of his father's death until his own, he very rarely, and even then most unwillingly, quitted the Tusculum that he loved almost as passionately as did Cicero.

Although his presence was frequently required in Rome, either at his own official palace or at the Court, he made light of the intervening fourteen miles between Frascati and the Capital, which he traversed to and fro at terrific speed with six horses. Living thus in this lovely and sheltered retreat, amidst groves and gardens, surrounded by hosts of friends who praised or flattered, and idolised by an adoring if pauperised flock, he passed some forty peaceful years in pious meditation, in vast and varied charity, and in princely entertainment.

The whole story of the Cardinal Duke's existence at Frascati, and the many incidents connected with it, are fully recounted by Don Alessandro Atti, a former Vicar-General of Frascati, in a very rare little work, privately printed in Rome some forty years ago,¹ in which almost every detail of his official career has been carefully noted and compared with entries in the Papal archives. A less concise account is to be found in the curious and somewhat fulsome "Oration" of Don Marco Mastrofini,² a professor of philosophy and a former pupil at the Seminary of Frascati, who was specially chosen to recite the funeral sermon in the Cathedral.

From both these interesting little works it is intended to quote freely in this chapter, since they throw much light on a side of the Cardinal Duke's character which has hitherto been much neglected by English historians.

"The diocese of Frascati was full, when I first knew it" (in the early part of the last century), writes Cardinal

¹ *Il Cardinale Duca di York . . . Cenni Storici, dal Professore D. Alessandro Atti.* Roma, 1868.

² *Orazione per la Morte di Errico Cardinale, denominato Duca di York.* Roma, 1807.

Wiseman, "of recollections of the Cardinal Duke, all demonstrative of his singular goodness and simplicity of character, . . . for whatever else may have been wanting for his title, to a royal heart he was no pretender. His charities were without bounds; poverty and distress were unknown in his see."¹ It is therefore all the more regrettable that the first English Archbishop of Westminster did not set himself to collect and transcribe some of those stories and memories of the last of the Stuarts to which he alludes, since many of them have by this time been forgotten, as old people who remembered the Cardinal Duke either personally or by hearsay have gradually died off. Of recent years the Marchesa Vitelleschi, in her valuable and agreeably written account of the social life of the exiled royal House on the Continent, has brought together a few slight anecdotes, chiefly gleaned from oral tradition, of the splendid state once maintained in the old palace of La Rocca by the great "Cardinale degli Organi," as Henry Stuart was usually termed by the illiterate peasants of the Alban Hills, who failed to grasp the name of the famous northern city that gave birth to the first Christian Emperor of Rome.² But it is chiefly the dry pages of Atti and the florid periods of Mastrofini that afford us the best material for a full and credible description of his lengthy episcopate with its various episodes.

From these two writers it is evident that the life led by Henry Stuart at Frascati was that of any great Italian ecclesiastic of the eighteenth century, who was at once virtuous, wealthy and open-handed. "A descendant of the ancient race of the kings of England, he united all

¹ Henry, Cardinal Wiseman, *Recollections of the Four Last Popes*.

² Vitelleschi, *A Court in Exile*.

the generous ideas of a beneficent ruler with the zeal of a holy pastor. His was not the mere light of a shining planet, but of a sun that warms and illumines.”¹ Thus, from the moment of his nomination to Frascati, he began to evince the liveliest concern in the moral and material welfare of the flock newly entrusted to him. His own extreme purity of life and conscientious love of duty at once moved him to expect the same attributes in his own clergy, and accordingly led him to summon a Synod of his diocese to meet in the autumn of 1763. During the time occupied by its sittings, the Cardinal Duke rented the huge Villa Aldobrandini, the most magnificent of the many famous villas that constitute the chief charm of Frascati, in order to lodge and entertain the whole body of his clergy at his own expense. At this Synod numerous rules and recommendations were laid down for the guidance or reform of such priests as chanced to be lax in their morals or their pastoral labours, and a few of the clergy were severely admonished by their energetic young prelate, who not only set them an excellent personal example, but also showed “a certain emphasis or vehemence of paternal sternness, also a desire for ancient discipline in recalling his clergy to their proper sphere. It seemed as if he were revolving in his mind the hard punishment of Eli for his indolence in not correcting his sons when they were ministers of the Sanctuary.”² The voluminous records of this Synod, carefully drawn up in Latin, and printed in Rome, fill a large quarto volume of several hundred pages.³

¹ Mastrofini.

² *Ibid.*

³ *Constitutiones Synodales Ecclesiae Tusculanae seu Synodus Tusculana a celsitudine regia eminentissima Henrici Episcopi Tusculani, etc.* Roma, 1764.

Undoubtedly from one point of view the daily life led by the Cardinal Duke at Frascati was both simple and deeply religious. He began the day by saying Mass in his private oratory, rising with the sun in summer time, and in winter long before it was light, before even the peasants had left their homes to labour in the neighbouring fields ; and not unfrequently he would go and pray at some particular altar either in his cathedral or in one of the churches of the town. After the early Mass and the subsequent devotions, he would then retire to the library of the Seminary, there to spend several hours in study, reading copiously from the works of the Fathers, especially of St. Augustin, his most esteemed author. After this he would often stop to converse with the more promising students of his Seminary, in whose course of reading he took the keenest interest, one of his favourite pupils being young Ercole Consalvi, afterwards a cardinal and a Papal secretary of state, who owed the beginning of his successful career entirely to the patronage and bounty of the Cardinal Duke. Then followed the mid-day meal, that was usually shared by many dependants in the palace itself and by chance guests from Rome, after which he drove out in his coach to visit some village or convent in his diocese, recking nothing of long distances or of the bad mountain roads. This daily departure for a drive was always the signal for the many poor or idle of Frascati and the surrounding district to collect at the palace gates in order to appeal for alms, and to call down blessings on their benefactor. And the beggars who surrounded his splendid coach with vociferous demands for money were certain to receive, for no request was ever refused by this wealthy and generous prince of

the Church, who, if an anecdote given by Cardinal Wiseman can be relied on, frequently gave a *zeccino*, or sequin (a gold coin, of Venetian origin, worth about ten shillings), when a *carlino* (a small silver piece of the value of fivepence) would have been ample for the purpose. But the treatment of the populace in the declining days of Imperial Rome by the giving of *panem et circenses*—free doles of bread, free bathing-houses, and free gladiatorial exhibitions in the Coliseum—had been largely followed by the later popes, who carried out the principles, though they varied the programme, of the ancient policy of the Emperors towards the masses by indiscriminate charity, by encouraging universal merry-making on the many holidays of the Church that always tended to increase in number, and by gorgeous religious ceremonies with chanting and instrumental music. And this time-honoured but dangerous system, which the popes pursued in Rome, the Cardinal Duke imitated on a smaller scale in Frascati. But if he acted so as to pauperise his diocese by wholesale largesse, he also took great pains to improve its general conditions. Under his auspices orphanages were founded; schools were set up and visited; the existing Seminary (which we intend to describe more fully) was endowed; doctors from Rome were summoned to attend the sick and feeble; whilst medicine, food and clothing were freely dispensed to all who needed. That Henry Stuart's love for "sua diletta Frascati" was sincere and lasting is proved by his pathetically eager determination to die in the little city, with which he had ceased to hold any official connection; and it is also easy to understand how deep a devotion its warm-hearted, if somewhat turbulent, inhabitants must

have felt towards the magnificent prelate who had made a permanent home amongst them, and had identified himself so completely with their own lives and interests. For during his tenure of the bishopric the Cardinal Duke had on several occasions successfully intervened on behalf of his people in cases of unjust taxation and of local riots. In particular, during the year 1779, after the excited mob had discomfited the Papal troops, it was the Cardinal Duke who saved the town and district from the consequences of the Pope's expressed vengeance; whilst at the same time, by a direct personal appeal to Pius VI, he rescued from an imminent and probably well-deserved execution a native of Tivoli who had been the ringleader on this occasion: "a circumstance," quaintly observes Atti, "that more than ever bound his flock to its shepherd, and the shepherd to his flock, . . . for prince and people were all one in mind and soul, a thing as enviable as it is rare."

Beside this aspect of Henry Stuart as the pious and energetic Bishop of Frascati, we must compare the picture presented by him as the scion of a great royal House, maintaining an immense establishment in the most sumptuous style, for his wealth was of course enormous. Whilst possessing in a marked degree his parents' extreme piety and loyal attachment to their Church, Henry Stuart had by no means inherited either his mother's asceticism or his father's melancholy, so that he was fully able to appreciate the many advantages that his rank and riches brought him. Hospitable to a fault, he delighted in expending his wealth upon others, and in playing the patron to all who were willing to apply to him for subsistence or for advancement.

He kept what was practically an open table in his house his meals were of the choicest, and were always served with such display that they were considered to rival the luxurious and extravagant banquets for which his friend, the French Cardinal de Bernis, was famous or notorious. The magnificence of his household can best be realised by the fact that he kept five chaplains in constant attendance, and that he "maintained grooms, lacqueys and serving-men without number, all of pleasing appearance and of commanding stature, as a great Prince should."¹ His stables contained sixty horses ready for immediate service, and large as the number seems, it was hardly sufficient to meet the constant demand for the use of the many splendid coaches that were driven, often several times a day, backwards and forwards between Frascati and the Capital, sometimes to bring special dainties for a banquet, sometimes to bear away the Cardinal Duke himself at a moment's notice to some ceremony or reception in Rome, and often, especially in later years when Henry Stuart had grown old and infirm, to fetch invited guests out to Frascati to amuse him. He always travelled at full speed, and expressed himself as quite indifferent to his horses being driven to death, provided only that his destination were reached in the shortest possible time. Six horses invariably drew his own carriage, which was also followed by a reserve coach-and-four in case of an accident. According to the custom of the day, running footmen preceded the Cardinal Duke's coach-and-six, and stories of the fleetness of foot and the quaint cunning of one of these lacqueys, known as "Gigi," or "il Moretto," still linger

¹ Atti.

in the recollections of the people of Frascati;—how he always contrived to outstrip the unfortunate horses, no matter how furiously the driver plied his whip; and how on the occasion of a grand reception given by Cardinal de Bernis to celebrate the birth of Louis XVI's heir, the Moretto thrust a burning torch into the faces of the Princess Rezzonico's steeds, in order to prevent that great lady's chariot arriving at the entrance of the Salviati Palace before his own master's,—a well-intentioned trick that brought a furious letter next day from the Princess to the Cardinal Duke, who was forced to apologise for his favourite footman's misbehaviour.

All these tales of pride and splendour appear in strange contrast with the simple daily life of prayer, study, and good works on which his ecclesiastical biographers dwell with such insistence; but they serve well to exhibit the curious mixture of ostentation and humility, of true piety and worldliness, of which the Cardinal Duke's complex character was evidently composed. We should probably search throughout history in vain in order to discover just such another example of untiring pastoral zeal combined with so keen a delight in the pomps and petty vanities of a decadent age. For Henry Stuart was very far from being either a de Bernis or a Charles Borromeo, yet he certainly possessed the senseless extravagance of the French Cardinal, together with the sincere love of the poor and the deep religious devotion that are characteristic of the great Italian saint. It is, moreover, only right to remember that those whom the Cardinal Duke preferred to encourage and entertain at his table were for the most part men of worth and learning, rather than the frivolous and idle sycophants

of Roman society (*galopini*, as they were termed in those days) who sought meals and amusement at the houses of the great by means of gossip or flattery. "Although," says Atti, "he was not a man of remarkable genius nor of special erudition, he knew well how to appreciate these qualities in others. He therefore always kept himself surrounded by virtuous and learned men, and indefatigably he favoured their studies and generously patronized science."

Of his many public works carried out at Frascati, of which it is now necessary to speak, by far the most important and useful was the founding of the Seminary that still survives intact as a lasting memorial to the zeal and bounty of Henry Stuart. On the total suppression of the Society of Jesus by Clement XIV in 1769, the Cardinal Duke, who had always shown a special interest in education, applied to the reforming Pope for a grant of the now deserted Jesuit college at Frascati, with the object of changing it into a seminary for his diocese, the clergy of which he had apparently found anything but cultivated or well-disciplined on the occasion of the Synod of 1763. The Pope readily gave the desired permission, and by a papal brief—*ad futuram rei memoriam*—dated February 12th, 1770, the buildings were handed over to the Cardinal Duke, who at once expended the large sum of 12,000 crowns in adapting them to the required purpose and in making various additions of outlying property. This newly-founded Seminary always occupied the first place in his heart, and its management continued for many years a source of loving care and anxiety to him, whilst he spared neither time, trouble, nor money in making his Seminary,

from the two standpoints of learning and accommodation, a model establishment of its class.

Besides carrying out many structural improvements, he also included two more buildings, one to contain a printing-press and the other a stage, on which were to be performed dramas, both classical and modern, that might appeal to the tastes and improve the minds of his pupils and their professors. But the chief pride of the Seminary was the great Library, still existing, which was brought together with care and judgment, and arranged in a fine chamber enriched with a ceiling-painting in allegorical designs from the brush of Taddeo Cunnoz, and with a handsome pavement, in which the eminent mathematician Calandrelli had been engaged to fix a meridian. To Frascati was now removed from Rome practically the whole of the Cardinal Duke's private collection of books, manuscripts and engravings (including not a few valuable works that had formerly belonged to James II of England, to the Chevalier St. George, and to the royal Polish House of Sobieski) in order to form the nucleus of the projected library. Friends and suppliants, both great and small, who were anxious to ingratiate themselves, now began to present volumes from time to time, so that at the date of the French invasion of the Papal States the library of the Seminary of Frascati had probably become one of the best stocked collections of its kind in Italy. Although the buildings were pillaged by the French troops at the close of the eighteenth century, and several of the choicest treasures were dispersed or destroyed, this library at Frascati still contains some objects of historical or artistic interest amongst the general mass of theological and classical literature. Two specimens at least survive

avii deijo fatto. Giungi comune, il Conticio Decretò d'ogni servizio
di norma a tutti. Contido, che non imparando illa q. se. regioni ferri
di Secondare la mia; che regata lasciò per hame, foggianza endebiles:
mento con vero ardore; che rinnovar domi Procuratore di basso quest'or.
Dico, ten' conqlo, quanto mi devo premere, che subisca la sentite del primo
foturto, altrattato dello assentomi affinchè non mi fina da chiedere
mori' l'anno del suo sum. Criniquio, rimanendo casato, (mio legato,
col pregarlo dal fels ogni maggior Contento. Comai' del 1450 =

Affidamento Regno
Enrico Cortendre.

of "the six *codices* bound in silk and velvet, with clasps and plates of silver-gilt and with superb illuminations, that once belonged to King James III of England";¹ namely, a Book of Hours, specially inscribed and bound for Queen Catherina de' Medici of France, and a curious account of Scottish history with miniature portraits of all the kings of Scotland from Robert Bruce to James VIII.

So absorbing was the interest taken by the Cardinal Duke in forming this library, and so eager his desire to add rare and valuable works to its contents, that the sharp-witted Countess of Albany, when anxious to propitiate her brother-in-law after the sudden arrival of Count Alfieri in Rome, sent over to Frascati a choice *editio princeps* of Virgil,—the favourite pagan author of Italian ecclesiastics from time immemorial,—and so delighted was the recipient of her tactful gift, that he not only overlooked the annoyance of Alfieri's presence in Rome, but even condescended to make the acquaintance of the great Piedmontese poet, who by Madame d'Albany's express instructions had himself brought over the volume. It was certainly a bold stroke of policy on the Princess' part, but she had calculated shrewdly and correctly on the successful results of so welcome a present.

That the city of Frascati greatly appreciated the foundation of the Seminary and its library, may be inferred from the following quotation (a fair specimen of the flowery and conventional eulogy that was, and is still, popular in Italy), taken from Mastrofini's funeral Oration:—

¹ Atti.

"What shall I say of thy Seminary, O my beloved Frascati? Is not this a sublime result of Henry's vast favours? How many fair buildings has he not incorporated with it! How many sums has he not collected for its prosperity! An abundant and varied Library, in great part the heirloom of his own ancestors, bears witness to prove how great was his anxiety to promote public studies; hence the rare gift he made to thee of it, my beloved city! With this gift thy delights would seem to be increased, and the pure and sacred air of knowledge is wafted round thee. And the Spaniard, the Frank, the Briton, even the Maltese, and the most remote native of Italy, will hasten to draw learning from thy sources, as at a new and glorious Athens; and more frequent will be thy cry of praise for the bounteous Henry than for thine illustrious sons of old, the Mamilli and the Catos, who plucked the laurels of Mars rather than the olive-branch of peace and preferred to build a fortune for themselves rather than to signalise their memory by loving and widespread charity."¹

When, in 1803, Henry Stuart was by force of circumstances obliged to exchange the see of Frascati for that of Ostia, a graceful tribute was paid to his past services and his great generosity by Cardinal Giuseppe Doria, the new bishop, who placed in a niche of this library a white marble bust of his predecessor. This bust, which represents the Cardinal Duke in a wig, and with his famous pectoral cross of huge diamonds resting on the silken cape that covers his shoulders, stands on a marble pedestal bearing a lengthy Latin inscription to the "princeps

¹ Mastrofini.

munificentissimus" who, whilst bishop, gave to Frascati this Seminary and its fine collection of books. From this well-executed portrait, perhaps the best likeness extant, it is not difficult for the interested observer to read the inner character of the man himself, and to understand the story of his long career; for the large prominent eyes, the heavy mouth, and the general air of repose at once suggest that Henry Stuart was kindly and generous, honourable and straightforward in all his dealings, and sincerely pious, though somewhat narrow-minded in his mode and views of life; the features likewise demonstrate that he was at the same time dull-witted, thoroughly self-satisfied, not a little open to flattery and a trifle pompous: a group of attributes not at all consistent with the usually held characteristics of the royal Stuarts.

The next principal monument to his energy in his own cathedral city is to be found in the modernised episcopal palace of La Rocca, the restoration, or rather rebuilding, of which was caused by a curious accident of a type not uncommon in old Italian houses. On the evening of September 23rd, 1775, while Henry Stuart, at the conclusion of one of the great Church ceremonies in which his soul delighted, was entertaining at supper the Cardinal Orsini, together with a train of distinguished ecclesiastics, a catastrophe—very similar to that which once befell Pio Nono in the convent of Sant' Agnese outside the walls of Rome—suddenly overwhelmed the whole party. In the midst of the meal, without any warning, the long heavy beams that supported the flooring, no doubt weakened by hundreds of years of service, broke asunder with a crashing noise, and in an

instant the host, his guests (over fourteen in number), and the many servants waiting upon them, were all flung headlong into the vast coach-house below. All was darkness and confusion, for the thick clouds of dust caused by the wreckage hindered the many willing rescuers. Meanwhile the report of the disaster at the palace had got abroad, and so alarmed the populace that many of the inhabitants rushed into the building in order to learn the fate of their beloved bishop and protector. To the intense relief and joy of all present, the Cardinal Duke was finally discovered lying on the roof of one of his own coaches in a fainting condition, but unhurt beyond receiving a severe shaking and some bruises which compelled him to keep to his room for a few days. Cardinal Orsini was likewise rescued almost untouched, but several of the other guests suffered more or less seriously from falls or from broken furniture and masonry, and one unfortunate priest, Dr. Gandolfi, succumbed a few days later to the effects of his injuries. So great was the popular rejoicing over this providential escape, that the inhabitants of Frascati decided to hold a thanksgiving service on each anniversary of this event in all their churches, a practice which was continued until their benefactor's death. After so tragic an ending to a day of ceremonial and feasting, it is not surprising to learn that the Cardinal Duke at once decided to restore the dilapidated old feudal pile that served him for a palace from its foundations, and during the work of rebuilding we are told that he "limited his state" by residing in the Seminary, where he occupied the two rooms that lead to the organ-chamber of the chapel. The episcopal palace of Frascati, therefore, as we see it to-day, was built by

Henry Stuart, and it still retains many memorials of its former royal occupant. The chapel is in much the same condition as when he used it, and on the walls of his favourite apartment subsequent bishops (amongst them the English Cardinal Howard) have carried on the series of medallion portraits of bishops of Frascati, which he himself initiated.

Another important memorial of his episcopate, this time one that does more credit to his religious zeal than to his good taste, must now be mentioned: the church and convent of the Passionists, built in 1788 on the site of the great temple of the Latin Jove (*Jupiter Latiaris*) on the summit of Monte Cavo. It is melancholy to reflect that so well-meaning and so highly educated a prince of the Church, who, moreover, affected to reverence the great classical traditions of the land that was doubly his own by birth and adoption, should in the name of pastoral duty have despoiled Italy of one of her most interesting relics of antiquity. For Henry Stuart certainly decreed the destruction of the famous ruin on the ancient Via Triumphalis in order to erect the present commonplace and superfluous convent out of its abundant material. Traditionally built by Tarquin in honour of the protecting deity of the Latin Confederacy during the dim and distant era of the Roman kings, this shrine had come to rank in popular esteem as second only to the altar of Jove upon the Capitol, and successful generals returning to Rome were wont here to make the sacrifice of a sheep (*ovatio*) whilst gazing on the great city in the plain below. According to the artist Piranesi (whose name is familiar to us from his splendid engravings of the ruins of Rome), this magnificent work of antiquity measured 240 feet

long and 120 broad, its length being exactly double of its breadth, a circumstance which goes to prove its remote Etruscan origin, in spite of Virgil's distinct denial—

"*Tum neque nomen erat, nec honos, aut gloria monti.*"¹

But neither its extreme historical value, nor the grandeur of its lonely and lofty position, nor the multitude of time-honoured legends that clung to its hoary stones, could save the great temple from the ecclesiastical vandalism of the eighteenth century; whilst there were not wanting ignorant flatterers ready to extol the Cardinal Duke's action in "laying on the brow of the Alban Hills the first stone of a church to the Unspeakable Trinity on a site where formerly rose the heathen shrine of the Jove of Latium."² All that escaped the hand of the destroyer were a few fragments of wall, and some huge blocks of dressed stone that stand on the terrace of the present convent. This merciless removal of the second greatest temple of ancient Rome was perhaps the last, as it certainly was the worst, instance of the demolition of classical Roman buildings under Papal rule; and it is much to be regretted that the name of Henry Stuart should be so closely associated with this particularly flagrant outrage.

After recounting the story of the destruction of the chief pagan monument in his diocese, it will be only fair to relate a striking instance of his natural kindness of heart and sympathy towards his people. When first he came to Frascati he learned that there existed in an obscure corner of the district known as the Molara a

¹ *Aeneid*, xii. v. 135.

² Mastrofini.

settlement of casual winter labourers with their families living together in a squalid village of roughly built huts, at a spot known for this reason as Le Capanne (the Cabins). These people, not being natives of the Alban Hills, but strangers drawn from various parts of the country, were regarded as outcasts and aliens by their immediate neighbours, who possessed to the full the strong sentiment of local clannishness that has always been so marked a feature in Italian peasant life. Clergy and people had hitherto alike avoided the Capanne and their rough-mannered occupants, who continued to dwell in a state of abject misery and want, without so much as a priest to say Mass for them in the half-ruined chapel hard by their encampment; in fact this spot was shunned by all as a fruitful source of crime and disease. Great therefore must have been the surprise of these unhappy human pariahs, when one day they perceived approaching them a large procession, in the midst of which there walked the Cardinal Duke in person beneath a canopy of cloth-of-gold bearing with his own hands the Sacrament. Vague rumours of the vast wealth, of the royal birth, and of the splendid state of the "Cardinale degli Organi" had doubtless penetrated to the hovels of the Molara, so that the consternation caused by the appearance of this gorgeous train at the Capanne may well be imagined. But Henry Stuart was far from being daunted by the vice and wretchedness of these people, and it is to his eternal credit that he used every effort to reform these black sheep of his Tusculan flock, and to better their condition both socially and morally. For their benefit he rebuilt and refurnished the little church of Santa Maria della Molara, sending thither a resident priest to perform

the necessary services, and to teach the children at the Capanne. He also added a presbytery, and endowed it with a fund of three thousand crowns, in order that these poor people might never in the future lack the presence of a spiritual adviser in their midst. So continuous, in fact, were the interest and sympathy in their welfare shown by him, that in course of time the rude population of the Capanne grew to love and trust their benefactor, whilst it became a common saying amongst them that the magnificent Cardinal Duke would sooner sell the great diamond cross that he always wore on his breast, rather than suffer themselves or their children again to endure starvation and neglect. In the words of Mastrofini, he certainly "destroyed evil and planted good in the Molara ; he reopened the healing veins of grace upon this neglected portion of his diocese" ; and as both his Italian biographers do not scruple to compare the Cardinal Duke's conduct with that of Charles Borromeo, it must be frankly admitted that at least in this instance he closely followed the glorious example set by the noble and saintly Archbishop of Milan.

Finally, it is necessary to allude to the many commemorative tablets in Frascati and its neighbourhood which were set up by the Cardinal Duke at different times, and of which Atti gives a full list, mentioning some twenty-seven in all. This practice of recording all public events, great or small, is of classical origin, and came into vogue in Rome under the Emperors, being continued by their spiritual successors, the Popes, until the time of Pio Nono, as any visitor to Rome may observe ; indeed, even at the present day this custom of affixing marble tablets on all occasions is still very popular throughout Italy, so

that in thus perpetuating the memory of each event in his episcopate, the Cardinal Duke was not guilty of any special acts of ostentation, but was merely pursuing the time-honoured and usual Italian practice. These many existing inscriptions bear witness to a variety of public and private acts: the building of convents or churches, the founding of schools, the bringing of a water supply to the palace (where it can be seen to-day, flowing into a fine antique sarcophagus); the funeral services held after the death of Prince Charles Stuart, and many other occasions. All these tablets consist of marble slabs inscribed with Latin sentences in which the words "Henricus—Cardinalis—Dux—Eboracensis—Episcopus—Tusculanus" invariably occur in slightly varying forms; it is, moreover, worthy of remark that the expression *Rex* never once appears, being even denied to the epitaph on Prince Charles' tablet, which forms almost the sole object of historical interest that the Cathedral of Frascati can boast. As might be expected, the palace of La Rocca contains not a few of these memorials, the principal of which recalls the informal visit paid to the Cardinal Duke in his old age by Pius VII and Charles-Emmanuel, King of Sardinia, on October 14th, 1802, shortly after the former's return from Venice. This visit was intended to be in the nature of an agreeable surprise, for the newly-elected Pope was anxious, so he himself declared, to bestow some special mark of honour upon Henry Stuart, as the last representative of his royal House ("il ultimo rampollo della nobilissima casa degli Stuardi"); and his guest, the pious King Charles-Emmanuel, who himself a little later resigned his crown in order to become a priest, also expressed a strong desire to congratulate the Bishop of

Frascati on his escape from a bitter and enforced exile. Henry Stuart, however, being secretly informed of the proposed visit, came down with three gala coaches to the foot of the hillside in order to await the Pope's arrival at the very spot where, more than forty years before, his own coming had been so anxiously expected by the good people of Frascati on the occasion of his first entry into his cathedral city. On the approach of the Pope, the aged Cardinal at once came forward on foot to meet him, but Pius VII immediately insisted on his venerable host sharing his own chariot and sitting beside him, an extreme mark of favour and condescension usually only accorded to crowned heads; and thus the reigning Pontiff and the *de jure* King of Great Britain, France and Ireland together ascended the hill, and finally alighted at the palace, where a repast, worthy of the great occasion, was standing ready prepared. The meal concluded, Henry took his two illustrious guests to inspect the Cathedral and the Seminary, and then led them to the villa of his secretary and chief friend of his old age, Monsignore Cesarini, after which the two monarchs returned to the Capital after a warm greeting from the inhabitants of Frascati, who were delighted at the high compliment paid to their beloved bishop. Next day, despite his many years and increasing feebleness, Henry Stuart, to the great concern of Pius VII, insisted on driving into Rome in order to pay the usual formal visit of enquiry after entertaining the Sovereign-Pontiff.¹

This was the last instance of the princely hospitality of the Cardinal Duke during his long tenure of the see of Frascati, which he had filled for upwards of forty-

¹ *Diario di Roma.*

two years; for in the following September he became, through the death of his life-long friend, Cardinal Giovanni-Francesco Albani, Dean of the Sacred College and *ipso facto* bishop of Ostia, whilst *la diletta Frascati* fell to Cardinal Giuseppe Doria.

CHAPTER V

LAST YEARS OF JAMES THE THIRD. 1747-1766

"Hame, hame, hame, hame, fain wad I be,
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!
The green leaf o' loyalty's beginning for to fa',
The bonny White Rose it is withering an a';
But I'll water it wi' the blude o' usurping tyrannie,
An' green it will grow in my ain countrie."

HAVING in the last two chapters sketched briefly the Cardinal Duke's career as an Italian ecclesiastic, we are now free to discuss his personal relations with his father and brother.

With the utter failure of the Scottish expedition, and with his younger son's reception into the College of Cardinals, the name and personality of James Stuart—the James III of the Legitimists and the Old Pretender of the Hanoverians—practically disappear from English history, and there is surely something pathetic in this sudden eclipse of a prince who for nearly half a century had been the object of special hope and attachment in one British political party and of genuine dread in the other. All idea of a possible restoration, for which in the past he had worked so assiduously, and even all earthly ambition seem from this point gradually to fade out of James' mind, so that we behold a dismal picture of a disheartened,

forlorn and moping invalid sinking by slow degrees into the obscurity of the tomb, his very existence ignored by his former enemies and remembered only with compassion by a dwindling number of friends. For the remaining eighteen years of his life James was therefore reduced of necessity to rely upon the services of Henry, though it was his high-spirited heir rather than the placid Churchman who ever occupied the foremost place in the disappointed King's affections.

In the very month that followed Henry's elevation to the Cardinalate the old King, in company with his younger son, undertook a pilgrimage to the famous shrine of Loreto in order to fulfil a vow made to the Madonna conditional upon the safe return of Charles from Scotland. During their journey the two royal devotees were closely followed and watched by one of Sir Horace Mann's spies disguised as a pilgrim, who was thus enabled to report to his master that James Stuart's movement owned no political significance, but had for its sole object the offering in person of "a piece of armour with his Eldest Son's picture engraved upon it and set with jewels."¹

But the elder son had now definitely broken with his father, and though from time to time James made feeble efforts—notably by the dismissal of the faithful Dunbar from his service—to entice the Prince back to Rome, the unforgiving Charles continued to hold aloof. Possibly the Chevalier's misery and sense of desolation were rendered the more acute by a deep-seated suspicion that after all he had made a fatal mistake in abetting Henry's irrevocable step, and that in reality Charles' unfilial

¹ *State Papers, Tuscany.*

conduct was partly excusable. With his brother, Charles had of course ceased to communicate, and so scanty and rare was the news he deigned to send to the palace of the Santi Apostoli, that James was sometimes placed in actual doubt as to whether his truant Carluccio were dead or alive. So great became the anxiety on one occasion that Henry was requested by his father to make direct enquiries concerning his brother's fate from that implacable enemy of the Stuarts, Cardinal Albani, who at once reported to Sir Horace Mann this unusual application for news of Charles' whereabouts. Mann, in a despatch dated August 28th, 1750, alludes to this incident concerning the missing Prince, who at this time contrived to escape the attention of friends and foes alike.

“ . . . I wrote to Cardinal Albani very lately on the same subject, who by the last post acquainted me that it was certain that nobody there [in Rome] knew anything of him, and that in an interview which he himself had a few days before with the Pretender's second son, the Cardinal, the latter enquired with great earnestness about his brother, and desired Cardinal Albani as a particular favour, to try by the means of his friends and correspondents, to discover where he resides. He owned to him that the Pretender his father now and then received a letter from him, sometimes by one and sometimes by another, with news of his health only, but that those letters were never dated nor any mention made of the place whence they came ; adding that the Father was quite in despair. Cardinal Albani assures me that he was fully persuaded there was no mystery or deceit in the young Cardinal's discourse, and concludes by saying that if his

Father and the Pope (who is equally curious to be informed of him) cannot succeed, it is no wonder that other people cannot discover where he is. . . ."¹

Wounded by a son's ingratitude, bitterly conscious of his complete political extinction, and tortured by a terrible internal malady, James Stuart appears truly a melancholy and pitiable figure towards the close of his long reign in the Roman palace. In compensation for his constant ill-health and all-pervading sense of failure, he had only the young Cardinal and his prosperous career in the Church to occupy his attention and to prevent him from brooding incessantly over past wrongs and mistakes ; and the reflection that one of his sons was safe, contented and near at hand, must have afforded the unhappy sufferer a certain degree of mental relief. Nevertheless, even at the Papal Court—the only Court in Europe that now took the slightest interest in his welfare—the Chevalier was occasionally reminded of his altered fortunes and of his recent loss of political weight. In the summer of 1756, for example, the *de jure* King, who had never yet asked any favour of a pope in vain, was deeply mortified at finding his formal request to Benedict XIV for the bestowal of the Vice-Chancellorship of the Holy See upon his younger son left unanswered "either out of forgetfulness or design." So offended by this unusual treatment was James that he suddenly left Rome for his villa at Albano, without giving the customary notice to the Papal authorities or taking an escort of Papal Guards with him, whilst at the same time he wrote to Cardinal Spinelli, informing him of the reason of his late action and

¹ Earl Stanhope, *Decline of the Last Stuarts*.

threatening that "if a proper reparation were not made for the affront in not answering his letter, he should be obliged to carry his Person and Misfortunes into another Country."¹ A belated excuse, which James thought prudent to accept, was ultimately offered by the Pope; yet it is a significant fact that Henry Stuart did not obtain the post in question until some years after his father's death.

Not long after this unpleasant rebuff James was destined to obtain another experience of unkind treatment, this time from a still less expected quarter. The quarrel between the Cardinal Duke and his father over the dismissal of Monsignore Lercari forms an obscure episode that is of no great interest, except in so far as it proves the dutiful Henry to have been fully capable under certain conditions of disobeying his father's wishes and of defying his authority. It appears that James, having for some unknown reason conceived a strong dislike to a certain Monsignore Lercari (afterwards Bishop of Genoa), who happened to be at that time the Cardinal Duke's *Maestro di Camera*, or Chamberlain, requested Lercari's removal. With this demand his son refused to comply, whereupon James appealed direct to the Pope, who in spite of Henry's vehement protests at once requested the obnoxious chamberlain to leave Rome. Greatly irritated by his parent's intervention in so private a matter, the Cardinal Duke now withdrew to Bologna, where he persisted in remaining until the Pope was at last constrained to send him a letter bidding him lay aside his annoyance and return forthwith to Rome. "I beg you," wrote Benedict to the young Cardinal, "to reflect upon

¹ *Letters of Sir Horace Mann.*



JAMES STUART

the triumph that heretics would feel in seeing a great prince of the Cardinal Senate ready to quarrel with the Head of his Church, although keeping himself sound in the faith of his ancestors and thereby renouncing a splendid Crown; and also to consider what lamentable effects would be produced in the minds of the followers of his royal House by such regrettable dissensions.”¹ Thus admonished, Henry had no choice except to comply with Benedict’s formal demand; he therefore returned to Rome and allowed himself to be reconciled with his father through the Pope’s mediation.

During these years James’ health had been steadily growing worse, and as far back as 1756 Benedict had granted a special dispensation to the illustrious patient:—

“The Pope has lately granted a privilege to the Pretender of an uncommon nature in the Roman Church, though very trifling in itself,—to drink either broth or chocolate before he communicates on account of his habitual indisposition of stomach, which prevents him from fasting so long as the Church prescribes before that ceremony. The Pope has wrote what is called a Decretal Letter on this subject, in which among other examples he quotes that of Pope Julius III, who granted the same privilege to Charles the Fifth after his abdication.”²

For some time past a recluse by choice, James was now of necessity kept a close prisoner to his own rooms, where only certain intimate friends were admitted; “only Cardinal Corsini, in whom he always had the

Atti.

² *State Papers, Tuscany.*

greatest confidence, and some few others, whom he used to admit most familiarly, go there seldom and stay a very little time with him, as he cannot bear the fatigue of talking."¹ A total indifference to the conduct of affairs of state, the pursuit of which had formerly engrossed all his time and attention, now began to manifest itself, so that the task of carrying on the all-but-useless correspondence of the Jacobite Court devolved on John Graham, titular Earl of Alford. Such shreds of political power as James actually retained were henceforward exercised by the Cardinal Duke, who for the last five years of his father's life practically controlled the National Colleges in Rome and enjoyed the privilege—the only genuine prerogative owned by the Stuart King—of nominating bishops to vacant Irish sees, his last appointment being that of a certain Philip MacDavett to the see of Derry a few days before James' death.

In 1760 the Chevalier was confidently believed to be on the verge of expiring, when after a long fainting fit, caused by the intense pain endured by the aged invalid, the Viaticum was administered by the Cardinal Duke, who in the double capacity of son and priest affectionately tended his father during these last sad years, and "would have been inconsolable," remarks the unfeeling Mann, "if the satisfaction which he has in all holy functions did not take off his attention from his father." But James had yet enough vitality left to implore Clement XIII, who came in person to sympathise at his bedside, to extend the Papal protection to his two sons; "on which occasion *si fece un bel piangere*—

¹ *Letters of Sir Horace Mann.*

(there was a fine bout of weeping)." Two years later the patient was seized with a paralytic stroke, and again an immediate demise was prophesied by Albani and Mann's agents in Rome:—

"The Pretender seems to be at the last period of his life. He has lately had two apoplectic fits; by which his mouth is much drawn aside, and his speech is hardly intelligible. His devout son contents himself with praying for him. The other will probably get drunk to drown his sorrow. . . . His eldest son, more the object of contempt, or perhaps of compassion, than of alarm, is hidden in a corner of France; and the other, by putting on the Cowle has done more to extinguish his party than could have been effected by putting to death many thousands of their deluded followers."¹

Yet he was still living two years later, and was apparently quite clear in his mind, for the Cardinal Duke made a point of concealing from him the circumstance of the Hanoverian Duke of York's visit to Rome in 1764, and the many civilities accorded to that Prince by Cardinal Albani and other prominent Roman Churchmen, for fear of vexing his father. The presence of George III's brother in Italy once more brought the question of the Stuart titles to the front, and in the autumn of the following year (1765) Albani wrote to Sir Horace Mann, under the seal of secrecy, assuring him that the Pope was not inclined to accord the dying father's rank to his absent heir, but was prepared to

¹ *Ibid.*

follow the lead of the other European sovereigns in this respect. About this time Henry, who had already begun to correspond with his brother in France, generously surrendered in Charles' favour the reversion of the annuity of 12,000 crowns, allotted by the Papal Treasury to James Stuart, and recently settled on his younger son. Of this arrangement on Henry's part James was purposely kept in ignorance, for the end was very near and "the faculties of his mind were now too weak to comprehend anything."

The Cardinal Duke's *Diary*, to which we have already referred, contains a minute description of the last days of the old Stuart King. On Christmas Day His Majesty, who had evidently been delirious for some time past, "insisted on making his devotions, and this desire was complied with, since he now showed himself sane in his mind"; but early on the morning of St. John's Day blood had again to be let from the patient so as to repel a fresh attack of fever. Later in the day "he suffered terrible paroxysms of pain, by reason of which the Cardinal Duke and those around the bedside judged him to be in danger of death, and Extreme Unction was therefore administered."

James, however, rallied from this attack, and a fatal termination to his sufferings was again postponed. But on the first day of the New Year 1766 "about 22 o'clock, although he had previously partaken of food with relish, His Majesty was seized suddenly with fresh spasms of pain, that caused him great distress. At this moment His Royal Highness came to see his father but soon departed, after which the gasping for breath increased with terrible and even mortal symptoms, so

much so that his attendants deemed it expedient to recite the Recommendation of the Soul and to send (as was duly done) for the Pope's blessing, which was given by Father Paoletti of the Church of the Santi Apostoli. There were present in the sick-room His Eminence G. F. Albani [the Younger], Monsignore Lascaris, the Grand Prior of England, Don Gian-Battista Altieri, Monsieur Canziani, his private confessor, and many other persons of quality. His Royal Highness now returning was terribly shocked at this unexpected collapse, but remained for some time watching His Majesty's life drawing to its close; he was, however, finally persuaded to leave the apartment, so as not to render his distress more acute by continuing a spectator of so tragic a scene. Accordingly he went to the house of Marchese Angelelli (his chamberlain), where he stayed till four o'clock in the morning. At quarter past 4 o'clock His Majesty King James III passed to the Other Life, at the age of nearly 78 years, having been born in the Royal Palace of London on the 10th of June 1688 according to the Old Style Calendar. . . . His Eminence G. F. Albani and others went immediately to bring the news to His Royal Highness in the palace of the Cancelleria, but as he had retired to rest, they thought it prudent to keep their sad message till the morning . . . (January 2nd, 1766). With the deepest grief His Royal Highness received at 12½ o'clock the account of His Majesty's decease, but he bore the blow with marvellous calmness, and at once began to make arrangements for the holding of funeral services for his dead father's soul in the Palace chapel and in the Church of the Holy Apostles,

as also in the churches of San Lorenzo in Damaso, San Clemente, Sant' Isidoro and in the chapels of the National Colleges.”¹

Thus expired in the Roman palace of the Santi Apostoli during the night of New Year's Day 1766 James Francis Edward Stuart in the 78th year of his age and in the 65th of his *de jure* reign, which had lasted 64 years, 3 months and 15 days.² Born in a royal palace, the son and heir of a reigning monarch, James was Duke of Cornwall and Duke of Rothesay by right of his birth, and Prince of Wales by virtue of creation from his father, King James II, at whose death he became in the eyes of all British Legitimists James III of England and Ireland and James VIII of Scotland, whilst the greatest sovereign in Europe had hastened to recognise his title. Unfortunate in the hour and from the hour of his birth, James Stuart was now made the object of a savage attack, prompted doubtless by abject terror, on the part of his near kinsman and brother-in-law, William of Orange, by whose advice there was passed through the two Houses of Parliament a Bill of Attainder against his young cousin, a boy of thirteen, wholly guiltless of any crime save that of being Prince of Wales by every natural right of birth, law and custom. The actual legality of William's Act of Attainder of an innocent lad, which reflects the deepest discredit on its author and is comparable only with some of those legal abominations practised by Henry VIII, is open to serious question, since its terms were

¹ *Diario del Cardinale Duca.*

² Queen Victoria's reign, the longest recorded in British history, lasted 63 years, 7 months and 2 days: from June 20th, 1837, to January 22nd, 1901.

directed against a "pretended" Prince of Wales, which James Stuart most decidedly was *not*; the Act took, in short, for granted that which had never been proved and none had dared openly to assert, namely, the theory of the Prince's spurious birth. Setting aside therefore this inhuman and perhaps illegal Act of Attainder, it must in fairness be admitted that James Stuart, whether or no he were accounted king, was assuredly in every true moral sense Prince of Wales, and also that any persons assuming that royal title during his lifetime were necessarily impostors; in fact, George II, his son Frederick—the "poor Fred" of the Jacobites—George III, and even George IV in his infancy, were never properly entitled to the appellation of Prince of Wales, seeing that its original and properly created holder was still living, no matter how discredited, impoverished, or forgotten. Yet the old unscrupulous slanders concerning his birth, so carefully spread and fostered by Bishop Burnet and other agents, though admittedly false, have never wholly lost their influence, so that many persons even to-day vaguely associate "the Old Pretender" with a palace conspiracy engineered by the Jesuits, who, with the aid of an historic warming-pan, foisted a supposititious infant upon a long-suffering Protestant nation; whilst the very word "pretender," though it has no further significance than *claimant*, is somehow suggestive of fraud to ordinary minds. Throughout James' lifetime English historians continued to hint at the truth of this political fable, yet it is remarkable that when the Jacobite danger was once past, all reference to the alleged scandal of June 10th, 1688, was promptly dropped, and in course of time we

find the reigning British monarch only too glad openly to admit his distant cousinship with the last surviving son of the "pretended" Prince of Wales, who had been attainted by William of Orange.

As to James' personal character it is perhaps too much to expect justice in his contemporaries, who only saw "bigotry" in his unwavering devotion to the Roman Church and were fed with highly-coloured reports from prejudiced agents abroad. Failings, of course, James had in plenty, yet he appears to have been more enlightened and liberal in his religious views than his father before him. For years, in spite of strong domestic opposition, he had placed implicit confidence in the Anglican Lord Dunbar, whilst at one time he had insisted, not a little to the chagrin of the Papal authorities, in maintaining in his household Protestant chaplains, who were even permitted to invite English visitors in Rome to attend their services in the Stuart palace; such a policy on James' part may have been neither prudent nor sincere, but it certainly cannot be described as bigoted. In his latter years, as we have shown, he fell under the direct influence of the Cardinal Duke, who as a Roman ecclesiastic was naturally inclined to lay more stress upon the religious aspect of the Stuart cause; yet all James' admirably written letters breathe a spirit of common-sense and of toleration that are strongly at variance with the opinion commonly held of the Old Pretender as "a poor Mean Cowardly Bigot and nothing more."¹ Though stubborn and obtuse, James was eminently pious, generous and honourable, and he seems to have carried out with tact and dignity the

¹ *Letters of Samuel Crisp*, chap. i.

difficult position of an exiled king. And if he often showed himself incapable of grasping an opportunity offered, Fortune in her turn still more often showed herself unkind; ill-luck and ill-health haunted him throughout his long unprosperous career, so that it was not without strong reason that his enemies nicknamed the helpless King across the water "Mr. James Misfortunate."

The funeral rites of James III, which may be considered not only those of a *de jure* king but also the obsequies of the lost Legitimist cause that for over sixty years he had represented in his own person, constituted the last occasion on which royal honours to the Stuarts were publicly displayed in Rome. For five days the Chevalier's body lay in state in the chapel of the Stuart palace, whence it was removed with much ceremony to the Church of the Santi Apostoli, that had been heavily draped with black for the occasion. The corpse, vested in royal robes and ornaments, and with the crosses of St. George and of St. Andrew affixed to the breast, was exposed upon a bed of purple silk fringed with gold, above which was suspended an immense canopy supporting four angels with crowns and sceptres. On all sides were to be seen the emblems of royalty, together with laudatory inscriptions in honour of "Jacobus Tertius, Magnæ Britanniæ Rex," whilst ghastly figures of skeletons holding tapers and boughs of yew were fixed at regular intervals round the catafalque. All these details had been carried out under the immediate superintendence of the Cardinal Duke, who spared neither trouble nor expense to make his father's funeral a truly magnificent

and impressive event. On Tuesday, January 7th, the body still wearing its royal robes was removed to its last resting-place in St. Peter's, the bier being escorted through the streets by a Papal guard of honour and by no fewer than five hundred English, Scotch and Irish students bearing torches.¹ According to Sir Horace Mann, "the Romans were vastly impatient to bury him that the theatres might be reopened"; and in any case it is evident that no particular interest in James' funeral was shown by a populace that was thoroughly accustomed to grandiose spectacles of this nature.

Thus, after having survived her for nearly thirty one years, was the Stuart King reunited in death to his Queen-Consort, whose ascetic piety he had long striven to emulate, and their joint praises began to resound from many a Roman pulpit.—"Are not their devotion to the Catholic Faith, their courage in the deepest Misfortunes, their Magnanimity, their Patience, their most liberal Charity towards the Poor, their perfect Resignation to the Divine Will, such sublime Virtues as to induce in us a certain hope of the Eternal Salvation of these illustrious Twin-Souls?"²—*Requiescant ambo in pace.*

¹ J. H. Jesse, *The Pretenders and their Adherents*.

² *Relazione della Morte etc. di Giacomo III.* Roma, 1766.

CHAPTER VI

“CHARLES THE THIRD.” 1766–1774

“O decus eximium ! Spes o fidissima Nostri ! Henrice.”

FOR nearly a whole year before James III's death, the Cardinal Duke had been in regular correspondence with Prince Charles, then living at Bouillon, who had now come to recognise in his once despised younger brother a valuable ally on behalf of his claims at the only European Court which still officially acknowledged the Stuart dynasty. A reconciliation was thus quickly effected between the two brothers after a lapse of nearly nineteen years, throughout which time no letter, nor even so much as a message, had passed between them. During the past autumn, Henry, who had with some difficulty persuaded the Pope to send an invitation to the wandering Prince to return home, had been urging his brother to hasten to Rome in order to safeguard his own interests there before the old King's death, which was then imminent.

“I am persuaded,” writes Andrew Lumisden, James Stuart's Under Secretary of State, to the Jacobite Earl of Alford, on Christmas Eve, 1765, “it will give you

much satisfaction to know that the prejudices which the Prince so long entertained against the Duke are happily removed. May friendship and confidence always subsist between the Royal Brothers! It is above a year that they have carried on a private correspondence. The Duke's disinterested conduct to and love for the Prince has been very conspicuous on this occasion. It was evidently against the interest of the former to have promoted the return of the latter, especially whilst the King lives. But, notwithstanding of this, he has done it with the utmost zeal. He has induced the Pope to invite him here, and to declare that he will receive him with the same honours, and give him the same treatment the King has always had . . ."¹

To the Cardinal Duke's letter giving him the Pope's invitation to return, Charles had sent from Bouillon on November 28th a reply thanking him for his services in the past, and promising to come to Rome with all speed:—

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—Your letter of October 30th last and its enclosure [*i.e.*, the Pope's invitation] have been forwarded to me. I have received with the greatest pleasure all these proofs of your goodness of heart and of your attention to my interests. In return, you may reckon fully on my gratitude and friendship. I cannot express myself too warmly with regard to His Holiness' sentiments, and his obliging acquiescence in the arrangements you have requested him to make on my behalf. Act as the interpreter of my own feelings of veneration and devotion towards him, until I can prove them to him

¹ Dennistoun, *Memoirs of Strange and Lumisden*.

in person, and also give a thousand messages from me to Cardinal [Giovanni-Francesco] Albani and to all our devoted friends.

“I look forward eagerly to the hour wherein I can embrace you. I shall not lose a moment in making preparations for my departure . . . I can only repeat to you that I am all impatience to meet you again. Had I but the wings of a bird, we should quickly be satisfied.
—Your very affectionate Brother,

“CHARLES P.R.

“À BOUILLOU, ce 28 Nov. 1765.”

But in spite of the desire for wings expressed in the closing sentence of this letter, Charles did not hasten his departure southward until news of his father's death had been brought him. James Stuart dead, his heir at once proceeded towards Rome with all the speed that relays of post-horses could afford. Meantime the Cardinal Duke was busily engaged in trying to obtain from the Pope a definite promise with regard to the acknowledgment of his brother's title as Charles III, so that he might be received with royal honours on his arrival, both at the gates of the city and at the Stuart palace in the Piazza of the Santi Apostoli. Of Henry's efforts, Lumisden thus writes to his new master on January 2nd, 1766: “Words are insufficient to express the zeal with which his Royal Highness, your Brother, has served, and continues to serve you at the Court of Rome. He has no reason to doubt but that, by the prudent steps he has taken, he will obtain for you everything you can reasonably expect from that quarter . . .”¹

¹ *Ibid.*

The moment was indeed a critical one for the jealously guarded Sovereignty of the Stuarts in Rome. The Pope was personally well disposed towards the exiled royal House, and so were certain of the leading Cardinals,—Albani the Younger, Orsini, Stoppani and others,—but there was also a powerful party in the Curia that was strongly opposed to extending the rights enjoyed for so many years by the late Stuart King to his absent son. The political atmosphere of Europe had greatly changed since the pontificate of Clement XI, who nearly half a century before had first openly espoused the Stuart cause, and had given James III the means of holding a court with proper dignity in Rome itself. Even in those far distant days England had been a powerful country, but its strength and the size of its dominions had since increased enormously, especially during the last decade, so that even the somewhat obtuse politicians of the Roman Court were beginning to appreciate the folly, not to say the danger, of openly flouting the King and the Government of so great and so expanding a nation. And besides ranking by right of arms as the leading Power in Europe, the England of 1766 also contained, though a Protestant State, a very large number of Roman Catholic inhabitants, not only in Great Britain and Ireland, but in the vast territories of America and the East Indies that had recently been added to George III's empire by the victories of Wolfe and Clive. The remarkable lenity with which the British Government continued to treat the Roman Catholic populations in lands lately wrested from France and Spain was fully realised in Rome itself, where there naturally arose the fear of a possible reprisal upon some millions of innocent spiritual subjects of the

Pope. Again, apart from these aspects of the case, all reasonable persons at the Roman Court had by this time grown aware how slight, not to say hopeless, were the chances of a Stuart restoration to the English throne, that was now filled by a young and popular Prince, who, unlike his two German predecessors, gloried in the name of Briton. All these circumstances combined to bring into prominence a strong and capable party in the Curia, that was bent not only on obtaining a public repudiation of the Jacobite cause in Rome, but also on opening, if possible, direct and friendly relations with this great Protestant Power, which showed itself so determined not to be ruled by a Roman Catholic dynasty. To the quick mind of Cardinal Alessandro Albani, and to other Churchmen of his way of thinking, the late Stuart King's presence had appeared an insuperable barrier to the desired task of conciliating the British Government, so that it was with secret but sincere relief that they heard of his long-expected death. “The Roman Court,” writes Sir Horace Mann with considerable truth, “is tired of the Old Phantom, which is both troublesome and expensive.” Yet so long as James Stuart continued to live, it would have been both indecent and ungrateful for the Pope to have deprived the helpless old invalid of a show of sovereignty that had been definitely conferred upon him by Clement XI, and this official attitude towards the Old Pretender the British Government was quite able to understand. But with his death the precise moment of repudiation had at last arrived ; the Pope and his advisers had now to make a definite choice between common-sense and sentimental considerations, between a friendly relationship with the greatest Power in Europe and a political act

that would certainly prove unprofitable, and possibly dangerous. Clement XIII, therefore, found himself beset by two distinct parties: that of the Cardinal Duke, supported by the Ministers of France, Spain and Naples (none of whom had received as yet instructions from their Governments at home), and the progressive party, headed by Cardinal Alessandro Albani, whose political aims may well be gauged by Lumisden's bitter description of him as "the public minister of the Emperor, and the private but known minister and spy of the Duke of Hanover."

The Cardinal Duke had wasted no time in bringing forward his own and his brother's claims to reigning royalty. It was the first and only time since he had entered the priesthood, that Henry Stuart deliberately mixed in political intrigue, and whether his efforts on this occasion be adjudged ably conducted or no, it cannot be denied that he pursued his object with the utmost ardour. He had spent the morning after his father's death in notifying the event to the various European Courts, and in dispatching special messengers to the Minister of France, Monsieur d'Aubeterre, a warm but injudicious partisan of the Stuart dynasty, to Señor Azpurna, Minister of Spain, and to Cardinal Orsini, who represented Naples at the Papal Court. All three ambassadors expressed themselves ready to acknowledge Charles Stuart's title, and d'Aubeterre, in particular, recommended an immediate appeal to the Pope in person, a piece of advice that was acted upon without delay. The Cardinal Duke was thereupon admitted to a private interview with the Pontiff, but had, however, to rest satisfied for the present with a promise to call a special Congregation of the Cardinals to deliberate upon



THE COUNT OF ALBANY

the matter. At the same time he presented to the Pope a strongly worded “Memorial” concerning “the indispensable necessity for the Holy See to recognise at this moment the House of Stuart as the only true and legitimate Sovereigns of the Kingdom of England.”¹ Andrew Lumisden, writing to Charles, who had now begun his journey homewards, dwells with enthusiasm upon Henry’s desperate efforts:—

“ Notwithstanding the melancholy state of his mind, and the indecency of going abroad before his father’s obsequies were performed, yet such was His Royal Highness’ zeal for your Majesty’s service, that he asked an audience of the Pope, which he got on the Friday night. He represented to His Holiness, in the most pathetic and becoming manner, the indispensable obligation he lay under to acknowledge your Majesty’s title; an obligation that arose from the strictest principles of religion and gratitude to a family whose misfortunes in this world proceeded only from their invariable adherence to the Church and See of Rome. The Pope, after protesting that he never intended to do you an injustice, continued to give the same answer that he had returned to the Cardinal Protector of Scotland [G. F. Albani]. When His Royal Highness perceived he could make no impression, or draw from him any other answer, he told His Holiness that, since he delayed to acknowledge you, he hoped he would at least allow him to use any method that might tend to facilitate his just demand, and particularly to communicate the Memorial to whom he should think proper. This last demand the Pope agreed to, and

¹ *Stuart Papers.*

in consequence of it, the Memorial has been shown to all the Sacred College, and to such persons as might be useful to you. Having left the Pope, his Royal Highness went to the Cardinals Rezzonico and Torregiani: he repeated to them what he had represented to His Holiness, and they returned the same answer.

"His Royal Highness immediately communicated to the French Ambassador the result of his interview with the Pope, as he did afterwards to the Spanish and Neapolitan ministers. In consequence of it they asked audience of the Cardinal Secretary of State, and represented to him their surprise that His Holiness had any difficulty to acknowledge you; that although their Courts, never doubting of his doing it immediately, had given them no particular instructions on that head, yet from their general ones they could aver that his doing that act of justice to your Majesty would be highly acceptable to their Courts. . . .

". . . These applications to the Pope having proved fruitless, the next step his Royal Highness took was to write letters, in the most moving strains, to the Kings of France, Spain and Naples, which their different ministers forwarded and warmly recommended. . . . These are the principal steps his Royal Highness has taken to serve your Majesty, but I should never end this narrative, were I to represent his many interviews with the ministers and others, as well as the incredible fatigue of body and mind he has had to bring this affair to an happy issue. Nothing but an extraordinary effort of that singular love and affection he justly has for you, could have roused him to have thus acted at this melancholy but critical conjuncture. Nor can your Majesty ever doubt of his

unwearied zeal to promote your interest in general, and more particularly to preserve your prerogatives at the Court of Rome. In so doing his own dignity is materially concerned. Thoroughly acquainted with all their management and intrigues, no one is so capable to conduct your affairs here as he is. By his prudent measures, it is to be hoped, he will at last obtain for you whatever is reasonable from the Pope. . . .”¹

But meanwhile Cardinal Alessandro Albani and his friends did not remain idle, and the promised meeting of the Cardinals, that was to decide the all-important question as to whether sentiment or self-interest were to dictate the future policy of the Holy See towards the Stuart family, was fixed for January 13th. Albani had already written several times to Sir Horace Mann, excusing the Pope’s delay in disavowing the new Pretender’s claim, for the action of the hot-headed d’Aubeterre, ever a bitter foe to England, had greatly incensed the British Minister at Florence, who in a letter to the friendly Cardinal had even hinted at the possibility of a British squadron being sent to Civitâ Vecchia :—

“I thought it would not be improper in my answer to Cardinal Albani’s letter on this subject, to set in view the inconveniences that the Pope may expose himself to, by complying with the instances that have been made to him ; knowing that he and others to whom I have wrote on this same subject will make a good use of it, and that this method is the most capable of making an impression both upon the Pope and the Cardinals he may consult,

¹ *Memoirs of Strange and Lumisden.*

who are for the most part excessively ignorant of Courts and of the world.”¹

In his private letters to Horace Walpole at this time, Mann accurately describes the situation in Rome itself, and the unpleasant dilemma in which the Pope was then placed; and he alludes also to the Cardinal Duke’s lengthy but not very convincing Memorial that had been referred to the newly convened Consistory:—

“The Pope is vastly fearful of offending England, to whom, he says, he is so much obliged for the great lenity with which the Catholicks are treated; but then he is persecuted by the French Ambassador, by that of Malta, by the Minister of Spain, and by Cardinal Stuart, with all his numerous Parasites and Zealots, who are really persuaded that their Religion is concerned in England’s having a nominal Roman Catholic king. You see with what powerful antagonists I have to combat, and yet I do not despair. . . . You will have seen by my late letters how deeply I have been engaged to bully the Pope and all his Cardinals, and to suppress the titles of a Popish Pretender even at Rome; did you believe that I should succeed? Knowing that I should have to fight with all the foreign ministers there, who to be sure were ordered to whisper in the Pope’s ear that their masters wished to have two kings of England, and that in conscience he could not deprive the Catholicks in our three kingdoms of such a means upon any favourable occasion of restoring them to the obedience of his Thiara. These and every other argument have been made use of in a long but

¹ Earl Stanhope, *Decline of the Last Stuarts*.

extremely weak memorial that Cardinal Stuart presented to His Holiness, to convince him of the obligation he was under to acknowledge his brother's titles. But in spite of all, I have been a more successful advocate for the King.”¹

Sir Horace Mann's threatening attitude, supplemented by Albani's arguments, had the desired effect; the decision of the Congregation of Cardinals to refuse Charles the title of king for the present (*per ora*), though nominally a secret, was quickly conveyed by Albani to the British Minister, who was enabled on January 21st to announce to his Government that at last the Court of Rome had formally repudiated the sovereignty of the Stuarts:—

“I have now the great satisfaction, Sir, to acquaint you that in the Congregation of Cardinals held at Rome to consult about acknowledging the present Pretender, it has been determined in the negative. The ‘secret of the Inquisition,’ as it is termed there, was imposed on all who assisted at that Congregation; nevertheless, the result of it was soon known, though as yet I am not informed of the less interesting particulars.”²

As to the Ministers of France, Spain and Naples, who had, though wholly unauthorised by their Governments, supported the Cardinal Duke's petition, d'Aubeterre (whose behaviour was strongly resented by the British Court) received from Paris a severe reprimand, coupled with positive orders to abstain from any further interference, “as His Most Christian Majesty was determined

¹ *Letters of Sir Horace Mann.*

² *Decline of the Last Stuarts.*

not to take any part in the affair." The Pope himself undertook to admonish Cardinal Orsini, and the only sovereign of the three that seemed inclined to approve the conduct of his own representative at Rome was the King of Spain, who openly twitted the Nuncio at Madrid with his master's cowardice in denying his rightful title to the heir of the late James III. It was of course a mere chance—a deeply unfortunate one for the ever-luckless House of Stuart—that England and France should have happened to be at peace and their respective Governments on fairly friendly terms at the exact moment of James Stuart's death; had the two Powers been at war, it is fairly safe to conclude that Louis XV would readily have acquiesced in his zealous envoy's premature recognition of Charles Stuart as king. Spain and Naples would naturally have followed the lead of France, whilst under these circumstances the Pope, already half-inclined to yield to the moving appeals of the Cardinal Duke and his many friends, would in all probability have readily granted to the heir the title and position that had been enjoyed by his late father. But with France definitely opposed to any official acknowledgment of the new Pretender, and with the ever-present fear of some act of revenge on the part of Great Britain, Clement XIII had practically no choice left but to refuse, with the greatest delicacy possible, Henry's petition for the continued recognition and maintenance of a Stuart Court in Rome.

The advantage of the struggle had so far been on the side of Cardinal Albani and his friends, so that Henry could for the next few days do nothing but await impatiently the arrival of his brother, who was travelling

post-haste towards Rome, in spite of the severe winter weather and the bad state of the roads. On January 23rd the eagerly expected news was brought that Charles Stuart, under the incognito of plain John Douglas, was nearing the city, and the Cardinal Duke, at once setting out to meet him, found him waiting for fresh horses at an inn some miles from the Porta del Popolo. The meeting between the two royal brothers, after nearly nineteen years of estrangement, at the mean hostelry on the bleak Flaminian road, would afford an interesting subject for an historical picture, for there is eloquent pathos to be found in the marked change that had occurred both in their appearance and circumstances since they had last met. In the soured, bloated, middle-aged man, with legs so swollen as to need assistance, the Cardinal Duke must have been shocked to recognise the handsome, brilliant youth, full of fire and confidence, who had once conquered Scotland; whilst in the stately prince of the Church with flowing robes and jewelled cross the Chevalier must have found greatly altered the timid, wayward boy who had deserted him years ago in Paris.

At sight of his elder brother and sovereign, “ His Royal Highness dismounted from his coach, and walked up the steps of the inn, where the two Brothers embraced each other affectionately, obtaining an infinite joy in meeting again after an absence of eighteen years and a half. They ate a meal together, and then both seated themselves in His Highness’s coach and set out with their suite towards Rome two hours before sunset. At one o’clock in the evening they arrived and dismounted at the palace of the Santi Apostoli, where His Majesty’s

household awaited him, and many gentlemen also, to kiss his hand. . . . There was a large crowd at the palace door, and many persons made a public demonstration of welcome. In the street of the Corso and also at the Porta del Popolo there was a crowd of people collected either out of friendship or curiosity, to see him again.”¹

So exhausted with his late fatigues and so benumbed by the cold was Charles, that he had to rest after his arrival for some days, during which the Cardinal Duke began his efforts afresh in order to induce the Pope to recognise his brother’s title, and to annul the Consistory’s late resolution, made on January 13th. But all his exertions were in vain; for Clement again returned a polite negative, and on his suppliant continuing his importunities, expressed his annoyance in the most marked manner:—

“By the last letter from Rome I have received notice of the Pretender’s arrival there: his brother went some posts to meet him. Curiosity had assembled great crowds of people about his house, to see him get out of his coach, and some few of the Nobility waited in his antechamber. . . .

“He still passes incognito under the name of Douglas, with a view, as it is supposed, to exempt himself from all ceremony with regard to the Pope and the College of Cardinals, with whom he is most extremely dissatisfied. His brother, however, went the day after his arrival to the Pope, and again renewed his solicitations to acknowledge him, with which the Pope was much offended, and made him no answer. Circular notice has been sent to the

¹ *Diario del Cardinale Duca.*

Nuncios in the different courts of the Pope's decision on this subject. The Nuncio here spoke to me of it a few days ago, and desired me to do them justice in England : on which occasion I must beg leave to observe to you, Sir, that the decision of the Court of Rome on this occasion, so contrary to their maxims, and to the practices of so many preceding Popes, is looked upon in these parts as the strongest and the most public proof of the respect which the greatness of His Majesty's name and the apprehension of offending him would produce.”¹

So great was the vexation of both brothers at this treatment, that the Cardinal Duke “in his rage and disappointment” next took a bold and most imprudent step by driving in an ostentatious manner through the streets of Rome with Charles seated at his right hand, a post of honour that a Cardinal is supposed to cede only to a crowned head. This flagrant piece of disobedience on Henry's part brought its own reward, for the Pope, greatly angered, took further measures to prevent any similar demonstration in the future, a circumstance that Sir Horace Mann reports to the Duke of Richmond in a despatch dated February 11th :—

“I had the honour by my last letters to acquaint you, Sir, with everything that had passed at Rome on the Pretender's arrival there; since which, the resentment which Cardinal Stuart has publicly shown of the Pope's decision not to acknowledge his brother, has drawn upon them both an additional mortification. So soon as the Pretender was a little recovered of the fatigue of his

¹ *Decline of the Last Stuarts.*

journey, the Cardinal his brother carried him with ostentation about the streets of Rome, in his coach *and on his right hand*, a distinction which, according to the rules of that place, no Cardinal can show to any but a Crowned Head. This circumstance therefore being looked upon as a public contempt of the Pope's decision . . . gave so much offence, that the Pope immediately assembled the same Congregation of Cardinals as before, in which it was determined that Cardinal Torregiani, the Secretary-of-State, should in person give orders in the Pope's name to Cardinal Cavalchini, Dean of the College, to send a gentleman round to all the Cardinals, and to all the heads of the distinguished Orders, to acquaint them that the *Santa Sede* (which is the term always made use of to distinguish the Court of Rome) does not acknowledge the Prince Stuart as King, and that it was expected they should conform themselves in their behaviour to him agreeable to that declaration. By the advice of Cardinal Albani, the Secretary-of-State sent orders again by the last post to the Nuncio here, to inform me of this circumstance, as a proof that the resolution of that government was not illusory; and I have likewise received further proofs of it, by the notice that Cardinal Torregiani severely reprimanded at the same time the Grand Priors of the Order of Malta, Altieri and Fiano, as well as Marquis Gualtieri, for their personal behaviour on this occasion."¹

In fact, the contest for the Pope's favour, waged between the Cardinal Duke and Cardinal Alessandro Albani, had ended in the complete discomfiture of the

¹ *Decline of the Last Stuarts.*

former, so that Sir Horace Mann was now able to exclaim with delight that “it was as much treason to call Monsieur le Baron Douglas king in Rome as at London.”¹

But the bitter cup of Stuart humiliation had not yet been filled to the brim. Hitherto the Papal reprimands had been confined to the disobedient Italian clergy and nobles, but now unexpected punishment was meted out to such of the Prince’s own “subjects” in Rome as continued openly to honour their Charles the Third, and in consequence the Rectors of the three national Colleges were banished for a time from the city. Of this measure Lumisden writes in terms of deep indignation to Lord Alford :—

“. . . It had been suggested to His Majesty that his own national Colleges and convents here would willingly receive him, and do all the homage due to his Royal Person. In consequence of this he went and heard Mass at the English and Scots Colleges, and at the Irish Dominicans and Franciscans. At all these places he was prayed for by name, and a *Te Deum* sung. The Pope and his ministers, irritated at this acknowledgment of the King, although done only by his own subjects, have exiled the heads of these Colleges and convents from Rome. . . . Pray, what does your Lordship think of all this?”²

Yet a further sign of the Pope’s fixed determination “to suppress all signs in Rome of the royalty of the

¹ *Letters of Sir Horace Mann.*

² *Memoirs of Strange and Lumisden.* *Letter of Lumisden dated April 15th, 1766.*

Stuarts" was shown in the order for the removal of the two great stone escutcheons, bearing the royal arms of Britain and those of the Roman Senate, from the entrance of the palace of the Santi Apostoli; and they were accordingly taken down one night when Charles himself was absent from the city.¹

Never was the essential difference in the characters of the two brothers more clearly displayed than in the way in which each accepted this series of misfortunes and indignities. The Cardinal Duke, so we are told in the pages of the *Diary*, "has felt boundless indignation at all these proceedings, but he is determined to assume an attitude of indifference, bowing to the Divine Will in all things, and looking forward to a happier time when these insults shall be wiped out." But unfortunately for his own peace of mind, Charles refused to bear this ungracious treatment with the same dignified resignation as his younger brother; he brooded over his grievances, became sulky and embittered, and by his unreasonable violence began to alienate from himself the loyalty of his few remaining adherents. Most of the Prince's time was now spent in hunting or in shooting expeditions near Albano or in the marshy lands of the Campagna, but though in the excitement of the chase he found means to soothe his many cares and his sense of wounded pride, a more powerful solace offered itself. For years past a heavy drinker, Charles now gave way to his besetting vice without restraint, and thereby incurred the deep contempt of the Papal Court, the disgust of his loyal friends, and the anger of his brother, who writes about this time in deep dejection to some unknown Jacobite correspondent:—

¹ *Letters of Sir Horace Mann.*

“I have very little to say, except to deplore the continuance of the bottle; that, I own to you, makes me despair of everything, and I am of opinion that it is impossible for my brother to live if he continues in this strain; you say he ought to be sensible of all I have endeavoured to doe for his good; whether he is or not is more than I can tell, for he never has said anything of that kind to me; what is certain is, that he has singular tenderness and reguard for me and all reguards myself, and as singular an inflexibility and disregard for everything that reguards his own good. I am seriously afflicted on his account when I reflect on the dismal situation he puts himself under, which is a thousand times worse than the situation his enemys have endeavoured to place him; but there is no remedy except a miracle, which may be kept at last for his eternal salvation, but surely nothing else. . . . I am sorry to afflict you with such melancholy reflections, but it is alwise a comfort to open one’s mind with freedom to such a friend as you are. You know my unalterable sentiments towards you.”¹

But despite his brother’s drunken habits and truculent behaviour, the Cardinal Duke never relaxed his efforts to induce Charles to lead a decent life, and above all things to make his peace with the Pope, whose recent decree as to the royal titles had obviously been dictated by political expediency and not by any personal change of feeling towards the Stuart family. In another communication, without date or address, but probably intended for the recipient of the letter just quoted, he declares:—

¹ *Historical MSS. Commission Report.*

"I am persuaded we should gain ground as to everything, were it not for the nasty bottle, that goes on but too much, and certainly must at last kill him. Stafford is in desolation about it, but has no sway, as in reality no living body has with him."¹

To add to the Cardinal Duke's many anxieties and trials, other difficulties also arose at this unhappy period. A persistent report, which Henry was at great pains to contradict, was being bruited about Rome that Charles had actually married his mistress, Clementina Walkinshaw, in France; whilst the sudden arrival of Lord Elcho, bent on recovering payment of a sum of £1500 lent by him to the Prince at Edinburgh in 1745, made another disagreeable episode, that the Cardinal Duke ended—very properly, since the debt was no concern of his—by positively refusing either to see the importunate Scotchman, or to answer his letters on the subject. But his greatest cause of distress was Charles' obstinate refusal to seek the proper and customary audience of the Pope, whose bounty, it must be remembered, he was not too proud to accept, for the use of the palace of the Santi Apostoli, and the annuity of 12,000 crowns (lately surrendered by Henry in his brother's favour) were both free gifts from the Apostolic Chamber. But by persistent and tactful argument he at last succeeded in coaxing his elder brother into something approaching a reasonable frame of mind. For a time at least over-indulgence in the "nasty bottle" was suspended; the Prince began to frequent the palace at Frascati (where his presence is always noted in the *Diary* as that of "His Britannic

¹ *Historical MSS. Commission Report.*

Majesty King Charles III"); and finally the Cardinal Duke was able to accomplish his main object, that of bringing his brother as a private person to an audience with the Pope. Accordingly, one evening in May 1767, more than fifteen months since his arrival in Rome, the Prince, now self-styled "Count of Albany"—an ancient Scottish title formerly borne by the ill-fated Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley—was driven in his brother's coach to the Quirinal, where Clement received his visitor with kindness and sympathy. "God be praised!" writes the Cardinal Duke in a letter without address, but dated May 12th, 1767, "last Saturday evening after a good deal of battleying upon very trifling circumstances, I carried my Brother to the Pope's privately, as a private nobleman, by which means he certainly has derogated nothing of his just pretensions, and has at the same time fulfilled with an indispensable duty owing to the Head of the Church. The visit went much better than I expected, the Pope was extremely well satisfied, and my brother seemed well enough content, tho' I asked him very few questions, and so I hope to draw from it a great deal of good, provided my brother does not obstruct all by his indocility, and most singular way of thinking and arguing, which indeed passes anybody's comprehension."¹

Sir Horace Mann, who was ever kept well informed by Cardinal Albani of every passing event at Rome, mentions this incident in a despatch home,² and also gives some further particulars of it in a private letter:—

"The eldest son of the late Pretender has at last been induced by his Brother to make a visit to the Pope, with

¹ *Ibid.*

² *Decline of the Last Stuarts.*

an intention, it is supposed, to live in society for the future. But for that visit he was forced to desist from all his pretensions whatever from the Pope, who treated him without any distinction. His Brother carried him there, but he was made to wait, though the Cardinal, by right of his Hat, was immediately introduced and seated. He was then called for by the name of—the Brother of the Cardinal of York! He knelt to kiss the Pope's foot, and remained on his knees till the Pope said *Alzatevi* (arise!), and he then stood for a quarter of an hour, the whole time of his audience.”¹

Having once kissed the rod, the Prince, henceforward known to the world as the Count of Albany, went regularly into Roman Society, where he was everywhere received with marks of deference, though without any recognition of royalty. Shortly after his audience in his brother's presence the Count again waited upon the kindly old Pope, who this time presented his visitor with a costly rosary, a circumstance that naturally delighted the Cardinal Duke. In writing to some unknown Jacobite adherent, Henry makes mention of this “pair of beades” given by Clement, and adds significantly that “they are of such a kind as are *only given to Sovrains*; and could wee but get the better of the nasty Bottle, which every now and then comes on by spurts, I would hope a great deal of ouer gaining a good deal *as to other things.*”²

But before long the Prince's restless nature reasserted itself, and the old craving for strong drink returned. He now also began to quarrel with Henry, with whose advice

¹ *Letters of Sir Horace Mann.*

² Doran, *London in Jacobite Times.*

he had lately complied, and Lumisden comments with grief on the frequent dissensions that were arising between the two brothers, “on whose union alone, whether real or apparent, depends the King’s reputation and settlement in this country.” Moreover, a further political disappointment was in store for him. Clement XIII having died in February 1769, Charles began to cherish vague hopes that his successor might be found willing to recognise his title. But the Conclave was far too much absorbed in the important question of the suppression of the Jesuits that had recently been demanded by the Bourbon Courts of France and Spain, to take much interest in so trivial a question as to whether the Count of Albany was to be treated in Rome as a titular king or as a private nobleman; and in the new Pontiff, Clement XIV (Cardinal Ganganelli), an able and pious Franciscan, but a man of mean birth, Charles found a Pope quite indifferent both to his presence and pretensions. Early in the following year the Prince, whose health had become greatly impaired by his intemperate habits and his frequent fits of passion, was ordered by his doctors to take a course of baths at Pisa, whence he proceeded later to Florence; nor did he return again to Rome until the early spring of 1772, shortly before his marriage.

The long-drawn-out intrigues and secret arrangements concerning the Count of Albany’s alliance with Princess Louise of Stolberg, naturally do not concern a biography of the Cardinal Duke, who was never once consulted in this matter of supreme importance to his royal House, but was only informed by his brother at the last moment of the intended match. It is, therefore, sufficient to state here that this marriage had been brought about by the

good offices of the Count's cousin, the Duke of Fitz-James, and that it had been undoubtedly connived at by the French Court, which saw in the expected heir of such an union a possible future cause of annoyance to the British throne. The ceremony took place by proxy in Paris on March 28th, 1772, and on April 17th, Good Friday, "the Lamentation Day of Christendom," its consummation was celebrated at the little city of Macerata, in the March of Ancona, where Charles was awaiting his bride, and where his friend, Cardinal Marefoschi, the Neapolitan Ambassador, had put his family palace at the disposal of the royal pair. As to age, birth and appearance, the Princess, who was intended "to produce a race of Pretenders that would never finish," was everything that could be desired. "Nineteen years of age, she was of middle height, fair, with dark blue eyes, a slightly turned-up nose, and a dazzling white English complexion. Her expression was gay and *espiègle*, and not without a spice of irony, on the whole more French than German. She was enough to turn all heads."¹ And from the point of birth and rank, Louise Maximilienne Caroline Emmanuele, daughter of the late Prince Gustavus Adolphus of Stolberg-Gedern, was almost the equal of her Stuart husband, for through both her parents she was related to many of the noblest Houses in Europe, whilst royal Scottish blood flowed in her veins as the granddaughter of the Lady Charlotte Bruce (daughter of the Jacobite Earl of Elgin and Ailesbury) who had married Count Horn of Flanders.

On Holy Tuesday, April 15th, the Cardinal Duke,

¹ *Memoirs of Karl von Bonstetten.* Vernon Lee, *The Countess of Albany.*



PRINCESS LOUISE OF STOLBERG, COUNTESS OF ALBANY

who had already overcome his temporary resentment at his exclusion from the marriage negotiations, heard by special courier of his brother's departure for Macerata in order to meet his bride; whereupon “His Royal Highness condescended to communicate this piece of important news to the favourite members of his household, telling them to keep it for the present a close secret.”¹ A week later the Cardinal Duke, being warned of the approach of the newly married pair, despatched his chamberlain, the Marchese Angelelli, with his state coach-and-six to meet them at the Ponte Molle, the ancient bridge that spans the Tiber to the north of St. Peter's. With their four couriers riding in advance, with their out-riders in scarlet liveries, and with their own and the Cardinal Duke's equipages, “their Majesties the King and Queen of Great Britain, France and Ireland” were enabled to make a tolerably imposing entrance into the city, where at the Porta del Popolo and in the Corso a large crowd of idlers had collected. On the following day (April 23rd) the Cardinal Duke drove into Rome in person in order to pay his compliments to his sister-in-law, and though he might beforehand have felt somewhat prejudiced against a bride chosen without any reference to his own feelings, he was at once captivated by Louise's pretty face and sympathetic personality.

“He was delighted to recognise in the young Princess all the good qualities that rumour had endowed her with, and especially her great charm of manner and her intellectual attainments, for which the excellent education given her by her parents was responsible. She treated

¹ *Diario del Cardinale Duca.*

him on an equal footing, and with every sign of respect and affection. He remained in His Majesty's palace till the dinner-hour, when he dined at their sumptuously spread table, whereat many distinguished guests were present."¹

On this occasion the Cardinal Duke brought his wedding gifts, which consisted of a superb gold box, encrusted with diamonds and set with his own portrait, also a splendid Court dress with fine lace and ornaments for the bride; whilst to his brother he presented an order on his bankers for 10,000 crowns. A few days later, Louise, attended by Lady Caryll as her lady-in-waiting, paid her first visit to the palace at Frascati, where a grand banquet with specially invited guests was held in her honour, the Cardinal Duke taking the opportunity of expressing openly to his friends the intense satisfaction he felt in his sister-in-law. Clearly, Louise's undeniable charms of manner and appearance had made a swift and easy conquest of her husband's brother!

The Count and Countess of Albany might have been—and indeed for a short time were—happy enough in Rome, where society was fully prepared to receive them with every mark of attention short of the honours paid to reigning royalty. The title of Queen of England, that was denied as treasonable, was therefore converted by the Roman wits into that of "Queen of the Apostles" (from her place of residence), and later even into the more flattering designation of "Queen of Hearts"—a name that had once been applied to Elizabeth Stuart, ancestress of the

¹ *Diario del Cardinale Duca.*

usurping Hanoverian dynasty. But Charles had such an inordinate craving for royal recognition of himself and his young wife, that nothing short of obtaining the empty titles and the equally empty honours dependent on them would satisfy him. Even before his marriage he had resumed his unreasonable appeals to Clement XIV; he had signed his own name in the marriage register as Charles III, and had made his bride write herself down as Queen; and on returning to Rome he had at once sent a message to Cardinal Pallavicini, Secretary of State, announcing the arrival of the British King and his Queen-Consort, an act of childish folly that met with yet another well-deserved rebuff, for answer was promptly brought back to him that no such persons could possibly be in Rome.¹

In vain did the Cardinal Duke exert his utmost influence to prevent his brother from asking of the Pope what was most inexpedient, and indeed well-nigh impossible for him to bestow. Charles had grown impatient of such warnings, and now preferred to rely on the services of his chamberlain, Lord Caryll—a Jacobite baron, and head of the ancient Roman Catholic family of Caryll of West Grinstead, which had faithfully served the Stuarts for three generations—and of Cardinal Marescotti, who undertook to intrigue on his behalf at Court. Through these two well-meaning but not over-wise counsellors the Count next made a series of demands to the Government, which included a request for a body-guard of Papal troops for the persons of himself and his Consort, such as had been formerly assigned to his parents; whilst it was useless for Henry, and even for his

¹ *Decline of the Last Stuarts.*

young wife, to try to draw the infatuated Prince from these fruitless and undignified proceedings. It is, however, satisfactory to note that Sir Horace Mann, who as a rule never fails to mock at or disparage every act of Henry's, admits the wisdom of his advice on this occasion, for he distinctly states that Louise's "taking the stile and dignity of Queen was contrary to her own and the Cardinal's earnest entreaties." Indeed, ever since the definite failure of his vigorous attempt to obtain royal recognition at Rome after King James' death, the Cardinal Duke had steadfastly abstained from all interference in political questions concerning his House, and the writer of the *Diary* records his very deep displeasure at his brother's conduct. But unfortunately he could do no more than show his annoyance, for his counsel was scornfully rejected by Charles, who in a letter to Cardinal Marescoschi declared:—

"As to complaisance, I pay no regard to my brother or to any one else when the maintenance of the dignity due to me is concerned, and a low economy ought to be still less regarded on this occasion. The Queen is entitled to the same ceremonies as the King, and the Prince of Wales also, when there shall be one. . . . It will be proper to say to the Pope that one of the first conditions of the marriage was that the Queen should be treated like the late Queen."¹

Such a course of action was bound to result in further disappointment and humiliation. To a final petition, which Cardinal Marescoschi was bold enough to present to

¹ *Historical MSS. Commission Report.*

the Pope, Clement XIV returned a polite but most decided refusal to all the Prince's demands; a reply that brought forth a torrent of rage and lamentation from the would-be King.

“. . . I could not have believed that the Pope would have wished to make an event tragical, for which every good Catholic ought to have given his services to make it splendid and agreeable. Did they wish to perpetuate the family of Hanover, and to cut off the Legitimate Catholic race? Finally, did they wish to compel me to leave this country? How could they imagine that the Catholic courts would not be scandalized and chilled by such proceedings? It is for the Pope to go before them, showing them a good and not a bad example. The sheep usually follow their shepherd, and it is his duty not to disgust them by showing a path of brambles and thorns.”¹

Thus did the Count of Albany continue to defy the Papal Court, and to vex his brother, whilst at the same time he fell back rapidly into his old habits of violence and excess. Rumours, perhaps started by interested persons, now began to circulate in Rome concerning the Prince's unorthodoxy, and even actual apostasy, in the course of his past intrigues, and these reports, which were by no means without foundation, greatly increased Henry's annoyance and alarm. At this unlucky moment, too, the sudden appearance on the scene of Clementina Walkinshaw and her daughter Charlotte revived stories of old and half-forgotten scandals, nor were these two injured women easily coerced into returning to their

¹ *Ibid.*

convent in France. But the ultimate cause of Charles' departure from Rome (a step which in some vague way he imagined would prove hurtful to the Papal Court) was due to the official refusal of yet another request for royal honours. Preparations were being made in Rome for the ceremonies attached to the opening of the Porta Santa at St. Peter's, the great door which had according to custom remained walled-up for a quarter of a century, and which the Pontiff was to re-open in state in the coming year of Jubilee, and the coming event gave yet another excuse for the Chevalier's endless importunities. He therefore had the assurance to apply for a special tribune to be reserved for himself and his Queen-Consort at this important ceremony, wherein, by virtue of his many offices in the Church, Henry Stuart was expected to take a prominent part. The inevitable negative to this new demand put the Prince in such a passion, that, greatly to the relief of the Pope and of the sorely-tried Cardinal Duke, Charles himself, together with his wife and his household, withdrew from Rome, and after some wanderings finally settled in Florence. But even with his retirement, Charles, who seems now to have quite parted company with common-sense, perceived a gleam of hope for his cause in the death of Clement XIV, which occurred in the summer of 1774. He appears to have become possessed with the fixed idea that the sitting Conclave would choose his brother for Pope, an event that in itself was wildly improbable, and that would have certainly brought the veto of the Austrian Court on any such selection. With infinite amusement, Sir Horace Mann in his despatch to his Government records that "what will make your Lordship smile is that the

Pretender has said that he will not return to Rome till his brother is made Pope, and that he is in daily expectation of receiving a courier with the notice of it.” Alas! so ridiculous a boast could easily be traced to its true source; and Sir Horace adds, with only too much truth, that “he probably was heated with wine (which is very often the case) when he said this.”¹

¹ *Decline of the Last Stuarts. Despatch dated December 27th, 1774.*

CHAPTER VII

THE COUNTESS OF ALBANY. 1780-1784

"In all eras and all climes a woman of great genius or beauty has done what she chose."

THE departure from Rome in 1774 of the Count and Countess of Albany with their train of courtiers and servants must have given intense relief to the perplexed Cardinal Duke, torn with conflicting emotions between a desire to serve the head of his House and his deep sense of implicit obedience to the Head of the Church. Soothed once more by the peaceful life at Frascati, and free to busy himself without interruption in the numerous charities and public works that have been described in a former chapter, he hoped to remain some time untroubled by the cares and quarrels which had ever been his elder brother's portion and which Charles never tired of forcing him to share. This welcome period of rest from domestic feuds and scandals lasted perhaps longer than the Cardinal Duke had dared to expect, but before seven years were past he was once more doomed to find himself faced by a difficult question which made all his former trials sink into comparative insignificance.

The full story of the Countess of Albany's sudden

flight from her husband and of her romantic attachment to Count Vittorio Alfieri, the great dramatic poet, has been described again and again with every detail by de Reumont, by Saint Réne-Taillandier, by Vernon Lee, and by other writers past and present; yet it is necessary here to re-tell its early circumstances (though in the briefest manner possible) in order that the reader may understand and estimate the part played later by the Cardinal Duke during the Countess' residence in Rome under his protection.

On reaching the Tuscan capital in the autumn of 1774 the Count and Countess of Albany experienced from the Grand-Duke Leopold I and his Spanish consort a reception even more chilling than that accorded them by Clement XIV on their arrival in Rome some four and a half years before as bride and bridegroom. Yet they found at least one powerful friend in Florentine society, Prince Corsini, the head of a great Papal family that had always shown itself sympathetic and hospitable towards the exiled Stuarts, and this good-natured nobleman at once placed at their disposal the Casino Corsini, a large house with a garden close to the Prato Gate, which his guests occupied for three years. At the end of this time the Count decided to purchase from the Guadagni family a fine old palace (now the property of the Dukes of San Clemente) that is still standing at the angle formed by the two modern streets, the Via Gino Capponi and the Via Micheli, not far from the Church of the Annunziata. It is a large irregular pile, distinguished by broad picturesque Tuscan eaves and by heavily grated windows, giving it an air of gloom; but little changed to-day, it still retains an interesting memorial of its former unhappy

occupant in the wrought-iron vane pierced with the royal cipher "*C. R. 1777*," that is visible from the street below. Here Charles, embittered by disappointment at the absence of an heir and by the contemptuous neglect of the Papal and Florentine Courts, gave himself over entirely to the solace of "the nasty bottle," becoming, in Sir Horace Mann's vigorous expression, "drunk half the day and mad the other half." Owing to her husband's continual drinking-bouts and outbursts of frantic jealousy at home and his buffoonish behaviour in public, the unhappy Louise now led a life of extreme wretchedness and anxiety. Treated more like a slave than a wife, she was not allowed one moment of complete freedom, but was forced to attend her lord everywhere abroad and to endure his ill-treatment in private. In spite of her unimpeachable conduct she was not even permitted to sit in a room that did not adjoin her husband's; and in fact, such were Charles' brutality and suspicion that even her sweet placid nature gave way to melancholy. But whether Louise, poor and almost friendless, would ever on her own initiative have had the courage, or even the inclination, to escape from this thraldom, is extremely doubtful, had not there arisen a circumstance which was destined to change the whole tenor of her life and ideas. This was, of course, her meeting with Count Vittorio Alfieri, "*il principe della tragedia Italiana*," who in the Autumn of 1779 became a frequent visitor at the evening receptions held at Palazzo Guadagni. Born at Asti in Piedmont in 1749, the great Italian poet, whose personality has not a few points in common with that of Lord Byron, was now thirty years old; highly gifted and fitfully industrious, but taciturn and egotistic, he always

declared himself dissatisfied with the age and the society in which his lot was cast. His undoubted talents, his scorn of all conventional codes, and his attractive eccentricity (which was partly due to carefully studied pose), all combined to appeal strongly to the young Princess, who had spent her long leisure hours in cultivating her mind; whilst the Countess' engaging manners, her youthful prettiness, and above all her ready sympathy with his great literary dreams, at once captivated the sensitive mind of the brilliant but conceited poet. Thus he analysed his feelings towards "the lively, intelligent and agreeable" mistress of the Palazzo Guadagni:—

"I perceived I had at last met with the woman I had been seeking, one who (unlike the others I had known), instead of being a hindrance to literary glory, a stumbling-block to useful work, and a deterrent to all high thinking, was an incentive and a noble addition to every great idea, so that I, noting and valuing so choice a treasure, surrendered myself completely to her."¹

Charles, it seems, at first approved of the visits of the Piedmontese Count, who was then engaged upon his *Maria Stuarda*,—an appropriate work to be connected with his intimacy at the Stuart Court,—and was in the habit of reciting passages from it to the Count and Countess. But the pity aroused in Alfieri's bosom, and the admiration felt by Louise for her guest's genius, very quickly ripened into a strong mutual attachment, which, though carefully concealed by both lovers, the jealous mind of Charles was only too quick to apprehend. How long this state of affairs—Alfieri's burning passion

¹ *Vita di Vittorio Alfieri da lui stesso.*

for the Countess, the blind fury of the husband, and Louise's hesitation between the claims of first love and a hard sense of duty—would have continued, it is impossible to guess, had not an event occurred which brought matters to a climax. The perception of his wife's silent yet deep devotion to Alfieri had the natural effect of increasing her husband's ill-behaviour towards herself, so that on St. Andrew's Day, 1780, after an unusually prolonged debauch in honour of the Scottish national saint, the Count, losing all self-control, suddenly burst into his wife's room and would have strangled her but for timely assistance. Dreading a second and more determined attack, and terrified for her life, the Countess at last applied to Alfieri for a means of escape from such tyranny, and the poet, in conjunction with Madame Orlandini and Mr. Gehegan, two Irish members of the Count's suite, now arranged a regular plan for the purpose, which, as Charles practically never allowed his wife out of his sight for an instant, required no little cunning and caution. In less than a week from the outbreak on St. Andrew's Day, Madame Orlandini, who had previously obtained the Grand Duchess' consent to the scheme, whilst dining at the Count's table suggested that the Countess should visit the neighbouring convent of the White Nuns in the Via del Mandorlo,¹ in order to inspect some new embroidery; an innocent proposal in which even the abnormally suspicious Charles failed to detect any plot. Accordingly, after dinner, the Count's coach, with himself, his wife, and Madame Orlandini, drove up to the convent door, where they found Gehegan in readiness to attend them. The two ladies alighted,

¹ Now Via Giuseppe Giusti.

and were at once admitted by the portress, whilst Charles remained below in the coach. Some time having elapsed, the Count ordered Gehegan to enquire the cause of delay, but the latter after a while returned to the carriage, saying that the nuns refused to open to him. Angry and impatient, Charles himself now tottered up the steps as best he could, and loudly demanded admittance. After long waiting a sliding panel of the heavy door was shot aside, and the Superior of the convent curtly told the Count that his wife had no intention of returning, having placed herself under the protection of the Grand-Duchess, who fully approved of her action. The panel was then shut to, and the Count, in a towering rage, was left standing on the steps, cursing and threatening in vain. On his return home he at once wrote both to the Grand-Duke and to the Pope, complaining of his wife's behaviour and demanding her immediate return, but from neither did he receive the smallest sympathy. The Grand-Duke coldly replied that the Count of Albany's matrimonial troubles were no concern of his ; whilst the Pope, in the eyes of Charles, added insult to injury by ordering the bereft husband to surrender up his absent wife's linen and personal effects to the Papal agent in Florence. Charles talked wildly of carrying off his wife by force from her convent-refuge, and of hiring bravos to assassinate Alfieri, but his threats and appeals alike were ignored. From the moment that the portals of the convent of the Bianchette closed upon her, Charles never again saw the charming young wife who might have cheered his old age, had he treated her from the first with kindness and consideration.

Of course, the whole story of Louise's escape and

her husband's impotent fury had soon spread all over tattling, scandal-loving Florence. Sir Horace Mann, the British Minister at the Tuscan Court, who had ever since the Count's arrival in Florence noted on behalf of the British Government every trivial incident of his daily life, and had continually kept the closest watch to prevent the possible imposition of a spurious heir to the Pretender, now writes to Horace Walpole in mingled glee and triumph:—

"The mould for any more casts of Royal Stuarts has been broken, or what is equivalent to it, is now shut up in a convent of Nuns, under the double lock and key of the Pope and Cardinal York, out of the reach of any Dabbler who might foister in any spurious copy. . . . Historians may now close the lives of that family, unless the Cardinal should become Pope, and that would only produce a short scene of ridicule."¹

With regard to the previous relations that had existed between Alfieri and the Countess of Albany, Louise's decision at once to inform her brother-in-law, and to beg his interest on her behalf, points unmistakably to her complete innocence of any former guilty intrigue: a view that was upheld at the time by Sir Horace Mann, a critic by no means favourably inclined towards a Stuart Pretender's wife. In any case, seeing how closely and jealously guarded she had been by a tyrannical husband, it is difficult to understand how any secret meetings—had she desired them—could ever have been arranged between Louise and her lover without being immediately detected. It was, therefore, almost certainly with

¹ *Letters of Sir Horace Mann.*

a clear conscience that the Countess on the first opportunity after her escape from Palazzo Guadagni wrote to the Cardinal Duke at Frascati the appeal for help which she considered herself entitled to receive. All through the years of trial and misery in Florence, the Countess had kept up a correspondence with her brother-in-law, evidently regarding him as her natural protector; whilst he, on his part, felt a sincere and deep affection for the sister-in-law who showed such tact and sympathy towards himself, and also strove so nobly at the almost hopeless task of reforming her husband. Henry Stuart had, therefore, long been aware of her domestic troubles in Florence, and though, from his peaceful, easy-going nature he would never himself have recommended so drastic a step as desertion, yet it is manifest, from the letter we are about to quote, that he was half-expecting, even if he were dreading, the startling piece of news that the Countess now sent. After hastily consulting with the Pope, the Cardinal Duke dispatched a long letter to his sister-in-law :—

“FRASCATI, Dec. 15th, 1780.

“MY VERY DEAR SISTER,—I cannot express to you the sorrow I have felt on reading your letter of the 9th of this month. Long ago I foresaw what has now happened, and your escape being made with the approval of the [Florentine] Court has fully justified your conduct. You may rely, my very dear Sister, on my kindly feelings towards you, for up till now I have always sympathized with your position; on the other hand I beg you to recall that I had no share whatever in bringing about your indissoluble union with my brother beyond giving my formal consent to the marriage,

of which I had received no previous notice. As to what happened afterwards, no one better than yourself can bear witness to the impossibility of my assisting you in the least degree during your subsequent troubles and difficulties. Under the circumstances, nothing can be wiser or more convenient than for you to come to Rome and live in a convent; so I have not lost a moment's time in going into Rome expressly to serve you by arranging this matter with our very Holy Father, whose kindness towards yourself and me I cannot sufficiently describe. I have thought of everything that could suit your case, and I am glad to say that the Holy Father has approved of all my suggestions. You will reside in the convent where the Queen, my mother, remained some time; the King, my father, had a special regard for it. It is the least restricted convent in Rome. French is spoken there, and some of the nuns are highly distinguished.

"Finally, my very dear Sister, remain calm and allow yourself to be guided by those who are attached to you; and above all never tell anyone that you do not intend to return to your husband. Do not fear that I should ever have the courage to advise such a step, unless a miracle were to take place. But in all probability God has permitted the past in order to induce you to lead a holy life, so that all the world may thereby perceive the purity of your aims and the reasonableness of your conduct; so also we may hope that by the same means He intended to convert my brother. . . .—Your very affectionate Brother,

"HENRY CARDINAL."¹

¹ Saint Réné-Taillandier, "La Comtesse d'Albany." (*Revue des Deux Mondes*, January 15th, 1861.)

This cordial and sympathetic letter is of special importance, since it is easy to perceive from its terms that the Cardinal Duke felt sure his sister-in-law had left her husband solely on account of his cruelty, and without any other object in view than escape from further ill-treatment at his hands ; and also that "under the circumstances" she would naturally decide herself to enter a convent until Charles' death, or until a reconciliation had been effected : a vague possibility that is piously hinted at towards the close of the letter. For with his utter ignorance of women, the kindly but inexperienced Cardinal Duke could not conceive of a runaway wife, no matter what might be her age or temperament, expecting or desiring any other settlement ; yet in consideration of Louise's youth and liveliness of disposition he named a convent where least restriction was enforced. A most friendly letter from Pius VI, acting under Henry Stuart's suggestions, shortly followed, in which the Pope gave Madame d'Albany the necessary permission to enter the Ursuline Convent in the Via Vittoria, and at the same time promised her the use of a carriage, an additional mark of favour and confidence. With as little delay as possible the Countess secretly quitted Florence on December 30th in a coach over which Alfieri and Gehegan mounted guard with loaded pistols until the Tuscan frontier was passed, for fear of a possible attack by bravos in the pay of Charles, and safely arrived at the Roman convent at the beginning of the New Year, 1781.

No time more favourable to the Countess' action and its prospects of success could possibly have been chosen. Charles was considered a political nuisance

in Florence owing to his royal pretensions that had somewhat embarrassed the relations of the Tuscan Government with Great Britain, to whose merchants the port of Leghorn owed no small share of its prosperity; and in Rome the Count of Albany, although a pensioner of the Papal Treasury, was held in still worse odour. For some years past the Papacy had been trying to cultivate a better understanding with England, and this object the presence of the Young Pretender in Rome had done much to thwart. His arrogant claims to be treated as a reigning king, his drunken and scandalous life, his marrying contrary to the desire of the Roman Court, and, above all, his suspected intention of renouncing the Faith of which his father and grandfather had been such shining ornaments, had not only alienated all sympathy from him, but had even made the Papal Government fully inclined to teach the offender a sharp lesson, should an opportunity to do so occur. Even the long-suffering Cardinal Duke, as we know, had practically ceased to champion his brother's cause at the Papal councils, particularly in face of the many rumours of Charles' apostasy. A separation between husband and wife, destructive of all hopes and fears of a Jacobite heir, might therefore at this moment appeal as a friendly act to the British Government; and thus the Roman and Florentine Courts, both anxious to conciliate public opinion in England, were equally in accord as to the necessity of keeping the Count and Countess apart for the present. Every facility, therefore, was given Madame d'Albany to settle in Rome. From the Papal Treasury was now diverted to her use half of the subsidy of

12,000 crowns paid yearly to the Count; and later no demur was made to her leaving the Ursuline convent, and taking up her abode in her brother-in-law's palace of the Cancelleria; whilst, last and bitterest blow of all to Charles, Vittorio Alfieri, despite his youthful diatribes against popes and priests, was received in audience by Pius VI, who to the Count's indignant protest, made through his staunch old friend, Prince Corsini, coldly replied that the great poet honoured the Eternal City by his presence.

In face of subsequent events in the domestic drama of the royal Stuarts, it is well to bear in mind that Louise of Albany in throwing herself thus on the protection of the Cardinal Duke was fully aware of the unwritten rules of conduct to which he would expect her to conform strictly. In an age of prudery at the Papal Court the Cardinal Duke appeared conspicuous for severe and narrow-minded views which he often carried to a ridiculous extreme. In the picked phrases of his clerical biographer, Mastrofini, he is called "spotless as the morning snow, virgin as the lily-of-the-valley";—in plain words, he had such an exaggerated horror of all impropriety that, had he held the smallest inkling of his sister-in-law's intention to carry on an amorous intrigue with Alfieri, he would never have consented to allow her, under the shelter of his great name and at his own expense, to lead two whole years of a pleasant and luxurious life in Rome, perhaps the happiest in all Louise's chequered career. But though the Countess understood perfectly the Cardinal Duke's strict moral standard, she also knew him to be good-natured to a fault, open to judicious flattery, wrapped

up in good works at Frascati, and hating to be disturbed by outside questions; she learned too, both by hearsay and by experience, that though a most bitter foe to immorality, he was at the same time singularly slow to perceive its presence, even when patent to all around him. Realising this, Louise did not scruple to make use of the invaluable protection of her brother-in-law, who "gave her 4000 crowns, and maintained her sumptuously in a fine apartment with Servants and Equipage";¹ so that if, during the troubles that arose two years later over the banishment of Alfieri, the Cardinal Duke's behaviour has been condemned by all writers as hasty and foolish, not enough stress has been laid upon the deceitful, not to say dishonourable, conduct of Louise towards the indulgent Churchman of whose hospitality she had availed herself.

It was not long before the Countess had contrived to obtain—of course through the kind offices of her powerful and unsuspecting brother-in-law—the Pope's consent to leave her convent in the Via Vittoria, which, however agreeable it might have appeared to the austere Queen Clementina, possessed no attractions to detain her elder son's wife, now all eager to taste as much of love and pleasure as the world had to bestow. Yet before she quitted her convent-walls, Alfieri, purposely loitering in Rome on his way to Naples, managed to secure an interview with his "Donna Amata"—his "Psipsia," as he sometimes theatrically styled her—behind her grille: a privilege that clearly shows the friendly attitude of the Cardinal Duke towards the man whom he regarded as the gallant but disinterested rescuer of his sister-in-law:—

¹ *Letters of Sir Horace Mann.*

"I saw her, but (O God! my heart seems to break at the mere recollection) I saw her a prisoner behind a grating; less tormented than in Florence, but no less unhappy. We were separated, and who could tell how long our separation might not last?"¹

From her nunnery the Countess removed to the vast official palace of the Cancelleria, where the generous Cardinal Duke allotted her his own magnificent suite of rooms, for Frascati now claimed almost all his time and attention. Here Alfieri, on his return from Naples, discovered her securely installed, for after vainly endeavouring (so the restless inconsequent poet tells us) to hold aloof from his Lady's presence, he finally found himself, "he scarcely knew how," back in Rome on May 12th. Nevertheless, probably to the Count's surprise, no difficulties were placed in the way of his residing in Rome. Madame d'Albany, not without some misgivings, at once dispatched him, as we have already mentioned, armed with a valuable copy of Virgil, out to Frascati, where the Cardinal Duke received him graciously; Pius VI, presumably at Henry Stuart's request, granted him an audience, during which he patted the republican Count's cheek in the friendliest manner; and in a short time after his arrival the Piedmontese poet was settled with his books and his horses in the Villa Strozzi on the Esquiline; in those distant days a charming spot surrounded by gardens, vineyards and creeper-clad ruins, on whose site now stand the chief railway station and the long, stuccoed streets of an ugly modern quarter of the city. Hardly a mile of road intervened between

¹ *Vita di Alfieri.*

Bramante's palace in the town and the sequestered villa near the Baths of Diocletian, so that, enjoying thus the quiet of his own lodging and the sense of the near presence of his inspiring Muse, his "Donna Amata," the erratic poet was enabled to throw himself with all his characteristic ardour into the pursuits of love and literature, which, together with his intense fondness for horses, made up the three ruling passions of his life:—

"During these two years in Rome I led a truly happy life. The Villa Strozzi, near the Baths of Diocletian, afforded me a delightful retreat. The whole long mornings I passed in study, never moving from the house, except for an hour or two spent in riding over those immense solitudes of the uninhabited neighbourhood of Rome that invited me to reflect, to mourn, and to compose verses. In the evening I descended into the city, and restored from my fatigues of study by the lovely sight of Her for whom alone I existed and laboured, I returned from it more contented to my hermitage, whither I retired never later than eleven at night. An existence more gay, more free, more rural in the confines of a great city one could never find, nor one more agreeable to my nature, character and occupations."¹

Meanwhile, the Countess in her town palace was revelling in love and liberty, and also in the enjoyment of a wide degree of popularity. Courted by the Roman nobility, protected by the leading member of the Sacred College, and attended by an illustrious lover, who for the nonce had gained the Pope's favour, her lot appeared

¹ *Vita di Alfieri.*

truly enviable, though it is easy to estimate on how treacherous a foundation all this fabric of happiness and esteem rested. Her cultivated mind, her youthful appearance, her great charm of manner, above everything her romantic career both past and present, all served to invest the British Pretender's wife with a special interest in the eyes of that frivolous and extravagant throng which filled Rome on the eve of the great European upheaval; indeed, Louise of Albany was now held in far higher consideration than in the days of her appearance as a royal bride in the old Stuart palace.

And thus for nearly two years the love-comedy of Vittorio Alfieri and the Countess of Albany was openly played to the intense amusement of Roman society, and to the apparent indifference of its clerical masters: "they were free to see each other as much as they chose; to love each other as much as they would; for the Cardinal and the priestly critics seem to have gone completely to sleep in the presence of this critical situation."¹ Paying visits and receiving compliments, holding her nightly receptions in the Cardinal Duke's splendid saloons, immersed in her adoration of Alfieri and of his literary powers, at times riding with her lover over the desolate, fascinating Campagna, and at other times listening to or commenting upon his newly-composed dramas, Louise led a truly ideal existence amidst the most beautiful and sumptuous surroundings. A medley of love, literature, pleasure and social success, the Countess' gay career proceeded on its way unchecked, until it reached its zenith in the historic performance

¹ Vernon Lee, *Life of the Countess of Albany*.

of Alfieri's tragedy of *Antigone*, wherein the author acted the part of Creon, and the beautiful Duchess of Zagarolo, the Duke and Duchess of Ceri, and other prominent members of the great Roman Houses played the chief characters. Given towards the close of 1782, in the private theatre erected by the Spanish Ambassador in his palace in the Piazza di Spagna, the brilliant crowd attracted by this unique event included almost all the leaders, priestly and lay, of Roman society; whilst the appearance of Louise, and the emotion openly manifested both by herself and her lover on this occasion, made a public and unabashed display of their intimacy and attachment. The Roman world of fashion and letters, highly diverted and by no means shocked, laughed in its sleeve more than ever at this indiscreet behaviour, which did not, however, elicit a word of rebuke or caution from the clerical authorities. Nevertheless the Cardinal Duke, absorbed in his daily routine of business and leisure at Frascati, must by this time have become almost the only personage in Rome not cognisant of his sister-in-law's openly flaunted intrigue. What was everyone's knowledge was apparently in this instance nobody's business, and the unsuspecting Cardinal Duke was merely watched from afar with a mild curiosity as to how long the present condition of things would last before he came to realise the equivocal position of his brother's wife.

But this romantic friendship, that had so long been amusing all Rome, was doomed, as might only be expected, to a sudden and dramatic ending. Towards the close of March 1783, Charles was seized with a severe, almost hopeless illness, upon news of which the Cardinal

Duke, despite the strained relations that almost amounted to an open breach between himself and his brother, at once hastened towards Florence, but rested at Siena in order to send a courier ahead to enquire if Charles were yet alive. To his amazement, he now learned that not only was the Chevalier still living, but that he had actually rallied from his supposed mortal attack, so vigorous was his constitution, despite the long years of fatigue, excitement and excess. On receipt of this news, the Cardinal Duke continued his journey to Florence, where over the sufferer's sick-bed there was quickly effected a reconciliation, which was all the easier to arrange since during his late illness Charles had definitely cast aside his vague schemes of heresy, and in consequence was once more surrounded by priests sent him by the Archbishop of Florence. Pleasantly surprised by this obvious proof of his brother's reformation, the Cardinal Duke was naturally all the more inclined to listen to his long list of grievances, including of course his absent wife's conduct both before and after her desertion. How far Henry, always impressionable and open to adroit persuasion, came to believe in and sympathise with his brother's version of the whole story, it is somewhat difficult to judge; for though he undoubtedly took extreme measures very soon afterwards to separate his sister-in-law from her lover, yet, if we can trust Alfieri's own account, it was the unanimous action of the clergy, headed by the Archbishop of Florence, rather than the personal inclination of the Cardinal, which was directly responsible for this decisive step:—

“During his [Charles Stuart's] convalescence, his brother stayed with him in Florence about a fortnight,

and the priests coming from Rome with the Cardinal and the priests who had surrounded the invalid in Florence, together decided that it was absolutely necessary for the husband to persuade and convince his brother that he could not and must not any longer allow the behaviour of his sister-in-law in his own house in Rome.”¹

It seems, therefore, to have been the joint advice of the many clergy collected together at the Palazzo Guadagni, rather than a sudden outburst of annoyance and anger on his own part, that now prompted the Cardinal Duke—for the first time enlightened as to the true nature of the arrangement he had so long condoned—to act with an injudicious yet quite excusable haste. Determined to arrest at once and for all his sister-in-law’s intimacy with Alfieri, the Cardinal Duke, “always impetuous and unreflecting,” hurried back to Rome, where he at once proceeded to an audience with the Pope without first warning either of the guilty parties of his intention. Pius VI, after his excited visitor had unbosomed himself of his terrible tale of Louise’s deceitful and improper conduct, professed to be greatly incensed; indeed, as head of a great moral organisation, he could hardly have expressed himself otherwise, though in reality there is no reason to suppose that he took more interest in Madame d’Albany’s private affairs than did the Grand-Duke of Tuscany. But the wealth, the position, and above all the spotless reputation of Henry Stuart were held in high esteem at the Roman Court, so that when the Cardinal Duke in his first flush of righteous indignation demanded of His Holiness an order for Alfieri to

¹ *Vita di Alfieri.*



PIUS VI

quit the Papal States within a fortnight, the Pope, anxious to please his important suppliant and wishing to be quit of the whole troublesome business, at once wrote out the necessary mandate and had it conveyed to the poet's lodging in the Villa Strozzi. To his sister-in-law, by whom he considered himself to have been duped and made to appear ridiculous, he merely sent a messenger with a curt command that all communication whatsoever between Alfieri and herself must cease forthwith.

The news of Henry's sudden appeal to the Pope and of its results, fell like a bomb upon the Countess and her lover, living in their false paradise without a thought of possible disturbance. But sorrow and indignation were alike unavailing, and in order to escape the ignominy of an enforced escort by the Papal police to the frontier, the miserable and humiliated poet, after one last agonising interview with his Psipsia, left the city with all possible dispatch, to carry his egotistic griefs and his theatrical tears to his good friend, Francesco Gori, at Siena :—

“ It was the fourth day of May in the year 1783—which will always be and has been up to now my bitterest remembrance—that I then removed myself from Her who was more than half of myself. And of the four or five separations from Her that I have experienced, this was the most terrible to me, since every hope of seeing her again was so uncertain and far distant. . . . And thus I left my only Lady, my books, my villa, my peace and Myself in Rome.”¹

Louise of Albany, hysterical with grief at this cruel

¹ *Ibid.*

deprivation of her lover, and shame-stricken by the public scandal into which the Cardinal Duke had transformed her cherished friendship with Alfieri by his headstrong action, remained behind to endure the blame, or—what must have been even worse—the pity of the various elements of Roman society. For if certain leading members of the priestly circles showed themselves ready to approve the Cardinal Duke's severe methods, all the fashionable world of Rome, the world that had assembled six months before to hear and applaud *Antigone*, was as loud in its denunciation of his conduct as it was full of sympathy for Louise's misfortunes. Even Henry himself, his purpose accomplished, was already at great pains to soothe and conciliate his unhappy sister-in-law, in spite of her late duplicity of dealing. Every attention that he could imagine as likely to console her, he set himself to perform: whilst certain letters passing between Louise and himself at this critical period of grief, humiliation and reproaches, go far to prove that he continued to regard his sister-in-law with affection, and that Madame d'Albany, on her part, although refusing to acknowledge herself in the wrong, still looked upon him as her true friend and protector. The Cardinal Duke, for example, promises to procure for the Countess some of the Stuart and Sobieski family diamonds, an offer which the latter gracefully declines, alleging that in the intended present she perceives a clear desire to please, and that thereby she remains perfectly contented without the jewels. Again, he declares himself ready to provide accommodation for the worldly old Princess of Stolberg, who after having practically sold Louise to Charles for purposes of political intrigue, was now determined to visit Rome, in order to

lecture her wilful daughter; this offer, also, Madame d'Albany refuses. In spite of all his attentions, however, the long anxious year of waiting in Rome under the Cardinal Duke's tutelage, kindly indeed, but now become strict, brought many trials to the Countess, all ignorant as to what the near future might bring both to Alfieri and to herself.

Shortly after the poet's departure, the Cardinal Duke persuaded his sister-in-law to spend the summer months in a villa not far from Frascati. Here the Countess, a prey to uncontrollable and somewhat undignified dejection, passed the long hot season in useless lamentations, in practising upon the harp (because Alfieri had once expressed his admiration of this accomplishment) and in writing hysterical letters to Francesco Gori, bewailing the continued existence of "the man in Florence, who still lives, and who seems to be made of iron, in order that we may all die."¹ In the autumn, Louise, but little soothed by her visit to the Alban Hills, returned to the palace in Rome, still in complete doubt as to the future, for Alfieri never wrote, and Charles gave no sign of moving in the matter. But this period of agitation and uncertainty was not destined to last long. Her husband, now in better health and able to travel, had had the good fortune to meet at Pisa in the autumn months with Gustavus III of Sweden, travelling incognito as Count Haga. So touched was the Swedish King by the pitiable condition of mind and body in which he found the once brilliant hero of Prestonpans, that he applied himself to assist Charles, who eagerly and gratefully accepted the proffered aid. Besides obtaining for

¹ *Life of the Countess of Albany.*

him small additional pensions from the French and Spanish Courts, the good-natured monarch also induced the Prince to renounce his futile political intrigues, and —what was still more important—finally persuaded him to put his own and his wife's anomalous position on a proper footing. Proceeding to Rome, with Charles' approval King Gustavus next interviewed the Countess, the Cardinal Duke and the Pope on the subject of a legal separation *a mensâ et thoro*, and found all three more than willing to listen to his proposals. With such tact and ability did the King act, that a final deed of separation was drawn up on April 3rd, 1784, signed by Charles and then ratified by the Pope. By the terms of this agreement Louise was bound to reside in Papal territory during her husband's lifetime, yet occasional permission to leave Italy was promised her, and although the Chevalier, in his letter to the King of Sweden, had expressed a strong wish that she should no longer bear his name, no clause to this effect was inserted; in fact, the Count and Countess of Albany now came to be regarded legally as husband and wife living apart by mutual consent. Financial arrangements, with which of course Gustavus had little to do, took somewhat longer to settle. The details are intricate, and it will be sufficient to state here that the Cardinal Duke (throughout life the general almoner of his brother's family) showed himself generous and also practical; the Count, as usual, not a little mean and grasping; and the Countess so eager to obtain her full legal liberty as to insist, very foolishly and unnecessarily, on surrendering her pin-money, 3000 crowns a year, to her husband. This altruistic benevolence (for it was the Cardinal

Duke's rather than her own or her husband's income she was offering) produced a mild rebuke from her brother-in-law, who gave her in a letter some excellent advice on the folly of parting with what little money she really owned. This advice Louise was obstinate enough to ignore, with the result that before long she was forced to apply for assistance to the French Court. Fortunately for her, Queen Marie-Antoinette listened to the Countess' complaints with compassion, and arranged on her behalf that an annual pension of 60,000 francs should be allotted to Charles' wife by the French Treasury. "Countess d'Albanie," writes Sir Horace Mann, "has renounced everything to obtain her liberty . . . so that she does not now receive a shilling from the Stuart family, and is only to receive a jointure of 6000 crowns at her husband's death—a poor equivalent for what she has lost."¹ Legally freed from her husband, and enjoying a pension of her own from the French Court, Louise of Albany was at last able to renounce the guardianship and guidance of her brother-in-law, who on his side was naturally glad to be released from so heavy a burden and responsibility. Joyfully in May, therefore, Louise quitted Rome, not to return for many years, and made her way towards Germany, in order to spend the summer at Colmar in Alsace, where "on August 17th, 1784, at eight in the morning at the inn of the Two Keys," she once more met with her poet-lover, "speechless from excess of joy."²

The many biographers of the Countess of Albany reflect of course very severely upon the Cardinal Duke's ruthless and somewhat blundering exposure of her

¹ *Letters of Sir Horace Mann.*

² *Life of the Countess of Albany.*

romantic intrigue with Alfieri. Indeed, we can ourselves easily understand, together with Sir Horace Mann, how his abrupt and artless method of dealing with the difficulty must at the time have "exasperated all the Roman nobility against the Cardinal, insomuch that, instead of considering the delinquencies of the Parties, their wrath is turned against the publisher of the Scandal ; and they compassionate the situation of the disconsolate Lady, who, I really believe, will marry the Count a week after she becomes a widow!" Nevertheless, the specious plea, sometimes advanced by Louise's apologists, that Alfieri, whilst in attendance upon her in Rome, simply ranked as the Countess' "cavaliere servente," and that his attentions were fully understood by society there, can be of no avail. The peculiar office of "cavaliere servente," or "cicisbeo"—that is, the platonic admirer and slave that each married woman of quality was expected to attract to her service—was of course thoroughly recognised in Italian polite society of the eighteenth century ; but this social arrangement depended only on the tacit consent of the lady's husband, rarely, if ever, withheld. Now we know that Louise of Albany was a runaway wife, and we know that Charles vehemently and repeatedly protested against Alfieri's intimacy with her in Rome ; so that the former "cavaliere servente," whose presence had been tolerated according to the usual practice of the day at the Palazzo Guadagni in Florence, had since in the eyes of the Roman world taken a very different position as the bosom friend and companion of a married woman living apart from her husband. Under these circumstances, Louise's tearful protestations of ignorance and innocence

of wrong-doing, as expressed in her later letters to the Cardinal Duke, sound false and hollow; whilst on the other hand it cannot be denied that Henry, having once removed the cause of quarrel between himself and his sister-in-law, showed himself most forgiving and generous in his subsequent treatment of a woman who had deliberately duped him during two whole years, in which she had not failed to make every use of his wealth, his protection, and the great name of his family.

Although numerous letters continued to pass between the Cardinal Duke and the Countess of Albany for more than a twelvemonth after the latter's departure from Rome, and although Louise seems always to have retained an affectionate remembrance of her former guardian, there is no evidence to show that she and Henry Stuart ever met again. Since the scandal of Alfieri's dismissal, Louise had in her correspondence been endeavouring to persuade her brother-in-law that she was a misjudged and blameless woman, but all the arguments and sophistry in the world could not conceal the obvious fact that she and Alfieri had renewed their former intimacy in a still more open manner. Nevertheless, of the two solitary women with whom the Cardinal Duke during his long life was brought into close touch—his brother's wife and his brother's natural daughter—he had without doubt a strong preference for the former, in spite of her discreditable romance and her undutiful behaviour towards himself. Years ago his kind heart had melted with sympathy at sight of her, when, young, guileless and enthusiastic, she had been brought as his brother's bride to the palace of the Santi Apostoli, and the tender feeling conceived for her at that moment, though sorely

tried in later years, seems never wholly to have disappeared. Louise's natural charm of manner appealed more strongly to his taste than the less tactful and somewhat oppressive blandishments of Charlotte Stuart; so that it was only with the greatest reluctance that he was finally induced to acknowledge her conduct as undeniably guilty, instead of merely imprudent, as he had hitherto affected to regard it. Indeed, it was Charlotte, the Countess' rival in his affections, who, at her interview with her uncle at Perugia in the autumn of 1785, finally proved beyond a doubt to the unwilling Cardinal Duke that his brother's wife was well known to all the world as Alfieri's mistress.

Perhaps the poet's death, which occurred at Florence some four years before his own, may have caused a renewal of his old kindly feelings towards his once-loved sister-in-law, for it is certain that he remembered her in his will, Monsignore Cesarini soon after his death sending to the Countess a painting and a gold watch, engraved with her own cipher, which the Cardinal Duke had left her as a small legacy. Madame d'Albany, in her letter to the Bishop, gratefully acknowledges the receipt of these trifles, and adds that she would have been quite content, had her brother-in-law only left her a pin for a remembrance.¹ At the same time Louise keeps a sharp eye to business, for after sending her sincere condolences to Monsignore Cesarini on the Cardinal Duke's death and on the consequent ending of a friendship of forty years' standing between the two men, she shrewdly informs him, as her brother-in-law's executor, of her full confidence in his desire and ability to pay her jointure fully

¹ *Historical MSS. Commission Report.*

and punctually. This jointure was, of course, the annuity of 6000 crowns, to which under the terms of her legal separation she had become entitled on Charles' death, and which she continued to draw until her own demise at Florence in January 1824, sixteen years and a half after that of the Cardinal Duke. This charge on the Stuart estate had naturally constituted a very heavy burden on her brother-in-law's income after its reduction by the political troubles at the close of the century; whilst after his decease almost the whole interest of his realised capital was swallowed up in the payment of this jointure, to the cruel deprivation of the many faithful servants at Frascati to whom their late master had bequeathed sufficient legacies, but who were left penniless on account of Madame d'Albany's prior claim. Whatever wrongs and indignities, therefore, Louise of Stolberg may have endured at the hands of her husband in the far-off years of her married life in Rome and Florence, she certainly contrived to repay herself well for past injuries out of the wealth and the prestige of the Royal Stuarts. For during thirty-five years she found an intense, if somewhat vulgar, delight in posing as the widow of a deceased king, drawing meanwhile the means necessary to maintain this show of mimic royalty from annuities paid to her by the Cardinal Duke, by the Court of France, and by the British Crown, all of which had been allotted to her as having been the wife of a man she had first hated, and then deserted.

CHAPTER VIII

CHARLOTTE STUART, DUCHESS OF ALBANY 1784–1789

“ My heart is wae, and unco wae
To think upon the raging sea,
That roars between her garden green
An’ the Bonny Lass of Albanie.

This noble maid’s of royal blood
Tha rulèd Albion’s kingdoms three;
But O, alas for her bonny face!
They hae wrangled the Lass of Albanie.

.
We’ll daily pray, we’ll nightly pray
On bended knees most fervently,
That the time may come, with pipe and drum
We’ll welcome hame fair Albanie !”

WITH the withdrawal of Louise of Stolberg from Rome, a period of rest from domestic strife might have been expected to ensue, but such hopes, however reasonable on the Cardinal Duke’s part, were rudely and suddenly dispelled by his brother’s next action. By a will drawn up during his severe illness in the spring of 1783, Charles had already named as heir his natural daughter, Charlotte Stuart, whom he had also about the same time declared legitimate in a so-called “Act,” which was supplemented two years later by a further declaration to the effect that she had been created

by him Duchess of Albany, and legitimised with the approval of the Most Christian King; that she was the same child of himself and of Clementina Walkinshaw that had been born at Liège and baptized there under the name of Charlotte Johnson; and finally, that he never had had any other offspring, and in particular no children by Princess Louise of Stolberg.¹ Some six months prior to this second declaration, the Chevalier, feeble, lonely, and on the worst possible terms with his brother, whom he chose to regard as the champion of his erring wife, had at last written to his neglected daughter, begging her to come and live with him in Florence. This tardy invitation, obviously the result of dire necessity rather than of natural affection, was accepted with joy and alacrity by Charlotte Stuart, who had already passed the thirtieth year of a sad, monotonous life, that had contained many cruel rebuffs from her royal parent. Before quitting France, however, Charles' daughter, on her father's urgent application to Louis XVI, had first been granted the right to sit in the presence of royalty (*le droit du tabouret*), whilst a French lady, Madame McDonnell, and a Jacobite nobleman, Lord Nairne, were detailed to escort her in a style befitting a lady of the first rank out to Florence, which she duly reached in the first week of October 1784.

On her arrival she found her father in an almost hopeless condition of ill-health. "Poor Count Albany," writes Sir Horace Mann in one of his last letters to Walpole, "decays every day visibly. The disorder in his legs increases. His Daughter did well to come in time to reap his succession, for which she will not wait

¹ *Historical MSS. Commission Report.*

long. The faculties of his mind are as weak as his body. They are always employed, when awake, in abusing his brother, the Cardinal, for refusing to adopt his Niece, to whose letter on her arrival here he made no answer, though the Pope *did*, and congratulated her upon it.”¹ Before, however, proceeding to describe Charlotte Stuart’s influence at her father’s Court, and its consequences to the Cardinal Duke, it will first be necessary to give a short account of her previous history.

Charlotte Stuart was the only child of the Young Chevalier by his recognised mistress, Clementina Walkinshaw, a member of a good Scottish family, being the tenth daughter of John Walkinshaw, of Camlachie, and a niece of Sir Hugh Paterson, of Bannockburn House, where the Prince stayed during January 1746 and in all probability first made Clementina’s acquaintance. Shortly after his expulsion from French territory, Clementina (who, like many other daughters of noble Scottish Jacobite Houses, had been so christened in honour of the dead Stuart Queen) joined her Prince at Ghent, in fulfilment of a promise made in Scotland, and accompanied him as his mistress for several years, until finally she fled for refuge from his ill-treatment to a Parisian convent in 1760. The cause of her flight was twofold, for it was due partly to the fact that Charles had long ceased to care for the devoted Scottish girl whose life he had ruined, and partly to his suspicion that she was acting as a spy upon his movements and plans,—an unfair charge which had no other ground of foundation than the chance circumstance that one of Clementina’s sisters happened to be a maid-of-honour to the Princess of

¹ *Letters of Sir Horace Mann.*





CLEMENTINA WALKINSHAW

Wales, the mother of George III. But as the chief source of details concerning her mode of living and her movements during this period is a *Mémoire*, included in the *Oeuvres Complètes* of St. Simon, published in 1791, which was probably written either by or for Charlotte Stuart in later years, Clementina's career between 1746 and 1760 is involved in much obscurity. This *Mémoire* relates that Miss Walkinshaw became a member of a noble chapter of canonesses at some unnamed place in the Netherlands, a high position that the influence of her uncle General Gram (Graeme?) secured for her; that she left her religious duties under some mysterious and solemn compact made beforehand with the heir of the Stuarts, and that later she gave birth to a daughter at Liège, where the wandering couple were "openly recognised by everybody as husband and wife." From such details it is easy to perceive that the *Mémoire* was expressly written to exhibit the noble character of Miss Walkinshaw's antecedents, and to prove the possibility of a genuine though secret marriage between herself and the Prince; consequently its statements must be accepted with great caution. It is, however, certain that Clementina, whilst leading a roving life with her royal lover under an assumed name, was delivered at Liège on October 29th, 1753, of a daughter, who was registered at the parish church of Notre Dame aux Fonts as Charlotte Johnson. For nearly seven years after this event the poor woman continued to endure the cruel suspicion and the drunken brutality of her paramour, until, goaded to desperation, she at last fled, together with her infant daughter, to a convent in Paris, where, safe from the Prince's threats and violence, they both lived upon a

pension of 10,000 livres a year, granted them by the old Stuart King in Rome. On James' death, mother and daughter, now styling themselves Comtesse d'Alberstroff and Lady Charlotte Stuart, were left penniless, and on appealing to Charles and the Cardinal Duke, they met with a contemptuous refusal of any aid from the former; whilst the latter agreed to grant an annual allowance of 5000 livres, but only on condition that Clementina should sign a paper positively declaring that no form of marriage between Charles and herself had ever taken place.¹ The reason of this somewhat harsh insistence on Henry's part was the spreading abroad of a report of her marriage, which he regarded as equally mischievous and incredible, and to which he alludes in a letter, probably intended for Gordon, Principal of the Scots' College in Paris, as of a rumour started by enemies of the family, to the effect that "the King, my brother, was actually married to a certain lady, and which he believes when she hears of it, she will schiver to imagine that anybody could think her capable of such an intrigue, and of such a supposition, the falsehood of which nobody can know better than herself."² Yet despite the Cardinal Duke's fixed intention to withhold all support, unless a formal denial of marriage were made, it was only with the greatest reluctance that Clementina Walkinshaw could be induced to sign such a document, even under financial pressure.

Shortly after Charles' marriage both mother and daughter were imprudent enough to travel out to Rome, this time for Charlotte to obtain her father's acknowledg-

¹ Dennistoun, *Memoirs of Sir R. Strange*. The date of this declaration is given as "March the 9th, 1767."

² *Historical MSS. Commission Report*.

ment of herself as his *natural* daughter. But the hard-hearted Prince absolutely refused to receive her if accompanied by her mother, and after some messages had passed, the pair had to return disconsolate to their convent at Meaux-en-Brie, under a threat of having their small annuity stopped if they remained in Rome. Monsignore Lascaris seems to have acted as intermediary on this occasion, for there is a letter extant from Charlotte Stuart, addressed to him, and thanking him "for all the trouble he had taken to soften a little her unhappy lot."¹ At the same time her father with selfish obstinacy forbade Charlotte, under the threat of disowning his paternity altogether, either to take religious vows or to think of marrying, although Gordon pleaded hard on her behalf as "being esteemed by all who knew her as one of the most accomplished young women in this town" (of Paris). Charles, in short, meant to guard his daughter jealously, keeping her, as it were, as a reserve-force in case of need; and thus forbidden equally to seek consolation as a nun or as a bride, this unfortunate young woman, then about twenty-one years of age, was forced patiently to endure the dull routine of convent life, until such time as a callous and self-centred father should think fit to summon her to his presence. But at last the long-deferred, long-expected invitation came after nine years of weary waiting, and it found Charlotte fully prepared and only too eager to obey the royal mandate. In October 1784, therefore, she was installed as mistress of her father's palace in Florence, where she was destined before long to obtain unbounded influence over the querulous old invalid. In marked contrast with his former meanness and indifference,

¹ *Ibid.*

Charles now began to load his daughter with honours and attentions, treating her openly as his legitimate heir, and investing her on St. Andrew's Day, only a few weeks after her arrival in Florence, with the great Scottish order and with the royal title of Duchess of Albany : "a strange proceeding," which elicited a strong complaint to the Cardinal Duke from Madame d'Albany, then wintering in Bologna.

But Charles' favours towards Charlotte Stuart did not end here. Early in November he sent a letter in his own sprawling, feeble, untidy handwriting to his brother, announcing his daughter's newly granted honours :—

"FLORENCE, November 2nd, 1784.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,— . . . I am very happy to be able to tell you myself of my very dear Daughter's recognition by Me, by France and by the Pope ; henceforward she is therefore Royal Highness for yourself on every occasion. I in no wise dispute your own rights. They are already established, since you are my Brother, but at the same time I beg of you not to dispute those of my very dear Daughter, whose title must be sacred to you.—I am your very affectionate Brother,

"CHARLES R."¹

Charlotte also, who, to judge from her easy and able style of writing, must have employed the long hours of leisure in her French convent to good purpose, now opened a long correspondence, lasting over a year, with her "Royal Uncle," as she sometimes styles the Cardinal Duke, her letters numbering thirty-four in all. The first

¹ *Stuart Papers.*

of these, which is dated October 7th, 1784, is written ostensibly to announce her arrival at the Palazzo Guadagni, but it likewise alludes, in a strangely intimate tone, to many other matters of importance :—

“ MONSIEUR,—I should consider myself lacking in respect both to your Royal Highness and to myself, were I not to acquaint you with the news of my arrival in Florence. The kindness with which you have treated me up till the present moment appears to me a sure guarantee of your pleasure in receiving such news, and in sharing the joy and happiness with which my mind is filled to-day. The King, my Father, by an authentic Act has now acknowledged me as his legitimate daughter ; and he has sent this Act to the King of France, who has promised to place it on record, and consequently to grant me Letters Patent registered in the Parliament ; so behold me to-day rejoicing in the good fortune of now approaching very closely to your Royal Highness, as well as being able to give all my attention to the nursing of a beloved Father, whose strength and health I shall bring back, if possible. I want him to share my own good health, and to free him from all the troubles that Fortune has imposed upon him.

“ I have now, my very dear Uncle, to thank you for all the kindnesses you have heaped upon me since King James’ death. The recollection of them lies deep in my heart. . . . Ever since I had the misfortune to lose my grandfather, King James, Your Royal Highness has generously made my mother and myself an allowance of 5000 livres. I have now the honour to renew my respectful thanks for the past, and to entreat you for the future to continue the annuity to my mother, who is penniless

to-day; I regard her as a Second Self, if I may dare use such an expression. I feel sure you will not refuse me this service, for you understand my father's position, and know how the wreck of his fortune has left him poorer than ever. All circumstances compel me to rely on your kind heart. The King, my Father, joins with me in imploring this favour of Your Royal Highness, and he begs me to assure you of his constant affection. I ask you, Monseigneur, not to mistake the feelings of devotion and of respect with which I shall always remain your Royal Highness' very humble and very obedient servant,

"CHARLOTTE STUART, Duchess of Albany."¹

Neither to this remarkable letter nor to her succeeding communications did the Cardinal Duke vouchsafe any reply; for he was greatly annoyed both at his brother's action and at the somewhat aggressive pretensions of the new Duchess, who aroused his wrath still further by certain hints and disparaging remarks concerning Louise of Stolberg, with whom he was still on tolerable terms of amity. "Nothing, Monseigneur," writes this pert young woman in her second letter to her uncle, "can more shock your own delicacy of feeling, your own principles, and the glory of your House, than the conduct of Monsieur Alfieri and his influence over Madame." But it must be remembered that though the words and expressions are those of Charlotte Stuart, it was the Chevalier, brooding revengefully over the past, who urged her to write them. Obtaining no answer whatsoever, Charlotte, doubtless

¹ *Stuart Papers.* (From the original French, which language Charlotte Stuart always uses in her correspondence.)

with her father's approval, now played a still bolder game in order to draw her unwilling uncle into direct correspondence with herself. A letter, dated April 19th, 1785, nearly seven months after her arrival in Florence, contains a positive demand for recognition.

"I think," she writes, "that the highest pleasure you can bestow on the King, your brother, is to speak of me by the title that he desires you to accord me. Also it would be an immense service to all of us, if henceforward you would allow all correspondence to pass through my hands, in order to save him fatigue."¹

The effect of this blunt and tactless request was quickly felt, for it brought an immediate reply, though one of an unexpected nature, from the Cardinal Duke. It was seldom that Henry's essentially placid nature was thoroughly roused, but on such rare occasions he was wont to express his feelings in the strongest and plainest of terms. And Charlotte's appeal for recognition of birth and title drew from him a violent protest, addressed in the third person to his brother. In this strange document, of which both the original draft and a fair copy are in existence, the Cardinal Duke gives full vent to his annoyance at the "irregular and improper arrangements made on the occasion of the arrival of a natural daughter." He then enumerates four distinct reasons for his extreme displeasure: the indecent haste with which Charles had summoned to Florence an illegitimate child whom he had neglected for over thirty years, and for whose maintenance and education the writer himself had alone provided; the cunning and secrecy of the whole proceeding, in which his own

¹ *Ibid.*

opinion had never been invited; the immediate granting of a royal title in a case where it was most unnecessary, seeing that their grandfather James II had waited many years before raising his favourite son to the Dukedom of Berwick; and finally, the total illegality of the so-called Act of Legitimation according to English law. This last reason is of special interest as showing the writer's clear knowledge of the British Constitution, when he declares that "in no case has his Royal Brother, King Charles III, according to the law of England, any shadow of right to nominate a natural Child as heir to the British Crown, without applying to Parliament; and that of such an instance there exists no example in history."¹ This letter, undated but evidently written and dispatched about April 25th, not unnaturally had a most depressing effect on the spirits of Charles and his adopted heiress in Florence. Charlotte Stuart, hitherto so confident of ultimately gaining her uncle's approval, now sent in fear and trembling a most humble and piteous apology. "Let me place," she writes, "at the feet of your Royal Highness my regrets and the sincere sorrow I feel at having offended you. My grief is unbearable. I see my happiness has proved to be only a dream." Fortunately, however, for Charlotte, the genuine alarm and contrition expressed in this letter were able to force a quicker entrance into a kindly heart than her previous attitude of boastful self-confidence, and for the first time the new-made Duchess received a direct reply from Frascati. In a letter, dated May 4th and addressed to "Ma Cousine" (by which term he undoubtedly acknowledges the title, but not the close relationship of his

¹ *Stuart Papers.*



CHARLOTTE STUART, DUCHESS OF ALBANY

correspondent), the Cardinal Duke writes in a friendly and conciliatory spirit:—

"MY COUSIN,—I do not lose an instant in expressing my regret for having caused you trouble through my last letter. . . . Moreover, I beg you to understand that after some reflection I have become convinced of the uprightness of your intentions, and so certain am I of this, that I esteem you the more for them. And since you appear so anxious to obtain my friendship and my confidence (which pleases me much), I can assure you frankly that you have lost nothing of either of them, and that in the continuance of our correspondence I am certain we shall grow to appreciate each other, since in whatever I do I hope you will recognise my sincere interest and my good faith in all that affects you. I beg you to inform me that you are quite pacified. Give me all news you can of my Brother's health, for I dread the idea of his travelling to Pisa . . ."¹

It is not easy to specify the exact cause of the Cardinal Duke's changed attitude towards his brother's child. Perhaps in the meantime he had been informed privately of the excellent results so far as concerned Charles' welfare that had attended Charlotte's arrival in Florence, and consequently felt softened towards her and less impatient of her claim to be regarded as a member of his family. Perhaps Pius VI, who had been favourably inclined towards Charlotte from the first, may have interceded with the Cardinal Duke on his niece's behalf, for later in this same year we find His Holiness writing

¹ *Ibid.*

personally to congratulate him on the marked improvement in his brother's spiritual condition : a happy circumstance for which the influence and zeal of his daughter were mainly responsible, although the Pontiff piously refers it "to the powerful hand of God, Who has called your Royal Brother from the principles of darkness, in which he had previously walked, to those of the true light."¹ Perhaps Henry may simply have been touched by Charlotte's sad appeal to himself, but whatever its cause, both father and daughter appear jubilant over the welcome news of his change of feeling. "I have received the letter Your Royal Highness has deigned to write me with equal joy and gratitude," replies Charlotte in ecstasies of delighted surprise; whilst Charles himself (June 21st) supplements her letter by imploring his brother's full protection for his daughter, "which, my very dear Brother, I do not believe you can refuse ; for when once you have made her acquaintance, she will find a second father in yourself. This thought consoles me." Again, the Chevalier writes (July 9th): "Your letter of the 6th current has been balm to my heart, since it assures me of your affection towards Myself, and towards a Second Self which I venture to state fully merits your generosity and esteem by her excellent virtues. I cannot describe to you, my very dear Brother, the happiness I feel in expecting that some day you will play the part of a father to a daughter that I have every reason to love tenderly."²

After this partial reconciliation, Charlotte Stuart's correspondence with her uncle proceeds smoothly enough, nor does the Cardinal Duke appear any longer to resent

¹ *Stuart Papers.*

² *Ibid.*

the many slighting allusions to "Madame" and Alfieri contained in most of her letters. As autumn approached, the meeting between his brother and his daughter, upon which Charles had so set his heart, was arranged to take place at some town in the Papal States, for owing to his continued ill-health the Chevalier was unable to leave Florence, and his brother, for political reasons, expressed himself unwilling to enter Tuscany. In a letter, dated September 8th, Charles finally writes to Henry on this subject:—

"I quite understand, my very dear Brother, the obstacles to your visiting Tuscany, and I am sorry for the consequent deprivation of seeing you myself. It is indeed a very great sacrifice that I am asked to make. . . . As an invalid, I absolutely require my dear daughter for comfort and companionship, and it is only on her account and in her presence that I can receive people in my house. Without being at all importunate, she has gained my complete confidence, and consequently the days during which I shall be deprived of her presence must prove very long and very dull. . . . But in this anxiety she shows to pay you her duty I recognise her goodness of heart, and I cannot refuse to satisfy her in this request."¹

In October, therefore, Charlotte, eagerly availing herself of the granted honour, proceeded alone to Perugia, in order to meet her uncle, then engaged on a round of official visits within the States of the Church. The interview was most satisfactory, at least

¹ *Ibid.*

from the niece's point of view, for Charlotte's modest behaviour and pleasing appearance (which included a strong family likeness to her father) made so good an impression on the susceptible Cardinal Duke, that he warmly urged his brother and herself to spend the winter months in Rome. Besides gaining this point, Charlotte was at last enabled to put before her uncle forcibly by word of mouth her father's own views concerning his absent wife's conduct, and so successful were her arguments, that a little later in the year a joint letter, signed by the two brothers, was sent to the French Court, complaining of Madame d'Albany's continued intimacy with Alfieri and demanding the withdrawal of her pension on account of the scandal. The dispatch of this letter marks the Cardinal Duke's complete break with his sister-in-law, and his final and lasting reconciliation with his brother; whilst such substantial fruits of Charlotte's visit to Perugia prove marvellous natural powers of diplomacy in a convent-bred girl who had had no previous experience.

On Charlotte's return to Florence, Charles decided to leave for Rome at the earliest opportunity, although his state of health made all travelling more or less dangerous. On October 29th he sends to his brother a dictated letter, with the autograph signature "C. REX" almost illegible, announcing his determination of spending the winter in the old Stuart palace in Rome, which had now remained untenanted for upwards of eleven years :—

" DEAREST BROTHER,—With infinite pleasure and the deepest satisfaction I have heard of your safe arrival in Rome, and also with great content of the

kindness and generosity you have displayed in furnishing my palace. . . . I must not keep concealed from you the fact that on my journey, and during all my stay in Rome, I particularly desire to observe a complete incognito, and to be known by the title of Count of Albany, and my beloved daughter will be called Duchess of Albany. For some days I have been kept to my room and my bed, suffering much agony and terrible pain, due to the severe attack in the legs, but I hope to find ease and relief shortly. Meanwhile I beg you to acquaint His Holiness of my intention to visit Rome, and to render him my most profound reverence, and to pay him court, with a thousand other matters that I leave you to arrange in my name. I embrace you dearly,

"C. REX."¹

All November was passed in preparation for this projected journey, which, however, was dependent on "the King's legs not refusing him some service." By November 19th all is ready for their departure, and Charlotte writes cheerfully that "the King has expressly charged her to assure her uncle that he only awaits the moment of getting into his carriage." Yet Charles' critical condition still caused delay, for the Duchess' last letter is dated November 29th: "we shall be eight days on the road, going with our own horses, by which precaution I hope the King will manage to bear the journey perfectly, for his health was never better than at this moment. The Abbé Barbier goes with us. My august Father has accepted his offer to come with pleasure."²

Finally, on December 2nd, the travelling coach

¹ *Stuart Papers.*

² *Ibid.*

containing the helpless wreck of the Chevalier and his daughter started to leave for ever the Florentine palace that had during the last eight years witnessed so much scandal, hard drinking and unhappiness. Going southward by easy stages, the pair reached Viterbo, where they were met by the Cardinal Duke in person, who, after embracing his brother with emotion in the presence of Charlotte, the peacemaker, accompanied them to the gloomy old mansion in the Piazza of the Santi Apostoli.

It must have been a somewhat depressing home-coming for Charles Stuart, this return to the house of his childhood, that was filled with so many happy and unhappy memories, that was so reminiscent of vain intrigues and bitter family quarrels; but Charlotte's evident pride and delight in thus entering her father's Roman palace as its mistress gave the invalid some compensation for his melancholy thoughts. Before long the dismal old mansion was made to exhibit some share of its former splendour and gaiety under the rule of its new occupant. Dinners and receptions were given to the leading members of Roman society, and on these occasions the Duchess invariably presided, richly dressed and wearing the historic Stuart and Sobieski family jewels, that her father had recently given her with the Cardinal Duke's approval. We hear of a grand banquet in honour of the Venetian Ambassador, at which covers were laid for twenty-two guests; of a large musical party, which perhaps may have reminded the poor Chevalier of a certain reception held in the same saloons nearly half a century before, whereat his own and his brother's performance of Corelli's *Notte di Natale* had so delighted the

Président de Brosses ; and of various entertainments from time to time, all duly chronicled in the pages of the *Diario di Roma*. As a beloved daughter at last constantly at her "Auguste Papa's" side, and as undisputed ruler of his household, Charlotte Stuart, Duchess of Albany, was in these days at the height of her glory, and few persons will be found inclined to grudge her the enjoyment of these belated and fleeting honours. As it had been her original aim and her first care to restore her father's health and spirits, so it cannot be doubted that her constant attention, her youthful cheerfulness and her strange but apparently sincere affection for her royal parent, prolonged the Prince's life, and gave him at the last a few unexpected years of self-respect and of comparative happiness ; whilst her sterling good qualities, despite a somewhat aggressive manner, had gradually won over to her side an uncle who had been strongly prejudiced against her from the beginning.

But so utterly broken in mind and body had the Chevalier already become, that after two years of this life in Rome, in spite of every loving precaution, it was easy for all to recognise the certain summons of death in an acute attack of paralysis with which he was seized early in the New Year, 1788. Frequently during that terrible month of January did the Cardinal Duke visit the grief-stricken household in the palace of the Santi Apostoli, where his brother lay in a semi-comatose state, and where Charlotte was nursing the helpless invalid with unwearied devotion, although she herself was already beginning to suffer severely from the terrible disease that was destined to carry her off prematurely. At last, on January 30th, the anniversary of his great-grandfather's execution at

Whitehall, the wreck of the brilliant hero of "the 'Forty-Five" passed away at the age of sixty-seven years and one month, worn out by the fitful fever of a life such as few persons in the world's history have experienced. He died in his daughter's arms, and during his brother's absence, for though the end was certainly near, its suddenness was so unexpected that the Cardinal Duke chanced to be absent at the last moment from the sick-room, where two Irish Franciscans, Fathers James and Francis McCormick, were keeping watch.¹

For reasons of public policy Pius VI was reluctantly compelled to refuse the Cardinal Duke's request that his deceased brother might be given the recognition of a sovereign *pro hac vice*, for this one solemn occasion only, and it was therefore decided to remove the body with all possible speed to Frascati. But the body of Charles III, duly embalmed and regally vested, was first placed in a coffin of sweet-scented cypress wood, with crown on head, ring on finger, and sceptre in hand, after which it lay in state for a short time in the private chapel of the palace, before being secretly conveyed by the Irish Franciscans to the Cathedral at Frascati. Here a funeral service, distinguished by all the dismal pomp that so great an event demanded, was performed, the Cardinal Duke himself officiating despite his overwhelming grief; while the immense crowd, assembled both within and without the building, was swelled by many British visitors and residents in Rome, all of whom wore deep mourning for their late *de jure* sovereign. At the end of the impressive ceremony the body of the Prince (with the exception of the heart, that had been already placed in a silver urn)

¹ Kelly, *Life of Cardinal York*.

was enclosed in a temporary vault, there to remain until the Cardinal Duke's own death, when it was arranged that it should be removed to the crypt of St. Peter's, to lie finally with the ashes of his kindred. Upon the Chevalier's tomb the following graceful epitaph—an epitaph, however, that would have better suited the peace-loving Henry than the restless, scheming spirit at last laid to sleep—was placed by Professor Felice of the Seminary at Frascati:—

“Di Carlo il freddo cenere
Questa brav’ urna serra,
Figlio del Terzo Giacomo,
Signore d’Inghilterra ;
Fuori del regno patrio
A lui chi tomba diede ?
Infedeltà del popolo,
Integrità di fede.”

(The ashes of Prince Charles Edward
Rest in this peaceful place ;
Son of King James of England,
Heir of a royal race.
An exile from throne and country,
You ask what guerdon he hath ?
Disloyalty of his subjects,
But loyalty to his Faith.)

By his will Charles bequeathed the whole of his property to his daughter, with the exception of the family archives and certain crown jewels which he assigned to the Cardinal Duke. He had not much money to leave, but there was the palace in Florence (which was at once sold to its present owners, the San Clemente family), and besides this there was a vast quantity of pictures, trinkets, rich stuffs and fine furni-

ture, all of which Charlotte Stuart obtained. But the Duchess, who had now long been treated, if not formally recognised by her uncle as his true niece,—she is constantly named “La Reale Nipote” (the Royal Niece) in his *Diary*, kept by Monsignore Cesarini,—did not long survive to enjoy her inheritance. After Charles’ death she spent several months in or near Rome, living under the protection of the Cardinal Duke, and with the Princess of Palestrina in attendance upon her, during which time we learn from a document in Henry Stuart’s own handwriting that she stood god-mother at the confirmation of the Countess Marie Norton held “in the private chappell of our Episcopal Pallas in Frascati, this 6th day of June, 1788.”¹ During the summer of the following year (1789) she went to the Baths of Nocera and thence to Bologna “for change of air and in order to reduce the feverish illness which was slowly consuming her.”² At Bologna she stayed with her friend, the Marchesa Giulia Lambertini-Bovio, a member of the great family which had given Benedict XIV to the Papacy, and in this lady’s house she was seized about the middle of November with a fatal attack that was apparently caused by some kind of malignant tumour. Certain writers allude to Charlotte’s premature death as being the result of a fall out riding, but all accounts point rather to a deep-seated and long-concealed internal malady, perhaps a cancer. There are included among the *Stuart Papers* some interesting and pathetic letters from Madame Lambertini-Bovio to the Cardinal Duke, giving a graphic account of the closing hours of the Chevalier’s daughter and James III’s only grandchild:—

¹ *Stuart Papers.*

² *Atti.*

"ALTEZZA REALE EMINENTISSIMA" (so begins the first letter),—"It is with the deepest grief I have to inform Your Highness and Eminence of the very bad condition of the poor Signora Duchess. To-day she has had a serious relapse with terrible chills and high fever. The doctors in treating the wound have drawn off a great quantity of matter of very bad colour and odour, whilst her pulse is far above normal. I cannot sufficiently express my anxiety. It is the height of my affliction (and I much lament it) to have to write such melancholy news to Your Highness, though I hope to-morrow to be able to send a better account. Have no fear for the excellent Christian sentiments of your respected Niece. Yesterday with the greatest edification she made her devotions at her own desire, whereby Your Highness can realise how fully resigned she is to the Divine Will. Pardon my hasty writing, . . . and believe me, Your very humble and most obliged servant,

"GIULIA LAMBERTINI-BOVIO.

"BOL^A, 13 Nov. 1789.

"P.S.—The courier from Turin has delayed in passing through Bologna, so I can give Your Highness the latest news of the Signora Duchess. To-day, then, at fourteen o'clock, I must tell you that the fever increases every moment, so that we fear to lose her very shortly. My lord the Cardinal-Archbishop remains constantly with her, nor does he mean to leave her bed-side so long as she is alive."

Again the Marchesa writes on the following day: 'The fever continues, with difficulty in breathing, com-

bined with great restlessness, whilst the wound has ejected so little matter that the Doctors are confirmed in their opinion that this is a fever of re-absorption, and therefore of a fatal type. Her resignation continues unaltered in face of the imminent danger, and she has already put her Will into the hands of the Cardinal-Archbishop . . ."¹

Three days later, on November 17th, Madame Lambertini-Bovio announces the Duchess' death, telling the Cardinal Duke that his niece "passed to the Other Life this evening at nine o'clock. So blessed was her death, that the tears I pour out from grief are tears of tenderness." This is speedily followed by a letter from Cardinal Andrea Giovanetti, Archbishop of Bologna, who had been constant in his attentions at the Duchess' sick-bed, and had himself assisted to draw up her will:—

"Very deep has been my affliction ever since the Signora Duchess of Albany was overcome by sickness, which made me first fear and then despair for her recovery. Incomparably greater has been my grief for her decease . . ."

The will of Charlotte Stuart, of which a copy is included amongst the *Stuart Papers*, is of no small value, as tending to prove her natural goodness of heart and her practical interest in all those who had befriended her during her lifetime. Not one member of her household—not even her blackamoor page, "il Moro da Livrea"—is forgotten by the young Duchess in her will, made whilst suffering on her deathbed from a most painful disease. The Abbé Waters (a

¹ *Stuart Papers.*

near relative of George Jean, Comte de Waters, banker to the Stuarts in Paris), who had done what was possible to cheer and console her in the long years of neglect and dulness spent in French convents, she appoints her executor, and leaves him legacies of certain books and of money. To her uncle's secretary, Monsignore Cesarini, she bequeaths an annuity of one hundred scudi, "as a mark of her own attachment, and more especially on account of the respectful and particular affection he holds for her Royal Uncle," while she makes a specific gift of her own library to the Seminary at Frascati. She names the Cardinal Duke her universal heir, and at the same time implores him, as a last favour to herself, to undertake the payment of her various bequests to friends and servants, and especially of the annuity left to "une personne à Paris" (her own mother), even should the total value of her estate prove insufficient for the purpose. Her good taste and love of simplicity are clearly shown in her particular request to be buried without pomp in the parish church of San Biagio at Bologna, to the priest of which she leaves a sum of money for the poor.

The Cardinal Duke was deeply affected at the painfully sudden, but scarcely unexpected news of his niece's death, that now left him without a near relation in the world except his sister-in-law, with whom he had practically ceased to communicate. A grand funeral service for the daughter was now held in the Cathedral of Frascati, which had less than two years before been the scene of her father's obsequies; whilst the Cardinal Duke contemplated the erection of "a choice monument worthy of its subject" to his niece's memory in Bologna;

an intention that was never carried out, owing to subsequent political troubles and scarcity of money. Numbers of persons of consequence wrote to sympathise with Henry Stuart on the loss of a dearly loved niece, but amongst the large mass of ceremonious letters of condolence from princes, prelates and others throughout Italy, France, Spain and Austria, that are still preserved, none is more interesting and more genuine in its sympathy than the following characteristic letter, in a bold handwriting and in quaint English, from Brigadier O'Dea, an Irish officer serving in the Neapolitan army, one of the few Britons left who were proud openly to acknowledge a Cardinal King:—

“MAJESTY,—I am certain Yr Majesty will receive many and many compliments on the death of the respectfull Dutchess of Albany; but can boldly say without the least vanity, that mine are of the most sincere both by duty and a true inclination. I therefore condole with Yr Majesty with a true Irish heart on this very disagreeable subject, on which I don't find proper to enlarge, for not to renew yr just chagrean and mine. My Brother, who kisses Your Majesty's hand, charges me to assure you in his name of his equal respectfull and sincere sentiments, and I have the honor and glory to conclude with the highest considerations, gratitude and respect,—Your Majesty's Most devoted Humble Servt and most faithfull Subject,

“DENIS O'DEA.¹

“NAPLES, 8th Decr. 1789.”

¹ *Stuart Papers.*

It would be idle to speculate on what might have happened, had Charlotte Stuart, Duchess of Albany, lived on many years in the enjoyment of good health, for she had hitherto shown herself both capable and ambitious. We may surmise that most probably she would have set herself earnestly to the task of persuading the Cardinal Duke to name her, either openly or in his will, as the rightful heir of his House and its claims, though it is extremely doubtful whether she would ever have succeeded in such an attempt. Her father's so-called "Act of Legitimation," with its clause to safeguard his brother's birthright, was of course wholly contrary to all law and common-sense; so that, in order to pronounce his niece legitimate, the Cardinal Duke would have been forced to acknowledge a secret marriage in the distant past between his elder brother and Clementina Walkinshaw, an idea that was equally incredible and repugnant to him. It is therefore difficult to imagine how Charlotte, clever diplomatist though she undoubtedly was, could ever have wrung such an admission from a reluctant and somewhat obstinate uncle, in spite of the evident affection with which he had in course of time come to regard her. Health and strength granted, however, it will be safe to state that Charlotte would have sought, with every chance of success, her uncle's help and influence in making as brilliant a marriage as circumstances would permit of,—perhaps an union with some wandering Scottish peer, or with some French or Italian nobleman,—after which, under favourable auspices, she might possibly have posed to the world as the last representative of the Royal Stuarts, for she had already been addressed as "La Pretendente" by some of her Italian friends, who were partially ignorant

of the true story of her birth and up-bringing. Nevertheless, it is hard to suppose that the moribund cause of Jacobitism could ever have been reanimated, even in the smallest degree, by any person with so poor a title to legitimate royal birth as Charlotte owned; whilst it is tolerably certain that the Cardinal Duke, as long as he were alive, would have done his utmost to stifle any useless and mischievous intriguing of this nature. Still, her ambition was naturally great, and it had been extravagantly fostered by her father, who, before leaving Florence, had even gone to the extreme length of ordering a medal to be struck in honour of his daughter's title and legitimation. The proposed designs and inscriptions for this medal (which was never executed) are still preserved, and they certainly point to the existence of a vague scheme concocted by father and daughter with the object of impressing all remaining British Jacobites with the genuine nature of Charlotte's claims to their fealty. The Latin legend round her portrait was to have run: *Carlotta Albaniae Ducissa Filia Caroli III Magnae Britanniae Franciae et Hiberniae Regis Fidei Defensoris*; whilst of the four allegorical subjects suggested for the reverse of the coin, one was intended to represent the newly-created Duchess pointing towards the British throne, with the words, *Spem etsi infinitam persequar*; and another, the picture of a storm-tossed barque nearing the coast of Albion, with its streaming pennant bearing the royal arms and the inscription, *Pendet Salus spe exigua et extrema*.¹ In face of these remarkable designs for an official medal, there can be no reasonable doubt as to the wild, vain-glorious dreams—hopelessly

¹ *Historical MSS. Commission Report.*

impracticable, if not utterly impossible—that the Duchess had once harboured. Her subsequent acquaintance with her uncle, however, appears to have done something to quiet Charlotte's early ambition, when she perceived how tenacious he was of his hereditary rights and honours, and consequently how useless it would be for herself, single-handed, to endeavour to stand forth as her father's true heiress, at least during Henry's lifetime. As the months wore on, and her own state of health grew precarious, Charlotte seems to have lost not a little of her former mental activity, and to have grown content to hold the distinguished position of a near and cherished relative, rather than that of a political heir which she had once coveted so keenly. Charlotte Stuart, Duchess of Albany, remains therefore a most interesting but somewhat puzzling example of a rare type of woman,—the unsophisticated girl, issuing from a convent at a mature age, and overcoming all difficulties and winning the hearts of those around her by natural abilities of an undeniably high order. Though some writers have thought it necessary to blame her for her hostile and spiteful attitude towards her father's wife, such conduct, though not conceived in the best of taste, can hardly be reckoned unreasonable; especially since, from the moment of her arrival in Florence, she became not only Charles' constant companion, but also the sole recipient of his confidences. In fact, she soon naturally grew to be the actual mouth-piece of the poor old neglected sufferer, and in time her eloquence was able to convince where her father's hazy invective had failed to make an impression: whilst from her own point of view, Madame d'Albany's desertion of her royal husband and her connection with Alfieri must

have appeared inexcusably shameful. Charlotte Stuart died comparatively young, greatly admired by many personages of note, and deeply beloved by a host of friends, so that instead of regarding her as a possible source of political intrigue, it is more pleasant to think of her as "the Bonny Lass of Albanie,"—the affectionate, unselfish daughter who came at a timely moment to the rescue of Scotland's national hero. For over three years she proved herself the solace of her unhappy, deserted father in Florence and in Rome, during which period the Abbé Dupaty, in speaking of her filial devotion, echoes the general opinion of all who knew her.

"If benevolence of heart alone were necessary to entitle her to the throne of her ancestors, she would ascend it. . . . Her attention to her father is extremely affecting. When this old man calls to mind that his family have reigned, his tears flow not alone. The Duchess weeps with him."—It is as *Sui Patris consolatrix* rather than *Albaniae Ducissa* that we would fain remember Charlotte Stuart.

Clementina Walkinshaw, Comtesse d'Alberstroff, outlived her daughter many years. Flying from Paris during the horrors of the year 1792, she obtained a refuge at Fribourg in Switzerland, where Lord Bute, visiting her at the close of the century, found her "a complete French-woman" in manner and appearance: a circumstance that is hardly strange, considering that she had been a wanderer on the Continent for over fifty years. It was at Fribourg that she died in the autumn of 1802, apparently friendless, and also poverty-stricken, although to the last she was in receipt of an annuity from the Cardinal Duke. The whole of her property consisted at

the time of her death of a few books of piety, some silver spoons, and £12 in money, which, with her dying thoughts pathetically reverting to her long-forgotten family in Scotland, she begged might be divided as small remembrances amongst her relations, if any such remained to claim them. To Mr. Coutts, the London banker, who, presumably at the Cardinal Duke's request during his financial difficulties, had guaranteed the payment of her allowance, the Countess bequeathed what was evidently her one object of value, a gold box, "as a small token of his kindness towards herself." Well-born, handsome and captivating, yet essentially commonplace and incapable, Clementina Walkinshaw played a somewhat obscure part in the later family history of the Royal Stuarts. One circumstance about her career is, however, practically certain—she was never married to her royal lover; in the first place, because Charles had little real affection or respect for the unhappy mistress whom he habitually ill-treated in spite of her dog-like faithfulness; and in the second place, because he had always and consistently aimed at making, sooner or later, a brilliant political alliance. The story, therefore, of a legal tie between Clementina and the Prince appears even more of a baseless fabrication than the alleged marriage between King Charles II and Lucy Walter, which historic legend, started solely for purposes of Court intrigue, it strongly resembles. Nevertheless, both Clementina and her daughter were constantly wont to hint at, rather than to dare assert, the secret performance of such a ceremony, and it was such an attitude on their part, rather than his own exaggerated loathing of all irregular unions of this kind, that provoked the Cardinal Duke to act with

apparent severity towards them on more than one occasion. Yet though disliking and despising his brother's mistress, Henry Stuart did not refrain from acting as her almoner for thirty-six years, thereby saving the poor woman and her child from actual want; whilst after Charlotte's death he seems to have corresponded in a more friendly spirit with her mother, who invariably addressed her letters to "Sa Majesté le Roy d'Angleterre à Rome." Taken as a whole, the story of Clementina's treatment by Charles and by his brother makes the meanness, the ingratitude and the callous brutality of which the former could sometimes be guilty, contrast strongly with the Cardinal Duke's natural generosity and strong sense of fair dealing, even in a case which not unnaturally annoyed and disgusted him.

CHAPTER IX

“HENRY THE NINTH.” 1788–1797

Marforio. Tutti i Francesi sono ladri?
Pasquino. Non tutti; Buona parte!

H ENRY STUART, who was now in his sixty-third year, had been over forty years a Cardinal and nearly thirty a Bishop, when the death of his brother left him the sole representative of his royal House. This event having been long expected, as far back as the spring of 1784, he had instructed the Roman lawyer, Cataldi, to draw up a memorial of his claims, and since this document had been already shown to the Pope and to the leading persons of the Government, there was little or no speculation in Rome itself as to the course of action the Cardinal Duke was now likely to pursue. This memorial, which excludes all mention of the Duchess of Albany, is essentially harmless and peaceable in character, although at the same time it contains a most determined assertion of those ancient prerogatives that had so often and with such ill-success been applied for by Prince Charles. There is therefore in the terms of this manifesto no formal demand for recognition as a reigning sovereign —indeed, the Cardinal Duke had long perceived the hopelessness of any such request to the Pope—but only

the strongest possible declaration of a *de jure* kingship :—

"We, Henry Benedict Maria Clement, Cardinal Duke of York, second son of James the Third, King of England, seeing Ourselves . . . on the verge of losing Our most Beloved Brother, the Serene Charles Edward, former legitimate successor of James the Third in the kingdoms of England, France, Scotland, Ireland, etc., hereby declare and protest in the most solemn form and in the clearest manner possible and with every means that may prove useful and profitable to the duties that We owe to Our Royal Person and Our Country, that We claim in Ourselves the right of Succession, which falls to Us in case of the death (which God forbid !) of Our most Serene Brother, over those kingdoms of England, etc. And against these rights, either before God or before men, We cannot oppose the sacred office of a Bishop, which We at present hold. But inasmuch as the critical position of Our Royal House requires prudent measures and We do not wish to embarrass Ourselves further, We intend of Our own free will to retain the title of Duke of York (which will in reality be no longer Our true title) with all its adjuncts, as We have hitherto done. Thus under this incognito We now declare with every necessary protest and in the most solemn way that in the retention of this title (which We have spontaneously assumed) We have no intention of ever renouncing these rights of succession and fealty which We hold and ever intend to hold over these Kingdoms and over all else appertaining to Us, as true, last, and legitimate Heir of Our Royal House. . . . Finally, We declare that, when Our Lord God shall be

pleased to dispose of Our Person, these rights of Succession to the Crown of England, etc. will pass in their full and unimpaired force to that Prince, to whom they will lawfully revert by proximity of blood.”¹

This last clause can only apply to the Cardinal Duke's very distant cousin, but nearest political heir, the reigning King of Sardinia, a prince who seems never to have taken the smallest interest in these shadowy claims to the British throne, and whose House had throughout the eighteenth century been in frequent alliance with the reigning British monarchs against their common enemy of France.

In accordance with the assertion of royal claims expressed in this Memorial, the Cardinal Duke now initiated a variety of small measures and observances that he deemed essential to his new exalted position. The silver crescent, the heraldic mark of a second son, was at once eliminated from his coat-of-arms; and the ducal coronet, that had hitherto appeared on his plate, his seals, his coach-panels, and on the great wooden armorial shields affixed to the walls of his Cathedral at Frascati and of the Basilica of Santa Maria in Trastevere in Rome, as well as of his various official palaces, was replaced by the crown of a reigning monarch. All members of his household were strictly enjoined to speak of their master as Majesty for the future, and this title, though not insisted upon, was expected to be used by his visitors; indeed, later, in his declining years, not a few loyal subjects of George III were guilty of a mild form of treason when paying their respects to the venerable Cardinal King at Frascati. A somewhat more important matter than these trivial

¹ Berchastel, *Histoire du Chrétienisme*. Artaud, *Vie du Pape Pie VII.*

changes was Henry Stuart's decision to place the expression "self-styled" in front of the familiar title of Duke of York in all his official correspondence, "in order to show that the old designation is no longer mine, but merely assumed of my own free will." Henceforward, therefore, in Latin documents the usual title has the epithet *nuncupatus* placed before it, and in Italian papers that of *denominato*; a fine form of distinction that at first sorely puzzled the Roman ecclesiastics, including Cardinal Giovanetti, Archbishop of Bologna, to whom the Cardinal Duke wrote a long letter of explanation on this subject.¹ In his private correspondence after his brother's death, Henry Stuart always made use of the royal signature; and letters from private persons bearing the coveted title of King were occasionally received by him.

But the official act that most of all was intended to mark the formal assumption of an empty sovereignty was his determination to strike a medal in honour of his accession. This work was therefore at once entrusted to the artist Gioacchimo Hamerani, the last survivor of a famous family of engravers, coming originally from Hermannskirchen in Bavaria, that had been employed at the Papal Mint for nearly two centuries, and under no fewer than thirteen Pontiffs. Most, if not all, of the various medals struck by the exiled Stuarts in Rome had been undertaken by one member or another of this distinguished family of artists, and it was Gioacchimo's talented father, Ottone Hamerani, who had designed and cast the well-known medal issued by Henry Stuart shortly after his father's death in 1766.² Gioacchimo's new medal

¹ *Stuart Papers*.

² L. Farrer, *Biographical Dictionary of Medallists*.



MEDALS STRUCK IN 1766 AND 1788; TOUCH-PIECE OF THE CARDINAL DUKE

of 1788, which strongly resembled in size, design and inscription the far finer specimen of 1766, was brought out to the villa at Frascati for the Cardinal Duke's inspection on the evening of July 10th, and it seems to have given satisfaction, in spite of its marked inferiority to the earlier production.¹ It presents on its face a portrait in profile of the Cardinal Duke wearing the *cappa* with the pectoral cross, and the *zucchetto* or skull-cap on his wig, whilst the accompanying inscription runs: “Hen IX. Mag. Brit. Fr. et Hib. Rex. Fid. Def. Card. Ep. Tusc.” (Henry the Ninth, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, Cardinal, Bishop of Tusculum.) The reverse has an allegorical design:—Religion with a lion couched at her feet supports a large cross, whilst she gazes sadly at a royal crown and a Cardinal's hat that lie upon the ground; behind her is a view of St. Peter's with the bridge and castle of Sant' Angelo. The date “1788” is engraved below the figure, whilst the whole design is encircled by the pathetic and dignified legend: “Non Desideriis Hominum sed Voluntate Dei.” (Not by desire of Mankind but by the Will of God.) This well-known “Henry IX” medal, coined in silver, the sovereign thereon portrayed was in the habit of presenting to British visitors of distinction at Frascati, by means of one of whom, it is interesting to note, a specimen came into the possession of King George III, who was much pleased with the novel offering.²

Very shortly also after his brother's death, the Cardinal Duke began to make use of a certain royal attribute, the possession of which the Hanoverian kings had never claimed: “he began to touch with medals scrofulous

¹ *Diario del Cardinale Duca.*

² See Chapter X.

people, who applied to him and obtained the desired cure, thanks to the virtues transmitted from St. Edward to the legitimate Kings of England.”¹ The belief that an anointed Sovereign can release from their infirmities certain sufferers is of great antiquity, and undoubtedly derives from a remote Eastern source, though the practice of touching for the scrofula, or “King’s Evil,” was confined amongst the nations of the West to the two royal Houses of England and France. As the kings of both these countries possessed the peculiar right of being anointed with the pure chrism, and not with the ordinary sacred oil, it has been conjectured that the popular faith in the efficacy of the chrism was in some manner closely connected with this belief in the power of the royal touch. The kings both of England and of France claimed a sole and special right to this miraculous gift; the House of France deducing its origin as early as the fifth century from Clovis, and that of England naming Edward the Confessor as the first possessor of this virtue of healing. This theory as to the Saxon origin of touching was the one usually admitted both in England itself and on the Continent, and later it was upheld by Polydore Vergil; whilst that it was the common belief in Tudor times is evident from the striking passage in *Macbeth*, alluding directly to the Confessor’s powers, and giving a most accurate description both of the origin and ceremony of touching for the King’s Evil.

Malcolm. . . . Comes the King forth, I pray you?
Doctor. Ay, Sir, there are a crew of wretched souls
 That stay his cure: their malady convinces
 The great assay of art, but at his touch,

¹ Atti.

Such sanctity hath Heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Malcolm. I thank you, doctor.

(*Exit Doctor.*)

Macduff. What's the disease he means?

Malcolm. 'Tis called the evil :

A most miraculous work in this good king ;
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I've seen him do. How he solicits Heaven,
Himself best knows : but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures ;
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers ; and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. . . .¹

Nevertheless, despite the popular theory concerning Edward the Confessor, the performance of this curious and interesting rite cannot be traced back with certainty earlier than the reign of Edward III in England, and of St. Louis in France, from which circumstance it has been conjectured that the practice of healing by the touch emanated in the first instance from the French Crusader-King, and that the powers of St. Louis were subsequently conveyed to his descendant and direct representative, the terrible Isabella of Valois, “the She-Wolf of France with unrelenting fangs,” who was married to the unhappy Edward II of England. Certain it is that Queen Isabella’s son and heir, Edward III, claimant to the French throne through his mother, was the first English king to make a public display of an attribute that had hitherto been closely associated with the Valois kings alone. From his time dates the use of the “touch-piece,” or gold medal used in the course of the ceremony

¹ *Macbeth*, Act iv. sc. iii.

of healing, which was originally the angel coin, bearing on its face a representation of St. Michael subduing the Dragon, and on its reverse a three-masted ship ; its design continuing unchanged until the cessation of the rite at the Cardinal Duke's death nearly five hundred years later.

The Ceremony of the Healing seems at first to have consisted in the Sovereign's personal act of washing the diseased flesh with water immediately after hearing Mass, but in the reign of Henry VII a regular Office was appointed to be drawn up for insertion in the Service Books. This Office of Henry VII, of which the rubrics are given in English but the prayers in Latin, was henceforth printed with variations from time to time under successive kings, nor did it disappear from certain editions of the Book of Common Prayer until the middle of the eighteenth century.¹ The use of water was omitted in Henry VII's new office, and at the "Ceremonies for the Healing" the King now merely touched his afflicted subject in the presence of the Court Chaplain, who meanwhile offered up various prayers, and afterwards presented him with the golden touch-piece, pierced so as to be suspended round the patient's neck, for, says an old writer on this subject, "no one is so perfectly cured, as not to be attacked again by the same disease, if he be so unfortunate as to lose the coin which the king hangs about his neck when he is touched, in which case he must be touched again."²

Doubtless the receiving of this golden touch-piece helped to make this exercise of sacred kingly power yet

¹ W. Maskell, *Monumenta Ritualia Ecclesiae Anglicanae*.

² *Relation . . . du Voyage et Séjour du Roy de la Grande Bretagne etc. à la Haye, 1660.*

more popular, though in most cases it was the firm belief in the efficacy of the cure, rather than a desire to possess the angel, that prompted so many strumous persons of every class in life to apply to their Sovereign. The practice of the Royal Healing seems to have reached its height during the reign of Charles II, when, so we learn on good authority, no fewer than ninety-two thousand persons availed themselves of His Majesty's touch during the twenty years that succeeded the Restoration. So great a number of applicants naturally constituted a positive nuisance, with the result that it was finally arranged that special certificates should in future have to be granted to individuals intending to demand the touch; and such certificates are not unfrequently to be met with in old parish registers of the latter half of the seventeenth century. After the Revolution, William of Orange, on being requested to touch, refused to do so, referring applicants to his exiled uncle at St. Germain; but Anne touched frequently, one of her last patients being the great Doctor Samuel Johnson, who was wont in later years to recall his early vague impression of the Queen as “a lady in diamonds and a long black hood.” George I, like William III, positively refused to touch, and there exists no record of any ceremony of healing henceforward at the English Court. But the practice was continued by the Stuarts in exile, and it was often performed in Italy (where hitherto it had been unknown) by James III, by Charles Stuart,—whom Sir Horace Mann reports as having touched certain “very low persons” at Pisa in 1770,—and finally by the Cardinal Duke, whose *Diary* contains a great many entries to this effect. The Stuart touch-pieces are as a rule of silver or of silver-gilt

(no doubt from reasons of economy), and they are said to have been suspended round the patient's neck with a *white* ribband. Several of the Cardinal Duke's touch-pieces are still preserved and treasured by the simple Roman peasants, in whose recollection the pious memory of the princely "Cardinale degli Organi" still lingers as a dim but glorious tradition. A story, that must certainly rest on the very flimsiest foundation, even relates that one of the brothers of George III, presumably Prince William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, once visited Frascati on purpose to be touched by the representative of Edward the Confessor, in whose person alone rested the true virtue of healing. With the Cardinal Duke's death, touching for the King's Evil disappears completely from English history; but it lingered on in France, where Charles x was occasionally besought to use the royal power of healing.

Of such harmless and trifling exercises of sovereignty the Papal Government very wisely took not the smallest notice, nor did the Pope's acquiescence in Henry Stuart's peaceful claims in anywise disturb or check the friendly relations that had for some years past been gradually growing up between the Papacy and Great Britain. For a feeling of mutual confidence and respect between the Courts of the Vatican and of St. James' had in fact appeared after the death of James Stuart, when the Papacy had, mainly through the exertions of Cardinal Alessandro Albani, after some preliminary hesitation, officially and for ever dissociated itself from the royal pretensions of the House of which a prince of the Church was now the last representative. The cessation of the practice, so long enjoyed by James III, of nominating

to vacant Irish sees,—a prerogative that Charles claimed in vain, and that Henry never dared to demand,—had already removed one of the principal stumbling-blocks in the path of a better understanding between the two Governments, so that at the very time of the Cardinal Duke's nominal accession to the British throne, much of this mutual antagonism and prejudice had been removed “Misfortune makes strange bed-fellows,” and the excesses of the French Revolution, involving the overthrow of the House of Bourbon, the tragic fate of the King and Queen, and the total destruction of the ancient fabric of Church and State in France—events that appeared fully as alarming to George III as they did to Pius VI—afforded further excellent reasons for the two Governments to draw into closer union, so that it is scarcely surprising to find at last the Papacy and the leading Protestant Power of Europe becoming members of the First Coalition against the rising might of republican France. In 1794, the British Government actually dispatched to Civitâ Vecchia—the Papal port that Sir Horace Mann not so many years before had threatened to bombard, on account of the Pope's patronage of the Royal Stuarts—a cavalry regiment, the 12th Lancers, for the protection of the city of Rome and of the Pontiff, who gratefully acknowledged the timely assistance sent him by publicly offering up prayers for the King and people of Great Britain. Meanwhile, in London itself, the idea of Catholic Emancipation, though highly distasteful to George III, was also in the air, so that a happier occasion for removing various causes of dispute and friction on both sides could not have presented itself. Nor was this precious, even unique, opportunity wasted, for Sir John (then Mr.)

Hippisley,¹ an able lawyer and a member of the English Parliament, who had recently been attached to the British Legation at Naples, paid several visits to Rome between the years 1792–1796, with the openly expressed intention of treating directly with the Papal authorities on several matters that required prompt adjustment. A warm friend to Catholic Emancipation at home, Sir John Hippisley was most anxious to obtain the friendly co-operation of the Papacy in subordinating the Roman Catholic clergy of the United Kingdom and the Colonies to the civil obedience of the existing dynasty and government. Naturally, after receiving so many proofs of British interest in his welfare as a temporal Sovereign, Pius VI was in a humour to listen to any such proposals, and consequently the Pope and several of the leading Cardinals willingly assisted Sir John, with whose endeavours they expressed full sympathy. At the same time, Hippisley's mission was also appreciated at home, where Edmund Burke expressed high approval of the object of these diplomatic attempts, and also of the spirit in which they had been undertaken by both parties, the great orator even suggesting the advisability of opening direct official communications between the two Governments by means of properly accredited ambassadors. "I would," writes Burke to Sir John, in a letter dated October 10th, 1793, "if the matter rested with me, enter into much more distinct and avowed political connections with the Court of Rome than hitherto we have held. If we decline them, the bigotry will be on our part, and not on that of His

¹ Sir John Coxe Hippisley, born in 1728, was created a baronet in April 1796, after having negotiated the marriage between the Duke of Wurtemburg and the Princess Royal of England. He died in 1825.



SIR JOHN COX HIPPISEY, B.A., M.R.C.P.

Holiness. Some mischief has happened, and much good has, I am convinced, been prevented, by our unnatural alienation.”¹

Although Burke's proposal entailed a step that no British Ministry dared to take in face of the outcry that must inevitably have ensued from so novel a policy, yet semi-official negotiations continued on both sides to be conducted in the most friendly and generous spirit. Questions affecting the Roman Catholic episcopate in Ireland and in the Colonies were now amicably discussed and settled, whilst the Pope finally consented to give an assurance that no friar should henceforth be appointed to fill any Irish bishopric. Another much-vexed question to be settled was the policy of the Holy See towards the National Colleges in Rome (that had hitherto been hot-beds of Jacobitism), on which point Sir John, whose position was clearly recognised in letters of the Congregation of the *Propaganda Fide* and of the Congregation of State, persuaded the Pope to compel the Superiors of the three Colleges in future to take an oath of allegiance to the British Crown similar to that exacted from the national Roman Catholic Bishops, “since an education conducted on any other principles must necessarily be foreign to the manners, the habits and the interests of their native country, and to the claims of its established Government.”²

With the object of assisting these arrangements in Rome, the Pope sent to London in 1793 Monsignore (afterwards Cardinal) Thomas Erskine, a member of the

¹ W. H. Lecky, *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, vol. vii.

² Sir J. C. Hippisley, *Substance of an Undelivered Speech to the House of Commons*.

well-known Scottish House and a former favourite of the Cardinal Duke of York, who had placed him as a youth in the Scots College. Although not officially recognised as a Nuncio at the Court of St. James', Erskine was practically treated as such, so that further changes of importance in the joint relations of the Holy See and the British Government were now carried out. In addition to the concessions already obtained by Sir John Hippisley, Roman Catholic chaplains came to be appointed (with the approval of the Papal Court) under the royal sign-manual to serve in the new Franco-Irish Brigade of the British Army, whilst at the same time the Irish bishops received instructions from Rome to insert in the Catechism certain clauses enforcing the duty of obedience to the civil power. These alterations were warmly and consistently supported, both in the spirit and in the letter, by Cardinals Campanelli and Albani, the Protectors of England and Scotland, and also by Cardinals Antonelli and Gerdil of the *Propaganda Fide*; whilst Sir John Hippisley himself "had the satisfaction of having his conduct on that occasion distinctly approved, both by the Government of his own country and that of His Holiness."¹

It is easy to understand that this newly-sprung and gratifying friendship, and the subsequent close alliance between the Apostolic See and the great kingdom that had rejected the dynasty of Stuart, could not have proved agreeable to the feelings of the Cardinal Duke, always so sensitive on the point of his hereditary claims to the British Crown. Even the political whirlwind of the age that was already making rock every throne in Europe, including that of the Supreme Pontiff, appeared

¹ W. H. Lecky.

in his eyes an insufficient excuse for the Pope's cordial attitude towards the Hanoverian Usurper, who was now for the first time officially acknowledged in Rome as King of Great Britain and Ireland, and openly styled as such in documents which Henry Stuart, as Vice-Chancellor of the Apostolic See, had of necessity himself to peruse. Towards Sir John Hippisley, who during these years of residence in Rome was an occasional visitor at Frascati and was destined later to become the benefactor of his host in extreme old age, the Cardinal Duke appears to have borne no grudge whatever for his successful diplomacy at the Roman Court, but by Pius VI's conduct he was deeply offended. Nor was he at any pains to smother his rising indignation at the Pope's official recognition of George III, and consequent denial of Henry IX; for before the close of the year 1792 he drew up and presented to the Pontiff a long protest on the subject which was causing him such vexation. This document, which bears the date of November 4th, 1792, shows at once the wounded pride and the unreasoning attitude of an old man still sunk deep in golden dreams of a shadowy sovereignty over a distant and heretical kingdom of which he had but seen the distant shores in his boyhood. Childish in its arguments, yet pathetic in its note of solitude and helplessness, Henry Stuart's futile protest to Pius VI may be regarded as the last recorded appeal, the very last impotent manifesto, of the Royal Stuarts in support of their claims to the throne which James II had lost.

"Amidst the continual sorrows and bitter trials that my Royal House has been decreed to suffer for over a century, two circumstances gave It, by way of compensation, a special degree of comfort and support. The first was the reflection that our every sacrifice was made for God, for the Faith, and for that unshaken Loyalty we have ever displayed towards the Primacy of Peter and the Holy See. The second was our own Sense of the Holy See's devotion to our Royal House, a devotion that began long before the days of Clement XI, although it was this Pope who in his glorious Pontificate first absolutely refused to acknowledge any Sovereigns of England save those of our own legitimate Catholic Succession, and came in course of time to regard such a policy in the light of a maxim of the Holy See that could never be abrogated. . . . Nor in truth has the Holy See ever yet denied this same maxim, nor substantially disregarded its principles; so we cannot deny that this second circumstance was a source of help to us in our long series of misfortunes. It was certainly only too true that in the reign of Clement XIII we were forced to drink of a bitter cup when we found ourselves *negatively* deprived of the royal recognition which seemed but the natural result of the decrees of so many former Popes; but on the other hand it is true that it was at that time clearly admitted as impossible to acknowledge any King of England whatever outside our own Royal House, without breaking a maxim of the Holy See that was at once fully recognised, intact, established and irrevocable. And for a clear proof of this statement, it is alone sufficient for me to mention a custom that has never been deviated from; namely

that in the Public Almanacks of Rome one finds under the heading of ‘Hannover’ the account of that Prince and his family, put with the greatest care, and inserted in such a manner as not to infringe in the least degree upon this maxim concerning my own Royal House of which I am the last Survivor.¹ . . . But, O God, what a blow! what anguish of soul for me to note in a Pontifical Brief, which must of necessity fall before mine own eyes, that, by a stroke of the pen, as it were, I myself have been betrayed and deprived of the benefit of that maxim, which had been upheld by the Holy See with unswerving fidelity for upwards of a century! Under these circumstances it would be useless for me to deny that the wound rankles in me, since it has been dealt me by the hand of a Father whom I love and venerate—and shall love and venerate whilst my life continues. I confess that I used to flatter myself that during these very few last remaining years of my life my Royal House would be allowed to expire in me without this fresh act of humiliation, but (inasmuch as we ought always to ascribe every event to the operation of the Divine Will) it seems that I did wrong in resting so certain that the Holy Father would never dream of snatching from me the possession of that which in one sense can be termed a natural right, a right of compensation that protected me from many indignities. Now, as in consequence of this abjuration of a maxim of the

¹ The official *Notizie* for the year 1794, published by the *Cracas* in Rome, gives under the heading of “Inghilterra” only the Cardinal Duke—“Enrico Benedetto Maria Clemente, denominato Duca di York”—and his sister-in-law, the Countess of Albany, “widow of the late Charles Edward, eldest son of James III”; while George III is described as “Duca (*sic*) di Hannover” under the name of that Electorate.

Holy See I should be obliged to suffer insult on any occasion that I might venture to enter Rome, henceforth I intend to pass my last few years of life in deep retirement amongst my flock at Frascati. . . .

"FRASCATI, November 4th, 1792."¹

But the times were far too unsettled, and the general situation much too serious, to allow of Pius VI taking any special notice of the Cardinal Duke's plea; for the existing goodwill and alliance of the reigning British Monarch were naturally accounted of more substantial value than a strict adherence to the time-worn maxim of Pope Clement XI, upon the inviolability of which such stress had been laid in the above appeal. Events in France were passing with appalling rapidity, and news of the execution of the Most Christian King caused so overwhelming a sensation in the Eternal City, that even Henry Stuart began to perceive the impropriety of arguing upon a mere point of honour and etiquette at so terrible a moment. Services for the murdered King were performed in all the churches of Rome, and the Cardinal Duke arranged for a Requiem Mass of special splendour to be sung in his Cathedral at Frascati for the soul of Louis XVI, to whom, through his great-grandmother, Henrietta-Maria of France, he was distantly related.

But alarming as was the general situation at this moment, the peril in which Rome and the Roman States then stood was intensified by a most unfortunate incident that occurred in the city itself during the course of the very month that witnessed the French King's savage

¹ *Stuart Papers.*

execution. A young official of the newly-formed French Republic, Hugo Basseville by name, who happened to be stopping in Rome on his way to Naples, had the folly and the insolence to make a public demonstration of his extreme political and religious views. Driving in a hired carriage through the crowded Corso on the day of a public festival of the Church, this truculent young Frenchman openly displayed the tricolor, and distributed revolutionary tracts amongst the populace; a feat which had the inevitable consequence of exciting the Republican element to acts of violence and of infuriating the loyal citizens of Rome. During the riot that could not fail to result from such outrageous behaviour, young Basseville was killed outright by a knife-thrust, and though his fate was obviously no more than he deserved, and though the Papal Government took certain measures to punish the rioters, yet the “murder of Basseville,” as it was termed in Paris, was treasured up by the French Directory as an useful excuse for invading the States of the Church on some future and convenient occasion. In the meantime Pius VI had openly allied himself with the First Coalition, consisting of Great Britain, Austria and Prussia, against the victorious Republic of France, and—as we have already mentioned—British troops were now actually disembarked at Civita Vecchia for the protection of Rome, the Pontiff in person presenting a plumed helmet to General Brown Clayton, who commanded the force.

But the opportunity, long coveted by the French Directory, of entering the Papal States, at last arrived in the summer of 1796, when Napoleon Buonaparte, then commanding the French army in Northern Italy, crossed

the Po, and without any opposition seized Bologna, the second city of the States of the Church. At the news of this dreaded, though scarcely unexpected irruption of the French forces, Pius VI hastily called together a Consistory of the Cardinals, at which it was decided to dispatch Signor Gnudi to make the best terms possible with the conqueror; and very harsh indeed were the terms that Gnudi ultimately obtained, when we consider how little harmful to the French Republic had been the open hostility of the Pope, who had practically confined his operations of war "to anathemas against the Revolutionists, and to prayers for the Success of the First Coalition."¹ Even as it was, the very severe Articles of the Peace of Bologna, signed "le 5 Messidor du IV année de la république française" (June 23rd, 1796), were stated by Napoleon in the preamble of the treaty to have been milder than it had been originally intended to make them, out of deference to the feelings of the King of Spain, the ally of the French Directory, whose Ambassador at Rome, the Chevalier Azara, was present during the course of the negotiations. Broadly speaking, the terms of the Peace of Bologna compelled the Pope to detach himself from the Coalition of the European Powers, to close the ports of Ancona and Civitâ Vecchia to the ships of his former allies, and to admit those of the French Republic instead; and finally to allow a temporary French occupation of the districts of Bologna and Ferrara. But far worse than all these stipulations, this treaty, wrung from a helpless potentate, contained clauses to the effect that a sum of nearly £1,500,000 sterling must be paid within a short space of time by the Papal Government, and that one

¹ J. H. Rose, *Life of Napoleon I.*

hundred of the choicest works of art, together with five hundred of the most valuable manuscripts in Rome itself, must be surrendered up to agents of the French Republic who would be sent to Italy for the express purpose of selecting them.

It would be scarcely surprising to find Pius VI and his Cardinals endeavouring to find some means of escape from the obligations of so brutal and humiliating an armistice, forced upon an unwarlike State by sheer terror of pillage and slaughter; yet the terms of the Peace of Bologna were being loyally observed in Rome itself, when at a false report of Austrian victories in the North a general uprising, that had its headquarters at Lugo, took place in the neighbourhood of Ferrara, shortly after the signing of the treaty. This insurrection, which was fostered by certain patriotic but unwise priests, and may be compared on a tiny scale with the Vendéean revolt in western France, was quickly and easily suppressed by General Angereau, who was soon able to write to his master, Napoleon, from Bologna, that “the Apostolic Army and its headquarters have ceased to exist. The *Chouans* of the Romagna and the Ferrarese have been beaten, chased and scattered on all sides, and I feel pretty sure that the idea of engaging with us again will not occur to them for a long time.”¹

Although the Papal Government had had no official connection whatever with the late movement and disturbances in the Romagna, yet Napoleon six months later made the matter an excuse for another descent upon the unprotected States of the Church. Strengthened by the capture of Mantua (January 1797), the invincible French

¹ Artaud, *Histoire du Pape Pie VII.*

General now advanced southward to Ancona, whereupon Pius VI with all haste sent his nephew, the Duke Braschi-Onesti, Cardinal Mattei, and other plenipotentiaries to treat a second time with the invader, so as to avert at any cost an actual occupation of Rome itself. With the Papal envoys there came also to Tolentino—a small town not far distant from Ancona, which had been named as the scene of this fresh conference—Monsieur Cacault, the representative of the French Republic in Rome, who was already busied in exacting the terms of the Peace of Bologna, and who, during this crisis, acted with a certain amount of tact and courtesy towards the unfortunate Pope and his Government. Cacault seems to have pleaded with Napoleon for mild treatment, yet the Pope had to buy peace at a still more exorbitant price than it had been obtained some eight months before. The terms of the Treaty of Tolentino, signed on February 19th, 1797—“le ler Ventôse an V de la république française, une et indivisible”—by Napoleon and Cacault on one side, and Cardinal Mattei on the other, declared that the Pope must formally renounce all his rights to Avignon and the ancient territory of the Papacy in France; that Ancona must be left in the possession of the French army, and that Bologna, Ferrara and the Romagna must be ceded to form part of the newly-established Cispadane Republic. Also, Clause X of the treaty enacted that a further sum of £1,200,000 sterling must be paid by the already impoverished Papal Treasury.

If the strain of the first indemnity, required under the Armistice of Bologna, had severely tried the public and private resources of Rome, this fresh levy was felt yet more cruelly, so that the most rigorous measures of

taxation and the greatest private self-denial were found necessary to meet this additional demand. What remained of the famous treasure of Pope Sixtus V in the Castle of Sant' Angelo was now withdrawn for the public use; an order was issued for the melting down of much of the Church plate in Rome; great ladies were importuned to present their jewels for the pressing needs of the Church, and all classes were invited to help in collecting together the blackmail now demanded as the price of immunity, at least for a season, from the horrors and indignities of a French occupation of the Holy City.

Of those who now set the noble example of self-deprivation for the benefit of the State and of the Church, the Cardinal Duke, as might be expected, appeared one of the foremost. Any feeling of resentment towards Pius VI for his former disregard of his royal claims and his open alliance with the Usurper of the throne of the Stuarts was absolutely forgotten in this hour of imminent danger, and the Prince now came forward at the Pope's appeal to present what practically amounted to the whole of his private fortune. The splendid embossed shield of solid gold, given by the Austrian Emperor to the Cardinal Duke's great-grandfather, the brave King John Sobieski of Poland, in commemoration of his defeat of the Turks before Vienna; the Great Ruby of Poland, of the size of a pigeon's egg, and valued at upwards of £50,000, that had long ago been pledged by the impecunious Government of that unhappy kingdom to the Sobieski family; and other historic and beloved heirlooms of two royal Houses, which Henry Stuart represented in his own person, were willingly surrendered by their owner for the good of the city and of the Holy

See. Thanks to such generous contributors as Henry Stuart, the Roman Treasury at length managed to collect the whole of the sum named by the Treaty of Tolentino, and by this payment secured a few months' respite from the terrible fate which must have appeared inevitable, sooner or later, to Consalvi, and other practical politicians of the Roman Court. Thus drew towards its close the terrible year 1797, leaving the Eternal City in mourning for the spoliation of its fairest art treasures, that convoys were already bearing off to Paris, with its nobles, both lay and priestly, impoverished, and with its Government only too well aware that the alarms and humiliations of Bologna and Tolentino were but a fore-taste of still harsher treatment in the near future.

CHAPTER X

THE ROYAL PENSION. 1798-1800

" Illustrious Isle, fair Freedom's last retreat !
The Throne of Honour ! pure Religion's seat !
Object of Europe's envy and her hate !
Still shalt thou stand amongst the nations great ;
Still shall the persecuted Stranger find
Thy happy shores the refuge of Mankind !
And the *last Prince of Darnley's House* shall own
His debt of gratitude to *Brunswick's Throne*!"

THE respite from invasion that Pius VI and his Cardinals had bought at so costly a price proved very short-lived. A disturbance during the last days of December 1797, resulting from the attempt of General Duphot and some revolutionaries to place the banner of Liberty on the ancient Roman Capitol, ended in a fierce collision between the Papal troops and the rioters, during which Duphot and some of his comrades were killed. The affair was of no great importance in itself, but it gave the French Directory a welcome excuse to enter once more the Roman States, and a further opportunity of annexing them, now that the Papal Treasury had been previously drained of all its resources. Early in the following year, therefore, General Berthier, at the head of 18,000 men, was sent southward to advance upon Rome, and, unmolested, he entered the defenceless

city on February 10th, 1798. The French occupation was at once succeeded by every sign of complete conquest; the Tree of Liberty was planted in the Campo Vaccino, or Cattle Market, the humble name by which the historic Roman Forum was then called; the tricolor was seen to fly from the Castle of Sant' Angelo; the *Marseillaise* was played by bands parading the principal streets and squares; and, last indignity of all, the Supreme Pontiff was forcibly removed from the palace of the Quirinal and placed under guard in the abbey of the Certosa, near Florence, whence after a few months he was deported to Valence, to end his days as a prisoner on French soil.

The day before the bloodless entry of the French troops into Rome, the Cardinal Duke had fled from Frascati, as much on account of the local uprising of disaffected persons as from fear of the advancing army. Certain objects of value in the palace and villa were removed and hidden for security in the houses of poor but grateful dependants, for, unlike the Persian Emperor, Henry Stuart did not find himself altogether

“Deserted in his hour of need
By those his former bounty fed;”

but there was little time wherein to make proper preparations for a long absence. Hastily collecting his few remaining jewels and such pieces of his plate as could be conveniently carried, the Cardinal Duke, with several of his servants, hurried from his cathedral city in the only direction left open to him: the coast road by way of Terracina towards Naples, which the Austrian General, Mack, was then covering. His flight was timely, for

Frascati was by no means free from the revolutionary spirit of the day, which agitators were doing their utmost to inflame, and which seems even to have affected some of his own trusted clergy. Hardly had his Bishop retired, than Giovanni Battista Arini, one of the Canons of the Cathedral and a Professor of Theology at the Seminary, made a public harangue in favour of the new order of things, in which he pointedly alluded to "the chains of a lengthy period of slavery," and to "the restoration of primal rights of mankind that had been filched by despots";—"if ever, Citizens," declared this worthy Professor of Theology, amid the applause of the local revolutionary Committee, "there were an opportune spot for transplanting the Tree of Liberty, it is certainly the broad and pleasant hillside of our own Tusculum."¹ By his flight, therefore, the Cardinal Duke was at least spared the indignity of witnessing such unbecoming and ungrateful behaviour on the part of a leading ecclesiastic in whom he had previously placed his full confidence.

On reaching Naples Henry Stuart found many other Cardinals, likewise fugitives from Rome, already assembled, and for ten months the Neapolitan capital afforded a refuge to the old man, for the first time in his long life pursued and harassed. But the rapid and alarming development of the political situation, including amongst other misfortunes the utter rout of the Neapolitan troops at the battle of Cività Castellana before the close of the year, made that city insecure as a place of retreat. General Mack's retirement having left the road to

¹ *Il Discorso del Cittadino Canonico G. B. Arini in occasione del Convito patriottico Tuscolano.—(Roma, l'anno primo della Repubblica Romana.)*

Naples exposed to the victorious French, the King and Queen of the Two Sicilies decided to make use of the British fleet, then lying in the harbour, and to abandon their practically defenceless capital to the mercies of the advancing French troops, or to the excesses of the *lazzaroni*, the powerful class of Neapolitan idlers, cut-throats and beggars, who had everything to gain and nothing to lose by a period of riot and anarchy. Late in the evening of December 21st, therefore, Lord Nelson, the British Admiral in command, landed secretly with three barges below the great Bourbon palace that overlooks the Arsenal, and took the whole Neapolitan Royal Family, together with Sir William and Lady Hamilton, on board his flagship, the *Vanguard*. Two days later, the *Vanguard* and about twenty other vessels sailed for Palermo in a tempest of which Nelson declared he had never experienced the like since he had been at sea, and reached the Sicilian capital on the morning of December 26th, after a passage so terrible that Prince Albert, the youngest of the Neapolitan princes, died in the arms of Lady Hamilton on Christmas Day.¹

There is a time-honoured tradition that the Cardinal Duke was conveyed on Nelson's flagship to Palermo, thereby affording the curious spectacle of a British man-of-war carrying the British Pretender to a place of safety; but in reality Henry Stuart had left Naples some hours before the Royal Family embarked on the *Vanguard*. He chartered a small coasting vessel for himself, the faithful Monsignore Cesarini, and his valet Eugenio Ridolfi; and having arranged for his household to follow two days

¹ Letter to Admiral the Earl of St. Vincent, included in Sir H. Nicholas, *Despatches and Letters of Lord Nelson*. (London, 1845.)

later, set sail on December 21st for Messina. But the continuous bad weather then prevailing over the Tyrrhene Sea caused the venerable fugitive endless delay and protracted misery, for the poor little ship was storm-tossed for twenty-three days before it finally reached Messina. Considering all the peril and discomfort he had endured, Henry Stuart landed in fairly good health, and was cheered by finding that his three brother Cardinals Pignatelli, Doria, and Braschi (the Pope's nephew), had, already arrived. In order to save expense, these four princes of the Church now arranged to live together in one house for some weeks, and then to hire another vessel to carry them direct to Venice, which, being in the occupation of the Austrians in accordance with the terms of the recent Treaty of Campo Formio, had been secretly fixed upon by the Cardinals collected at Naples as the scene of the next Conclave: an event that the shortly expected death of the exiled Pius VI rendered imminent. In due course of time the Cardinal Duke's servants arrived, much terrified and exhausted by their late experiences at sea, which had so alarmed one of their number, the head cook, Giacinto, that this man, dreading the prospect of a further sea-voyage to Venice, deserted his master's service, and returned overland from Reggio to Frascati. Here he appeared on February 9th, bringing the bad news of his master's flight from Naples:—"His Royal Highness is utterly overwhelmed by the calamities fallen on Holy Church, by his enforced removal from his beloved Tuscan flock, by the privations he has been obliged to suffer, and by the strain on his delicate constitution."¹ This dismal report brought by Giacinto

¹ *Diario del Cardinale Duca.*

was the only piece of news concerning the royal Patron's plight and movements received at Frascati between the end of December and the middle of July, much to the anxiety of his trusted clergy and of his many remaining friends, who in the course of the summer saw their absent Bishop's goods put up to public auction by the agents of the new Roman Government.

During his six weeks of waiting at Messina the Cardinal Duke met with an accident which, though slight in itself, was destined to cause him much discomfort for the rest of his life. Whilst stepping into a coach he gave himself a bruise on the shin (*una stincatura*) that owing to his advanced years and general state of ill-health refused to heal, and thus remained an open sore, in course of time depriving him of the use of his right leg.¹ In spite of this injury, however, he determined to proceed to Venice, and crossing the Straits of Messina to Reggio on the opposite Calabrian coast towards the end of February, he engaged a Greek merchant-vessel to carry himself and Cardinals Braschi and Pignatelli to their destination.

But the Adriatic Sea proved fully as treacherous and unkind as the Tyrrhene, and after the ship had been tempest-driven for some days off the coast of Apulia, her captain was obliged to head for Corfù and run into port. Happily for the illustrious wanderers, the island had recently been cleared of its French garrison, and the harbour of Corfù was now being held by the Turkish and Russian squadrons, whilst Monsieur Spiridion Foresti, whose services were highly appreciated by Nelson, was then acting as British Consul in the town, so that the

¹ *Diario del Cardinale Duca.*

Cardinals found themselves amongst friends. Abdul Cadir Bey, the Ottoman vice-admiral, received the fugitives with every mark of respect, and assistance was readily granted. After remaining at Corfù some time, the Cardinal Duke and his companions re-embarked, and finally reached Trieste in the early summer without any further mishap, and from this port they crossed to Venice.¹ Here Henry Stuart, "infirm as well as destitute," and suffering great pain from the sore in his leg and also from an attack of inflammation of the eyes, found a temporary lodging in a private house near the Rialto, which, however, his poverty soon compelled him to quit, driving him to seek the hospitality of a neighbouring monastery, where he remained until such time as he followed his brother Cardinals to Padua.

Meantime the story of the unhappy Prince's misfortunes, of his compulsory exile, and of the terrible straits to which he had lately been reduced, had reached England, where any doubts as to his melancholy plight were quickly dispelled by a letter that Cardinal Borgia thought fit to send from Padua to Sir John Hippisley, whose semi-official mission to the Papal Court and personal acquaintance with the Cardinal Duke we have already mentioned. Stefano Borgia, a member of the Italian branch of the great Spanish House, and one of the most erudite members of the Sacred College, "a man of science and literature," had long been on terms of intimacy with Henry Stuart, whilst he had also gained Sir John's confidence and respect during the period of his political negotiations in Rome. He was, therefore, especially fitted to act as intermediary in such a delicate business as the

¹ *Ibid.*

obtaining of financial aid from the British Government on behalf of the grandson and last representative of the dethroned James II:—

“PADUA, September 14th, 1799.

“The friendship with which you honoured me in Rome encourages me to lay before you a case worthy of your most mature reflection, which is that among the other Cardinals who have taken refuge in Padua, there is also the Cardinal Duke; and it is greatly afflicting to me to see so great a Personage, the last descendant of his Royal House, reduced to such distressed Circumstances, having been barbarously stripped by the French of all his property; and if they deprived him not of life also, it was through the mercy of the Almighty, Who protected him in his flight both by sea and land, the miseries of which, nevertheless, greatly injured his health, at the advanced age of seventy-five, and produced a very grievous sore in one of his legs.

“Those who are well informed of the most worthy Cardinal’s affairs, have assured me, that since his flight, having left behind him his rich and magnificent valuables, which were all sacked and plundered both at Rome and Frascati, he has been supported by the silver plate which he had taken with him, and of which he began to dispose at Messina; and I understand, that in order to supply his wants during a few months in Venice, he has sold all that remained.

“Of the jewels that he possessed very few remain, as the most valuable had been sacrificed in the well-known contributions to the French, our destructive plunderers; and with respect to his income, having suffered the loss of 48,000 Roman crowns annually by the French Revolu-

tion, the remainder was lost also by the fall of Rome; namely, the yearly sum of 10,000 crowns assigned to him by the Apostolic Chamber, and also his particular funds in the Roman bank.

"The only income he has left is that of his benefices in Spain, which amount to 14,000 crowns; but this, as it is only payable in paper at present, is greatly reduced by the disadvantage of exchange, and even that has remained unpaid for more than a year, owing, perhaps, to the interrupted communication with that kingdom.

"But here it is necessary that I should add that the Cardinal is heavily burdened with the annual sum of 4000 (? 6000) crowns for the dowry of the Countess of Albany, his sister-in-law; 3000 crowns for the mother of his deceased niece [Clementina Walkinshaw, Countess d'Alberstroff], and 1500 for divers annuities of his father and brother. Nor has he credit to supply the means of acquitting these obligations.

"This picture, nevertheless, which I present to your friendship, may well excite the compassion of every one who will reflect upon the high birth, the elevated dignity, and the advanced age of the Personage whose situation I now sketch in the plain language of truth, without resorting to the aid of eloquence. I will only entreat you to communicate it to those distinguished persons who have influence with your Government; persuaded as I am that English Magnanimity will not suffer an illustrious Personage of the same nation to perish in misery.

"But here I pause, not wishing to offend your natural delicacy which delights to act from its own generous dis-

position, rather than from the impulse and urgency of others. . . .—Your true friend and servitor,

“STEFANO, CARDINAL BORGIA.”¹

About the same time, Cardinal Borgia, in his anxiety on behalf of his ill-fated friend, also dispatched another letter,² couched in even stronger terms, to the King of Spain, in order to induce that monarch to make prompt payment of the arrears due to the Cardinal Duke from his Spanish and Mexican benefices; an effort which apparently proved fruitless.

On receipt of Cardinal Borgia's gracefully worded and ingenuous appeal, Sir John Hippisley (who was himself connected by his marriage with a daughter of Sir John Stuart of Allanbank with the great royal clan of Scotland) at once communicated with Mr. Andrew Stuart of Castle-milk, the celebrated lawyer and author of the *Genealogical History of the Royal Stewarts*, who was also acquainted with the Cardinal Duke; with the result that a formal memorial was presented to Mr. Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville. Dundas, in his turn, showed Sir John's and Mr. Stuart's memorial to King George III, who, after first consulting with the Duke of Sussex, at once expressed his approval of Cardinal Borgia's suggestion, and his deep sympathy with his distant relative.³ At the same time, His Majesty gave orders that a draft for £500 should at once be remitted to Venice, to provide for the immediate needs of the Illustrious Personage; and he also promised

¹ Copies of Letters presented by Sir J. C. Hippisley to the British Museum, 1801.

² *Stuart Papers.*

³ The Cardinal Duke was third cousin twice removed to King George III.

to provide later an adequate pension for so long as circumstances should compel him to require such assistance. The successful result of Sir John Hippisley's and Mr. Stuart's endeavours is to be seen in a somewhat mysterious letter, written in French, to Cardinal Borgia, which is unsigned, but is dated November 22nd, 1799, with a postscript added four days later :—

" LONDRES, 22 Nov. 1799.

" MONSIEUR,—I have been hoping to be able to give Your Eminence a final account of the success of our mission, but matters are too confused at this moment to allow of an immediate settlement. I am, however, persuaded that in a few days' time this interesting matter will be laid before the eyes of *the High Personage* from whom flows every grace; and I do not doubt but that the impartial sentiments of his high soul will prove propitious to our desires. I hope meanwhile that Your Eminence will give all the consolation that is possible to your Illustrious Friend, and will try to prevent his being obliged to despoil himself of *the remainder* of the precious objects which have been for so many years in his family, and which have gained thereby a sentimental value that is higher than their intrinsic worth. I think I can promise in eight or ten days to give Your Eminence news that we shall be able to ward off another similar catastrophe, and it will perhaps be as well during this interval for us to despatch under *Your Eminence's name* a letter of credit for £500 sterling which will be sent by to-day's courier to Mr. Conrad Martens in Venice, and which Your Eminence can acknowledge. I hope that by this arrangement, though a poor one, Your Eminence will be able to stop

for the time being the progress of these misfortunes which have afflicted your high mind for so long a space of time. Your Eminence will of course understand that this small sum—so inadequate to its real object—is only sent *per interim*, and in a private manner; but it often happens that a small sum promptly sent is worth more than a larger one sent later. *Bis qui cito dat.* I flatter myself in any case, Monseigneur, that I can soon give you news from London of a *settlement* which will not be unworthy of this interesting object, and I have no doubt as to the discreet and graceful manner whereby such an arrangement will be notified to the Personage in whose favour it will be made. Nobody better than Your Eminence can render justice to the true motives which rule in this case, and nobody better than yourself can make it acceptable and pleasant to the sensitive soul of your Illustrious and respectable Colleague.

“Nov. 26.

“I have the satisfaction to inform Your Eminence that a life-annuity, which will, I trust, be found adequate by the Personage for whose benefit it is intended, is shortly to be arranged. Of this Your Eminence will be informed either through myself, or through another and a worthier channel. I hope in a few days' time that £1000 sterling will be remitted for the same object, either to Your Eminence, or to your Illustrious Friend by another hand.”¹

The letter containing this timely assistance reached Cardinal Borgia about the close of the year 1799 at

¹ *Stuart Papers.*

the precise moment when the thirty-four Cardinals then assembled in Venice were shut up in a Conclave (which was destined to prove one of the longest in Papal annals) in order to choose a successor to the unfortunate Pius VI, who had died in exile on August 29th. All who know Venice will recall to mind the great rose-coloured pile of buildings with the tall campanile and splendidly proportioned church, which are usually accounted the architect Palladio's happiest effort and form so stately a feature of the Venetian lagoons as seen from the Doge's Palace; but few visitors on approaching this sea-girt convent have realised that this beautiful and sequestered spot was the scene of one of the most momentous events in the recent history of the Papacy. General opinion had deemed it next to impossible that the remaining Cardinals, driven from Rome and scattered in different directions, would ever be able to collect together so as to hold the usual ceremonies of the Conclave necessary to the valid election of another Pontiff. But in the isolated monastery of San Giorgio the time-honoured and intricate system of a Papal election was proceeding in the winter of 1799 as smoothly and earnestly as if it had been taking place in Rome itself. In spite of his extreme old age Cardinal Albani, Bishop of Ostia, was officiating as Dean of the Sacred College on this occasion, and Cardinal Consalvi—afterwards nicknamed by Napoleon "the Siren of Rome" on account of his eloquence and diplomatic address—was acting as Secretary, whilst the Cardinal Duke of York was filling his usual post of Sub-Dean. The Cardinals assembled in Conclave at San Giorgio readily admitted the bearer of this welcome letter with its draft of money for the

immediate wants of the venerable Henry Stuart; and Cardinal Borgia, in acknowledging the receipt of this remittance, mentions that all the princes of the Church were deeply interested and gratified to hear of "this generosity of England towards their illustrious colleague."

Meanwhile the final arrangements for an annual pension of £4000 to be paid half-yearly were being hurried forward in England, so that on January 20th, 1800, Mr. Thomas Coutts, the royal banker, was able to write (presumably with the King's knowledge) direct to the Cardinal Duke at Venice the following interesting letter, in which he offers his services:—

"... The Cardinal will remember to have seen at Frascati in 1790 a Mr. Coutts and his wife and three daughters. The eldest daughter is now married to the Earl of Guildford, and the second to Sir Francis Burdett, whose family have been much attached to the House of Stuart as late as 1745 and since. The third is unmarried and living with her mother and me, and remembers the distinguished honour she received at Frascati, when you put on her finger with your own royal hand the ring which King Charles wore at his coronation. On my return to England, giving an account of what I had seen abroad to His Majesty King George the Third, I did not omit a particular detail of the honours I had received at Frascati, and of the uncommon politeness as well as the elegant and princely manner in which they were conferred. Neither did I fail to notice the very handsome and most liberal terms in which your sentiments of his character were expressed. I had also the honour of showing at that time to his Majesty

the silver medal given to me with so much condescension at Frascati. He questioned me on the likeness, said he was much pleased to have seen it, and imply'd that few he supposed would have mentioned the subject to him, but that they were much mistaken who imagined he did not very sincerely regard the family of Stuart, who were worthy of all good men's attention, were it only for their misfortune. He was so good [as] to receive and accept from me with his own hand the medal I had the honour to receive from yours. I have long been acknowledged his banker, and I have also transacted the business of all his royal sons. . . . My remaining and only ambition is to be the hand by which the benevolence of Britain from the best of men shall be conveyed to the last of that illustrious line, the rightful former sovereigns of Scotland, England, and Ireland. It lies with you to make the choice. . . .”¹

Within three weeks of the receipt of Mr. Coutts' letter, an official communication from Gilbert Elliot, Lord Minto, then British Ambassador at Vienna, was delivered to the Cardinal Duke in person by young Mr. Charles Oakeley, one of Lord Minto's secretaries, and the eldest son of Sir Charles Oakeley, a former distinguished Governor of Madras :—

“VIENNA, 9 Feb. 1800.

“MY LORD,—I have received the orders of His Majesty the King of Great Britain to remit to Your Eminence the sum of £2000 sterling, and to assure Your Eminence that you will cause him great pleasure

¹ *Historical MSS. Commission Report.*

by accepting this mark of interest and esteem. I have at the same time been commanded to communicate to Your Eminence His Majesty's intention to transmit from him a like sum of £2000 sterling in the month of July, should circumstances continue such as to make Your Eminence desire it.

"I have therefore the honour to inform you that the sum of £2000 sterling has been placed at the house of Messrs. Coutts and Company, bankers, London, at the disposal of Your Eminence. In carrying out the commands of the King my Master, I trust that Your Eminence will believe me to be infinitely alive to the honour of being the agent for the noble and touching sentiments that have dictated to His Majesty the mission on which he has deigned to employ me: sentiments that have been inspired in him as much by his own virtues and by the high qualities of the August Personage who is the object of his bounty, as by his wish to repair in every way possible the disasters by which the Universal Scourge of our times seems desirous of destroying by preference all that is most worthy of veneration and respect.

"I beg Your Eminence to accept the assurance both of my respectful homage and of the profound Veneration with which I have the honour to be Your Eminence's very humble and very obedient Servant,

"MINTO,

"Env. Ex. & Min. Plen. de S. M. B.

"à la Cour de Vienne."¹

This polite and cordial letter (which practically amounted to an indirect communication from the King

¹ *Annual Register, 1807.* (Translation of the original in French.)

himself to his distant cousin ; from the reigning George III to the *de jure* Henry IX), was at once answered by its illustrious recipient in grateful and dignified, though quaintly expressed, terms :—

“ VENICE, February 26th, 1800.

“ With the arrival of Mr. Oakeley, who has been this morning with me, I have received by his discourse, and much more by your letter, so many Tokens of your regard, singular Consideration, and attention for my Person, that oblige me to abandon all sort of ceremony, and to begin abruptly to assure you, My Dear Lord, that your letter has been most acceptable to me in all shapes and regards. I did not in the least doubt of the noble way of thinking of your generous and beneficent Sovereign ; but I did not expect to see in writing so many and so obliging expressions that, well calculated by the Persons who receive them and understand their force, impressed in their minds a lively sense of tenderness and gratitude which, I own to you, obliges me more than the generosity spontaneously imparted.

“ I am in reality at a loss to express in writing all the sentiments of my heart, and for that reason leave it entirely to the interest you take in all that regards my Person to make it known in an energetical and convenient manner all I fain would say to express my thankfulness which may easily be by you comprehended after having perused the contents of this letter.

“ I am obliged to you to have indicated to me the way I may write unto Coutts the Court Banker, and shall follow your friendly insinuations. In the meantime I am very desirous that you should be convinced of my

sentiments of sincere esteem and friendship with which,
My dear lord, with all my heart I embrace you.

"HENRY CARDINAL."¹

Simultaneously with his reply to Lord Minto, the Cardinal Duke dispatched a second letter of thanks to Sir John Hippisley, whose ardent services on his behalf he was quick to recognise; for it was patent to him, and indeed to all concerned in the matter of the pension, that this "benevolent and munificent act of his Majesty" was the direct result of Sir John's appeal to the King through Mr. Dundas:—

"Your letters fully convinced me of the cordial interest you take in all that regards my Person, and am happy to acknowledge that principally I owe to your friendly efforts, and to those of your friends, the succour generously granted to relieve the extreme necessities into which I have been driven by the present dismal circumstances. I cannot sufficiently express how sensible I am to your good heart: and write these few lines in the first place to contest to you these my most sincere and grateful sentiments and then to inform you by means of Mr. Oakeley, an English Gent^a arrived here last week, I have received a letter from Lord Minto from Vienna, advising me that he had orders from his Court to remit to me the sum of £2000 Sterling, and that in the month of July I may draw again, if I desire it, for another equal sum. The letter is written in so extremely obliging and genteel a manner, and with expressions of singular regard and consideration for me, that, I assure

¹ *Annual Register, 1807.*

you, excited in me most particular and lively sentiments, not only of satisfaction for the delicacy with which the affair has been managed, but also of gratitude for the generosity with which it has been provided for my necessity.

"I have answered Lord Minto's letter, and gave it Saturday last to Mr. Oakeley, who was to send it by that evening's post to Vienna, and have written in a manner that I hope will be to his Lordship's satisfaction. I own to you that the succour granted to me could not be more timely, for, without it, it would have been impossible for me to subsist on account of the absolutely irreparable loss of all my income, the very funds being also destroyed; so that I would otherwise have been reduced during the short remainder of my life to languish in misery and indigence. I would not lose a moment's time to apprise you of all this, and am very certain that your experienced good heart will find proper means to make known in an energetical and proper manner these sentiments of my grateful acknowledgments.

"The signal obligations I am under to Mr. Andrew Stuart for all that he has, with so much cordiality on this occasion, done to assist me, render it for me indispensable to devise, that you may return him my sincere thanks, assuring him that his health and welfare interest me extremely: and that I have with great pleasure received from Gen. Acton the genealogical history of our family, which he was so kind as to send me; I hope that he will, from that gentleman, have already received my thanks for so valuable a proof of his attention for me.

"In the last place, if you think proper, and an occasion should offer itself, I beg you make known to the other gentlemen also who have co-operated my most

grateful acknowledgments; with which, my dear Sir John, with all my heart I embrace you.—Your best of Friends,

“HENRY CARDINAL.

“VENICE, 26th February, 1800.

“To Sir J. C. HIPPISLEY, Bart.,
“London.”¹

Meanwhile the interest and sympathy of all classes of the British nation had been aroused on behalf of the suffering and gentle “Pretender,” and whilst the Cardinal Duke was sending his sincere thanks to Lord Minto and to Sir John Hippisley, the *Times*, in a leading article of February 28th, expressed its satisfaction in the warmest terms at the projected pension, and its deep regret for the Cardinal Duke’s unmerited misfortunes that made such assistance desirable :—

“The Cardinal of York, the brother of Charles Edward, early dedicated himself to a life congenial with the habits of his mind. Placid, humane and temperate, he sought consolation for the misfortunes of his ancestors in a scrupulous observance of the duties of his religion apparently secured in his retirement from the storms and vicissitudes but too often attendant upon political life. The malign influence of the star which had so strongly marked the fate of so many of his illustrious ancestors was not exhausted; and it was peculiarly reserved for the Cardinal of York to be exposed to the shafts of adversity at a period of life when least able to struggle with mis-

¹ Copies of Letters presented by Sir J. C. Hippisley to the British Museum, 1801.

fortune. At the advanced age of seventy-five he is driven from his episcopal residence, his house is sacked, his property confiscated; and constrained to seek his personal safety in flight upon the seas under every aggravated circumstance that could affect his health or fortune."

In the following month of March the Conclave at length registered its final decision in favour of Cardinal Gregorio Chiaromonti, a Benedictine monk. He was elected Pope with all due formality on March 13th, after the Papal chair had been left vacant for over six months, and disdaining the evil fate of his predecessor, the new Pontiff at once assumed the official title of Pius the Seventh. A fortnight later, the Cardinal Duke received a long communication from Sir John Hippisley, acknowledging his letter "sent from the bosom of the Conclave," and assuring him of the pleasure His Majesty had felt in bestowing "this gracious attention to his royal relation":—

"Severe as has been your Eminence's sufferings, they will nevertheless find some alleviation in the general sympathy of the British nation: with all distinctions of parties, with all differences of communion, among all conditions of men, but one voice is heard: all breathe one applauding sentiment: all bless the gracious act of the Sovereign in favour of his illustrious but unfortunate relation. . . ."

To this letter the Cardinal Duke replies:—

"DEAR SIR JOHN,—I have not words to explain the deep impression your very obliging favour of March 31 made on me. You and Mr. Andrew Stuart's most friendly

and warm exertions in my behalf, the humane and benevolent conduct of your Ministers, your gracious Sovereign's noble and spontaneous generosity, the continuance of which you certify me depends on my need of it, were all ideas which crowded together on my mind, and filled me with most lively sensations of tenderness and heartfelt gratitude. What return can I make to so many and so signal proofs of disinterested benevolence? Dear Sir John! I confess I am at a loss how to express my feelings. I am sure however and very happy that your good heart will make you fully conceive the sentiments of mine, and induce you to make known, in an adequate and convenient manner, to all such as you shall think proper my most sincere acknowledgments.

"With pleasure I have presented your compliments to the Cardinals and other persons you mention who all return you their sincere thanks; the Canon [Angelo Cesarini] in particular, now Monsignore, being also a domestic prelate of His Holiness, begs you be persuaded of his constant respect and attachment to you.

"My wishes would be completely gratified, should I have the pleasure, as I most earnestly desire, to see you again at Frascati, and be able to assure you, by word of mouth, of my most sincere esteem, and affectionate, indelible gratitude.—Your best of friends,

"HENRY CARDINAL.

"VENICE, 7th May, 1800.

"To Sir J. C. HIPPISLEY, Bart.,
"Grosvenor Street, London."¹

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¹ *Copies of Letters of Sir J. C. Hippisley.*

Nobody can deny that George III's warm-hearted and generous offer of assistance to his hereditary rival, and the Cardinal Duke's grateful acceptance of this pension from the Privy Purse, forms not only an interesting and picturesque episode in our national history, but also makes a satisfactory conclusion to the century-old feud between the fortunate reigning House of Guelph and the dispossessed, unlucky Stuarts. Yet at the very time that he was living in such a state of destitution as to render the granting of King George's pension most welcome, Henry Stuart, as the only living descendant and sole heir of his grandmother, Queen Mary of Modena, possessed a claim—a claim that was genuine alike in its legal and moral aspects—against the British Government for no less a sum than a million and a half pounds sterling. The story of this obligation may here be rapidly sketched. At his accession to the throne in 1685 James II had hastened to settle by means of an Act of Parliament a life annuity of £50,000, "to be disposed of at her pleasure," upon his Queen-Consort, Maria-Beatrice d'Este of Modena, in the event of his decease; and through the King's withdrawal from his dominions in 1688 this provision for dower should naturally have come into operation, especially since that most constitutional of monarchs, William of Orange, had from the first no intention of disputing the validity of any Act of Parliament previously passed. Nevertheless, no income was paid to the Queen, although at the Peace of Ryswick Lillienroote, the Swedish Ambassador, notes a promise on the part of the English plenipotentiaries henceforward to pay this recognised annuity regularly, whilst William of Orange himself assured Marshal Boufflers, in reply to a direct request from Louis XIV,

that this matter of the jointure had never once been under dispute, and that it would be punctually attended to. Yet neither during William's reign, nor (what is still more strange) during that of Queen Anne, who might reasonably have been expected to consider the welfare of her father's widow, was one penny of her rightful dower ever paid to the pious, unhappy, and almost destitute Maria d'Este, whose solitary crime, even in British eyes, was that she had borne a son and heir to the dethroned King; and thus a Queen Dowager of England, although in the clear legal possession of a large income that had been duly granted by Parliament, was allowed to exist upon the bounty of the French Court for nearly thirty years. At length, in September 1718, the widow of James II died in great poverty at St. Germains, leaving as her representative her only son, James Stuart, at that time unmarried, who was debarred from claiming (if he had ever dreamed of so doing) the arrears of his mother's jointure by the Act of Attainder passed against him in 1701. Moreover, even had there been no such Act in existence to form a convenient and perfectly valid excuse for refusing payment of this sum to the only child of the dead Queen Dowager, it seems incredible that the British Government would ever have been inclined to surrender a million and a half of its own money to a personage who, though its natural and rightful owner, would without doubt have used this large sum as a means of political intrigue against its own existence. In the strict eye of the British Law, therefore, Queen Mary's only recognised heirs were her relations in Italy, and it is hard to conceive what pretext the Government could have found for denying the Duke of Modena's claim to the unpaid dowry, had

he chosen to apply for it officially ; but, either through indifference or through delicacy of feeling, the Este family never moved in the matter.

From the death of James II's widow nearly seventy years elapsed before we hear of any idea being mooted for the recovery of this outstanding debt from the British Treasury to the representatives of Queen Mary of Modena. The first attempt of the Royal Stuarts to obtain acknowledgment and payment of their claim occurs in the spring of 1785, and as this date happens to fall within a few months of the arrival of Charlotte Stuart at her father's palace in Florence, it is fairly safe to conclude that the entire scheme must have originated in that lady's fertile brain. As a matter of fact it was by no means an inopportune moment for the Chevalier to apply for this discharge of a debt which the English Statute of Limitations did not affect, and which imposed a true moral obligation on the part of the British Government towards the heirs of an exiled British king. Money that it would have been sheer folly to grant during the times of the long-past Jacobite danger, could with safety be bestowed upon its real owners, now that the House of Stuart was represented by two old men, one an invalid and the other a priest. Charlotte Stuart's quick mind seems to have grasped the possibilities of success, and it was without doubt at her eager suggestion that Charles now commissioned his faithful friend and chamberlain, the Jacobite peer, Lord Caryll, to seek the French King's good offices in obtaining a full recognition of this debt from the British Ministry. At the same time the Prince wrote to his brother at Frascati, acquainting him with this newly-conceived project, and requesting his assent

to the scheme as co-heir with himself of the vast sum of money at stake:—

“ My lord Caryll, on whose zeal and devotion we can count absolutely, has for some time past been charged by me with a commission to re-claim the debt which is due to us in England concerning the dowry of the late Queen, widow of James II. He has just written to me that it is necessary for him to show Monsieur le Comte de Vergennes a similar commission on your part, since the moment is favourable for negotiating this matter, and the Minister is disposed to serve us to the best of his power, without touching the honour of our family, my own position and my own rights. . . . As the matter is pressing, and we are awaiting your consent, you will, my very dear Brother, forgive my importunity,

“ CHARLES R.¹

“ June 7th, 1785.”

A certain Christopher Stonor, whom the Cardinal Duke asked for further particulars on receiving his brother's brief demand for immediate co-operation in his latest scheme, was not inclined to take a very hopeful view of the attempt.

“ It is doubtless,” he writes on June 12th to Henry Stuart, “ an affair of the greatest importance, but I fear of very dubious success, to say no more. The warmth of Lord Caryll's zeal is apt to raise his hopes beyond what there is reason to expect. However, a tentative, though fruitless, can do no harm. . . . ”²

It was, therefore, without any enthusiasm that the

¹ *Stuart Papers.*

² *Ibid.*

Cardinal Duke gave his consent to a plan in which he never appears to have been much interested, and which he probably regarded as undignified.

Although the French Court seems to have taken little active interest in Charles' efforts to recover this debt, yet Louis XVI gave instructions to the Comte de Vergennes to lay this curious appeal before the British Ministers, at the same time observing (so the story runs), "the Stuarts are an unlucky family, and I wish to hear no more of them :" a remark that within a very few years was to prove strangely applicable to his own unfortunate House. Nevertheless, on the whole, this unique, long-delayed claim for so enormous a sum of public money was not ill-received in London. The Earl of Pembroke, it is true, had an unsatisfactory interview in regard to the matter with Pitt, who curtly refused to acquaint George III with the nature of the demand, declaring that "it was a thing not to be mentioned to the King" ; but in legal circles a more favourable view of the Stuart claim was entertained. It was thereupon decided, probably by Caryll's advice, to take the highest English legal opinion on the question, and accordingly the celebrated lawyer, Francis Plowden, was approached by the joint claimants. A better choice of counsel could not have been made ; for Plowden, though an ardent Roman Catholic and a former pupil of the Jesuits at St. Omer, was at the same time a staunch Whig, and consequently free from all suspicion of Jacobite leanings, whilst he had a strong natural sympathy for all distressed clients of his own faith. The original draught of Plowden's professional opinion, which is dated November 8th, 1787, contains a most encouraging view of the success of the

proposed action. The learned lawyer first declares that, as the claim arises out of an unrepealed Act of Parliament, "the length of time which hath elapsed since the death of her late Majesty is no bar to the recovery of the arrears of her Jointure which was due to her at the time of her death." He next proceeds to state that, since the late Stuart King had lived and died under attainer (*civiliter mortuus*), and since his sons and co-heirs as the issue of an attainted individual were unable to sue in person, he strongly advises that the late Queen's Este relatives be asked to assist in the matter. He further adds that he believes the British Government neither dares nor desires to deny such a claim coming direct from the Este family, who, on obtaining part or whole of the sum, can then pay over the money received to the two grandsons of James II's widow. And it may be remarked here that an expedient, somewhat similar to that suggested by Plowden, had some fifty years ago been resorted to on behalf of the two young Stuart Princes with regard to the fortune bequeathed them by their uncle, Prince James Louis Sobieski, when the Pope had demanded from the Court of Vienna a sum of 400,000 florins in Austrian securities, which Charles and Henry Stuart had transferred by a nominal deed of gift to the Apostolic See on account of political difficulties that might have arisen from an open use of their own names.¹ Plowden also strongly recommends a compromise between the two Governments of Great Britain and Modena over the total amount to be disbursed, since he foresaw an unwillingness amongst English Ministers to pay over the sum claimed in its entirety. As to the Government

¹ *Historical MSS. Commission Report.*

sheltering itself behind William III's ancient Act of Attainder, Plowden indignantly declares that "it is looked upon as dishonourable, base and unjust to take advantage of any of the penal Laws which now subsist against the Catholics; or otherwise there could not be any property in the actual possession of a Catholic in this country."

Finally, for a "matter of such great importance and delicacy as the introduction of this business to the Court of Modena," the great lawyer admits that the most suitable person to apply to the reigning Duke is the Jacobite peer, Lord Caryll, as "the only person I know who ought to be entrusted with it from his knowledge of the Business, his Zeal in the Cause, and the personal respectability of his Character."¹

In spite, however, of the exertions of Caryll, of de Vergennes and other agents both in London and Paris, and the eager expectations of Charlotte Stuart in Italy, this attempt to obtain Queen Mary's rightful dower utterly failed. Plowden's suggestion of a compromise over the total sum claimed, and his plan of petitioning the Court of Modena, appeared distasteful to the two brothers, and especially to the Cardinal Duke; so that after the Chevalier's death, which occurred within three months of the receipt of Plowden's opinion, it is not surprising to learn that the efforts to obtain this million and a half of money were quickly relaxed and before long ceased. Charles had, nevertheless, in his will bequeathed his moiety of this unsubstantial fortune to his daughter, who in her turn devised her share of it to her uncle; consequently, at the time of the granting

¹ *Stuart Papers.*

of a royal pension to meet his pressing needs, Henry Stuart had become sole claimant to the immense dowry which had been legally voted to his grandmother by Act of Parliament, but of the enjoyment of which four English sovereigns—William III, Mary II, Anne, and George I—had most ungenerously deprived the unfortunate Queen Dowager of James II.

CHAPTER XI

DEAN OF THE SACRED COLLEGE. LAST YEARS AND DEATH. 1803-1807

"His life was innocence ; his end was peace."

BY the time of the election of Cardinal Chiaramonti as Pius VII, the political horizon in Italy had sufficiently cleared to allow of the Pope's return to his capital, which had been retaken from the French during the past winter and was now being held by Neapolitan troops in the name of the new Pontiff. The recapture of Rome was chiefly due to the combined firmness and capacity of Admiral Troubridge, then commanding the British squadron off the Italian coast, who soon made the French garrisons at Civitâ Vecchia and in the castle of Sant' Angelo perceive the wisdom of a speedy capitulation to superior forces. The formalities of conquest having taken place, Admiral (then Captain) Thomas Louis was rowed up the Tiber in a state-barge in order to hoist the British flag for the first and only time on the Roman Capitol, and to act temporarily as Governor of the city : thereby fulfilling a quaint and apparently impossible prediction of an Irish priest, Father McCormick, who to Nelson's intense amusement had foretold the surrender of Rome to the victorious

British Fleet in a complimentary ode addressed to the English admiral on his arrival at Naples.¹ And it is of interest to note that Nelson, "who was struck with the oddity of the circumstance and not a little pleased with it," subsequently recommended the lucky Father McCormick for preferment both to the Pope and to the King of Naples.²

After Louis' departure a provisional Government formed of members of the leading Papal families was set up, and these persons at once began to take every possible measure of revenge upon the late masters of the city, which, finding itself equally oppressed under this new form of tyranny, ardently longed for the election and return of a new Pope. But many months elapsed before the new Sovereign Pontiff deemed it advisable to return, although the Cardinals began singly and at intervals to arrive in Rome. Meanwhile the Cardinal Duke was again directing the affairs of his diocese from a distance, and amongst the various instructions received by his Chancellor at Frascati was the order for a strict enquiry into the conduct of such of his clergy as had during his absence sympathised with the late revolution; whilst Professor Arini, their ringleader, who prudently remained in close hiding, was deprived of all his offices, and threatened with further punishment if caught. Whilst the Chancellor and other priests were thus engaged in setting to rights the disturbed condition of the see, secretaries and stewards were busily employed in making fitting prep-

¹ Both Admiral Troubridge and Admiral Louis were subsequently created baronets for their services.

² R. Southey, *Life of Nelson*.

arations for their royal Patron's return; consequently the voluminous *Diary* is full of details of workpeople, of furnishing, and of buying every sort of necessity and luxury, for despite his low financial state (which he was ever deplored at this time) the Cardinal Duke seems to have had no intention of practising economy.

"Preparations are being made at Frascati, where nine new beds (besides that of His Royal Highness) have been placed. The episcopal house is being practically refurnished without any regard to expense. . . . In the palace of the Cancellaria they are working ceaselessly, and are now refurnishing the second floor. They are making arrangements for the kitchens, the store room and the stables. Five new carriages have been ordered and twelve horses and two mules bought. They are also working at the Casino near St. Peter's, which had lately been stripped of all its belongings. . . . Giuseppe Valadier is still employed in making a new pastoral staff of silver-gilt and also two silver-gilt vessels for the Holy Oils, etc. etc."¹

At last the Cardinal Duke, who had been resting for some little time at Siena, announces his definite intention of returning, together with Monsignore Cesarini. "On Wednesday, June 25th," records with deep satisfaction the writer of the *Diary*, "according to arrangements made, at 17½ o'clock there arrived at the Palace of the Cancellaria His Royal Highness and Eminence, safe and sound, coming from Siena, where he had stopped for

¹ *Diario del Cardinale Duca.*

some days after leaving Venice in order to await news of the safe return of the Holy Father."

The Corso and the other streets leading from the Porta del Popolo to the Cancellaria were lined with welcoming citizens, and in the courtyard of the palace itself were collected all the members of the Cardinal Duke's household, who greeted their beloved master's return in the true emotional manner of Italians, weeping like children and vying with each other to kiss his hand. To add to the general confusion both inside and without the palace a large military band that had been sent by the Government to greet the safe arrival of the Vice-Chancellor of the Apostolic See continued to play the liveliest and noisiest of complimentary music. To the joyful surprise of his friends the Cardinal Duke appeared to be in better health than they had dared to expect; for they found him of good colour and grown somewhat stouter. But they noticed with regret his injured leg, which had now become so sore and swollen that it had always to be kept encased in oil-cloth. After dining and taking some repose, the Cardinal Duke left two hours before sunset for Frascati, where his reception was even more enthusiastic than it had been in Rome:—

" His entry into Frascati was a true triumph for His Royal Highness, since the joy and show of affection that every class of person manifested proved to him how distasteful to his people had been the long absence of their loving Father, whom this day they saw with delight returning to their midst. Illuminations, brass bands, ringing of all the bells and shoutings were the tributes of homage that they pressed upon him until he reached the

episcopal palace, where his clergy and the leading citizens were standing ready to receive him.”¹

On the following Saturday, which happened to be the vigil of the great festival of SS. Peter and Paul, the Cardinal Duke left his Tuscan villa in order to make arrangements for the Pope’s expected state-entry into Rome. He was present at the High Mass in St. Peter’s next day, upon which occasion the *Diary* records the fact that the famous antique bronze statue of the Apostle that stands in the nave had been attired according to custom in its own special set of gorgeous vestments, “an honour of which the Saint’s effigy had been deprived during the last two years by order of the infamous infidel republicans.”

After the Pope had entered his capital and the festivities in honour of his return had at last drawn to a close, the Cardinal Duke retired once more to Frascati, with the intention of quitting his favourite place of residence as seldom as possible; nor was it long before the old life of splendour and charity, of sumptuous entertainment and of administrative zeal, was once more resumed, as if no interruption had happened. Such British visitors as now chanced to be in Rome were readily admitted to partake of the hospitality of the villa and palace at Frascati, and from some of these travellers we get interesting glimpses of the appearance and mode of life of the Cardinal Duke during these last few years of his long life. Noticeable amongst these foreign residents in Rome at this period were the Irish patriot-peer, Valentine Lawless, Lord Cloncurry, who has left a most amusing

¹ *Diario del Cardinale Duca.*

description of Roman society at the time of his visit, and the eccentric Frederick Augustus Hervey, Earl of Bristol and Bishop of Derry, who used habitually to ride about the streets of the city dressed in red-plush breeches and a broad-brimmed white hat, a striking costume that the Romans came to believe were the usual vestments of an Anglican prelate. Another distinguished Englishman, then residing constantly in or near Rome, was Prince Augustus Frederick, Duke of Sussex, whose marriage with Lady Augusta Murray had recently been declared null and void by the Prerogative Court. This Prince, the sixth son of King George III, whose warm recommendation of the Cardinal Duke's claims to his father had not a little helped to secure the royal pension, now became a frequent guest at the palace of La Rocca, on which occasions the royal Guelph duke and the last of the Stuarts were in the habit of "Royal-Highnessing each other incessantly." Lord Cloncurry (who did not scruple to address the Cardinal Duke as "Majesty," not from conviction but merely in order to ingratiate himself with his host), gives us several anecdotes, telling us that Henry Stuart was especially fond of private theatricals, which were usually performed in the saloons of the palace by the young professors and students of the Seminary, a favourite piece being the scene from *Don Quixote* between the Doctor and Sancho Panza in the island of Barataria. Once the Irish peer presented His Eminence with a telescope of English make, which so delighted the old man that he immediately gave his visitor in return one of the large silver "Henry IX" medals. According to Lord Cloncurry's estimate the Cardinal Duke's annual income at this time amounted to about £9000, including

the royal pension, barely half of his former ecclesiastical revenue; yet little or no retrenchment had taken place in his style of living, for the Cardinal Duke had positively refused to reduce the number of his servants.¹ It is not, therefore, surprising to learn that soon after his return to Frascati he dispatched more than one appeal to Mr. Coutts begging him to obtain an increase in his allowance, but without success.

But the most minute account we possess of the Cardinal Duke in these his declining years is afforded us by a Scottish traveller, Joseph Forsyth of Elgin, who was visiting Italy in 1802-3. Forsyth, who bore a letter of introduction to Henry Stuart, was greeted on the mention of his name by a foolish little jest concerning "Fore-sight" and "second-sight," that drew a laugh from such persons present as understood English, "which His Holiness (*sic*) talks pretty well for a foreigner." But on being told that his new guest's grandfather had fallen in the Stuart cause, the old man's eyes filled with tears,— "an emotion to which he was very subject,"—and Forsyth, though a person of no great social importance, was immediately invited to sit next to His Eminence at table: "a distinction," drily remarks the Scotchman, "that I owed to my poor grand-parent and not to myself." The Cardinal Duke likewise addressed most of his conversation to Forsyth during the meal, at which were present a Neapolitan duke, several Roman nobles, a bishop (doubtless Monsignore Cesarini) and some priests; but the critical visitor merely observes that his host said little, and in that little nothing of interest. Forsyth also remarks what he calls "a residue of royal state," spaces

¹ *Life and Times of Valentine, Lord Cloncurry.*

being left vacant on either side the Cardinal Duke's chair, and no guest venturing to break a period of silence until the host had first spoken. Henry Stuart, he further tells us, had the affectation of making use of common earthenware, whilst his guests were served off plate and the costliest of china. His dress and appearance are most carefully described :—

" His face is handsome, smooth, ruddy, without a wrinkle, except on the forehead. He stoops much and walks with difficulty, for one leg is sore and a source of health (*sic*) to him ; but the other has still the first shape of his great-uncle Charles II's. His dress was an alternation of red and black : a scarlet coif; a black coat lined with scarlet silk; a black silk mantle; a scarlet waistcoat; black velvet breeches; scarlet stockings; black shoes, scarlet heels; a purple coat laced with gold, and a plain episcopal gold cross on his breast."

The meal ended, a small dog was brought by a servant and placed on the table in order to perform some tricks, at which the Cardinal Duke remarked " very significantly " to Forsyth that it was of the King Charles breed. But that irreverent Irishman, Lord Cloncurry, who often dined at the Cardinal Duke's board, assures us this favourite dog of his was nothing else but a mongrel cur, cast off by its owner as being neither useful nor ornamental, that had one day outside St. Peter's followed Henry Stuart, who, remembering the legend that King Charles spaniels are supposed to find out and attach themselves only to persons of royal birth, and flattered at the poor creature's attentions to his own person, had the homeless dog carried

out to Frascati, where it became a great pet. Forsyth concludes by stating that the Cardinal Duke, as a claimant to sovereignty, pays no visits except to the Pope or to his neighbour and distant kinsman, Charles Emmanuel, ex-King of Sardinia.¹

For over three years after his return from exile this life at Frascati continued until its interruption by the death of his old friend, Cardinal Giovanni-Francesco Albani, and the consequent raising of Henry Stuart to the bishopric of Ostia and Velletri, to which is attached the Deanship of the Sacred College. To hold the second position in the Roman Catholic Church was a high honour, even to a prince who claimed a sovereign's rank, but the Cardinal Duke had now become too old and too infirm to appreciate any change in his mode of life. Unwillingly therefore he accepted the position that was inevitable, but at the same time he petitioned the Pope that in consideration of his great age and his deep attachment to and long connection with Frascati he might be allowed to keep possession of the palace of La Rocca, although no longer bishop of the city. To this request Pius VII, with the ready consent of Cardinal Doria, the new bishop, at once acceded, and the Rocca therefore remained Henry Stuart's chief and favourite residence for the remainder of his life. As to his new pastoral charge, the historic see of Ostia, which claims a direct foundation by the Apostles themselves, and has been held from time immemorial by the Senior Cardinal, consists merely of the strip of reedy swamp and wooded waste on the south bank of the Tiber that was once covered by the great

¹ Joseph Forsyth, *Remarks on Antiquities, Arts and Letters, during an Excursion in Italy in the years 1802, 1803.*

flourishing town of Ostia, the former seaport of ancient Rome. But scarcely a vestige of the famous city of antiquity exists to-day above ground, whilst the modern town is little better than a fortified hamlet containing a few hundred fever-stricken peasants, whose houses are huddled into an outer bastion of Sangallo's huge machicolated castle of red brick, erected by order of the warrior-pope Julius II to guard the river's mouth. Nevertheless, Ostia owns a tiny cathedral of great sanctity that is reputed to occupy the site of the house where St. Monica dwelt with her famous son St. Augustin of Hippo,—the Cardinal Duke's favourite author amongst the Fathers of the Church,—and also a dilapidated palace. But no splendid *Porporato* has ever taken up his abode in this remote, unhealthy spot, and a solitary, ague-stricken priest, charged with performing the necessary services for the people, is usually the sole representative of the Cardinal Dean in his episcopal city. It is not remarkable therefore that the aged Cardinal Duke, now failing alike in bodily and mental health, should never have visited the decayed but famous city, of which he was titular bishop for nearly four years.

On the other hand, Velletri of the mountains, which is always held in conjunction with Ostia of the plains, is a charming little town, rivalling and perhaps surpassing Frascati itself in the extent of its views and the beauty of its surroundings. Situated some twenty miles south of Rome, Velletri—the Velitræ of the ancients—nestles amongst the bosky Volscian hills, whose lower slopes are covered with the vineyards that produce the light wholesome wines that bear the city's name, whilst the whole neighbourhood is thickly wooded, and well

watered by many sparkling rivulets. The place contains numerous churches and a large cathedral; also many palaces, of which the most splendid belongs to the Massimo family, the chief land-owners of the district. Velletri would therefore have proved a pleasant enough place of residence, had its new bishop been younger or more vigorous; but in his present state of feebleness the Cardinal Duke lamented the uprooting of his forty-year-old associations with Frascati and its people, and dreaded any possible change to a new house and a new city, though they were but a few miles distant. Nevertheless, Henry Stuart frequently visited his new cathedral city, which he entered for the first time in state on November 20th, 1803, in order to be enthroned as bishop. On this great occasion we learn that "the sole surviving son and heir of the unconquered and immortal James III, King of Great Britain, of Scotland and of Jerusalem (*sic*) and valiant Defender of the Catholic Faith," passed beneath an elaborate triumphal arch erected in his honour by the delighted Velletrani. After the religious ceremonies and a banquet, a mock tournament was held in the grand piazza of the town, in which the noble youths of Velletri took part, and as darkness closed in the streets were lit by glass lanterns painted with the royal arms of England. But the principal feature of the city's entertainment of its new bishop was a vast and elaborate set-piece of fireworks, measuring eighty feet round its base and rising ninety feet into the air, that had been erected in one of the piazzas, its topmost pinnacle having been made to represent a cherub playing on a crowned harp, "such as appears in His Royal Highness' coat-of-arms,"—the well-known

emblem of Ireland. But the Cardinal Duke was too old and too languid to find much pleasure in yet another typical scene of Italian festivity such as he had witnessed on many previous occasions, and though seated in a convenient balcony in company with his friends he watched the revels held in his honour and applauded the effect of the great firework, he felt himself unable to offer any reply to the many addresses and compliments submitted to him, and therefore deputed the performance of this duty to the ever-useful Cesarini, who, if an invalid, was at least somewhat younger and less infirm than his patron. Ten days altogether were spent in Velletri, and then on December 1st both the Cardinal Duke and Monsignore Cesarini joyfully returned to Frascati; indeed, the latter, who suffered much from a malady of the heart, always complained that the air and climate of Velletri increased his complaint.¹

In spite of his eighty years and his ever-increasing weakness, the Cardinal Duke, obstinately refusing to remain quietly at home, still insisted on driving occasionally into Rome and taking part in the ceremonies at St. Peter's. But though the old spirit of energy and the keen sense of duty remained, his failing strength made these visits to the capital a source of great anxiety to his friends and servants. At the popular Roman festival of SS. Peter and Paul in 1804 he was present at the head of the Sacred College to greet the Pontiff's arrival at the portico of the great Vatican basilica, but the fatigue of the long service proved too severe for the old man's strength, and before its completion he was compelled to retire to the sacristy. The Mass concluded,

¹ *Relazione del Solenne Ingresso fatto in Velletri, Nov. 20, 1803, etc.*



Pius VII.

PIUS VII

the Pope in person came to inquire after the health of his Senior Cardinal, and whilst sympathising with his infirmitiess, His Holiness advised him, somewhat tactlessly, to return to Frascati immediately and never to leave it again; "a suggestion," records the *Diary*, "that His Royal Highness appeared not to relish." But so exhausted was he on this particular day that he had finally to be carried by the Swiss Guard in a litter to his coach at the foot of the steps outside the church; yet, so indomitable was his energy that he was actually able to attend this same festival on the following year (1805): an event which proved, however, to be his last visit to the great city of his birth which he loved so dearly.

During the course of the year 1804 the Papal Court was kept in a perpetual state of excitement over the projected visit of Pius VII to Paris in order to crown Napoleon Buonaparte Emperor.¹ As a Cardinal, Henry Stuart received a personal invitation to attend the great ceremony at Notre Dame in Paris, but was greatly annoyed at finding himself therein addressed simply as "Cousin" instead of "Brother" by the new Emperor, so that complaint as to the omission of his royal title was at once made to Cardinal Fesch, who promised to write to his nephew on the matter. But at this very time of anxious preparation for the Pope's departure, the Cardinal Duke's mind, that had for long been tottering, gave way

¹ On this occasion the Pope was lampooned by Pasquino :—

" Per conservar sa Fede lascia la Sede,
E per ritrovar la Sede lascia la Fede."

(To save the Faith he left the Holy See,
And to regain his Seat the Faith left he.)

completely, and he was seized with an attack of lethargy that seemed likely to prove fatal. News of her brother-in-law's sudden collapse and of his expected end had the effect of at once bringing Louise of Albany post haste to Rome, not to visit her former benefactor, but to confer privately with Monsignore Cesarini concerning the arrangements made for paying her jointure in the event of his death; her mind satisfied as to the security of her future income, the Countess quickly returned to Florence. After a great deal of bleeding and physicking the Cardinal Duke rallied and finally recovered part of his old force, although for the few remaining years of his life he was ever subject to similar attacks and also to the mild epileptic seizures known to the French as *petit mal*, which prevented him from taking any further part in the affairs of his diocese. Thenceforward Bishop Cesarini was forced to act as confidential secretary as well as coadjutor for his patron, whom he continued to tend with the most loving solicitude. A complete loss of the sense of tasting—"His Royal Highness can no longer relish his chocolate of a morning"—and (what was far more serious) a great loss of memory were now apparent; yet, in a letter dated October 15th, 1806, and sent in answer to the enquiries of the Duke of Sussex, Monsignore Cesarini states that the Cardinal Duke's general health is good considering his great age.¹

Nevertheless, Henry Stuart's last three years were chiefly passed in a state of senile decay,² and when a feverish chill during the midsummer heat of 1807 seized

¹ *Diario del Cardinale Duca.* Kelly, *Life of Cardinal York.* Historical MSS. Commission Report.

² Mastrofini, Note at the end of the *Orazione*.

him whilst staying at his villa, the enfeebled frame of the old man had little power of resistance left. For many days, however, the coaches of Roman nobles and of princes of the Church rolled backwards and forwards over the shadeless roads between Rome and Frascati through the heat and the dust of an Italian July, to enquire after the illustrious patient, who lay struggling with death for over a fortnight. But on the morning of July 13th—the forty-sixth anniversary of his consecration as Bishop of Frascati—it became evident to those around the sick-bed that the end was rapidly approaching. The prayers proper for a departing soul were thereupon repeated alternately by Cardinal Doria and Monsignore Cesarini until, at an early hour in the afternoon, the Cardinal Duke,

"consoled by the last comforts of the Church, fortified by the Apostolic blessing, with the hopes of a fervent Catholic in his heart, and with the serene faith of the just on his brow fled to God's bosom. . . . So disappeared from earth the last sublime glory of the House of Stuart."¹

Thus peacefully expired Henry Benedict Stuart, Cardinal Duke of York, Dean of the Sacred College and Vice-Chancellor of the Papal States, at the age of eighty-two years and four months, after having been a Cardinal over sixty years and a Bishop for nearly half a century; whilst for twenty-one years, five months and fourteen days he had lived a determined but pacific Pretender to the crown of a great kingdom whose soil he had never trod.

On the following day an autopsy was held by Dr.

¹ Atti.

Gegeo, after which the corpse was embalmed, and on the evening of July 16th the body of the dead Prince was carried to Rome escorted by cavalry and followed by a number of mourning coaches of Cardinals and nobles. The procession made its way direct to the Cancelleria, since Henry Stuart had died as Roman Vice-Chancellor, and in the great hall of the palace, which had temporarily been turned into a mortuary chamber, the catafalque had been prepared. Upon this was laid the body vested in the magnificent robes of a Cardinal Bishop, with the mitre, crozier, and Scarlet Hat placed at the feet together with an escutcheon bearing the royal arms; but no regal crown was visible at the obsequies of the Cardinal King Henry IX of Great Britain, France and Ireland. For three days the Pontifical Guards watched beside the body, whilst many thousands of spectators passed through the great hall to take a last look over a sable-draped barrier upon the face of the dead Prince. Being July, there were few British visitors in Rome to attend the lying-in-state at the Cancelleria; or the grand Requiem Mass in the neighbouring Church of Sant' Andrea della Valle, at which Pius VII and twenty-seven Cardinals assisted; or the final entombment in St. Peter's; but the people of Rome, who had hailed the late Cardinal Duke as "Protector of the Poor" on his return from Venice, attended in great numbers. In addition to the funeral services in the city, grand Masses were sung in the Cathedrals of Frascati and Velletri, and in the former Don Marco Mastrofini recited his *Orazione*, or eulogy, from which we have had occasion to quote in a former chapter.

To mark the last resting-place of Henry Stuart, and also of his father and brother (whose ashes had secretly



STUART MONUMENT IN ST. PETER'S, ROME

been removed from Frascati to St. Peter's), the great sculptor Canova was afterwards commissioned by Pius VII to erect the celebrated white marble monument with its weeping genii that is so familiar an object to all British visitors to Rome. Upon the tomb appear in low relief the three busts of James III and of his two sons, below which the Latin inscription runs:—

"To James III, son of James II, King of Great Britain, and to Charles Edward, and to Henry, Dean of the Cardinals, the sons of James III, last of the royal House of Stuart, 1819. 'Blessed are the Dead who die in the Lord.'"

This so-called Stuart tomb is of course a cenotaph, for the bodies themselves are buried beneath the great dome in the crypt of old St. Peter's, usually called the Grotte Vecchie, in urns which bear the empty royal titles of James III, Charles III, and Henry IX.¹ The simple circumstance that a gift of £50 was made towards the cost of this monument by the Prince Regent has given rise to the erroneous statement, now complacently appearing in every Italian guide-book, that George IV raised this splendid memorial at his sole expense, whereas it was Pius VII, always eager to show honour to the royal House of Stuart, who was its true donor.²

Although for nearly sixty years the recipient of an enormous income from his many benefices, as well as the

¹ The following is a translation of the Latin epitaph on the Cardinal Duke's urn: "Henry ix, son of James III, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, self-styled Duke of York, Bishop of Ostia and Velletri, Vice-Chancellor of the Holy Roman Church, Dean of the Sacred College, Archpriest of the Vatican Basilica, died at Frascati in the odour of sanctity on July 13th, 1807, aged 82 years, 4 months and 7 days."

² *Notes and Queries*, First Series, vol ix.

inheritor of a considerable private fortune, the Cardinal Duke died comparatively poor, for, as we have already shown, he had been practically beggared at the time of the French Revolution, nor had he in his closing years made any serious effort to save or economise :—

“Owing to the evils of the times in which he had lived the Royal *Porporato* had lost many jewels and precious objects, especially during the troubles in Rome; and of money he had voluntarily despoiled himself to aid the distress of the Papal Government on the demands made by the Pope, and had finally pledged his pectoral cross for 12,000 scudi . . . in order to meet his private necessities, so that in his will he bewails his inability to reward in the way that his magnanimous heart could have wished those persons who by their service and their affection merited a just return.”¹

The Will is nevertheless a lengthy document, containing a large number of bequests, and naming Monsignore Cesarini without reserve as its executor :—

“Such is the confidence that We place in the much loved person of Monsignore Angelo Cesarini, Bishop of Milevi, and Rector of our Seminary; so great are the proofs that he has ever given Us of his honesty, fealty, delicacy, and of his great respect and love towards Us, that We believe that We ought not to confide in anyone save him.”²

¹ Atti.

² *Ibid.* Cardinal Consalvi, to whom the Cardinal Duke bequeathed a valuable sapphire ring and also a sum of money, had originally been nominated an executor, but had subsequently retired from this position of trust.

By far the most interesting of the many instructions given in the Will to Monsignore Cesarini is that which asks him to testify to the Cardinal Duke's sense of gratitude towards the reigning House of Britain, by presenting the Prince Regent with any objects of special historical value that might prove acceptable. The Bishop, in fulfilling his dead patron's desires, writes on August 30th to Sir John Hippisley, with an enclosed letter for the Prince Regent, saying that he has found only two jewels "deserving the acceptance of the Prince": namely, the Cross of St. Andrew, set in diamonds, that had once been worn by Charles I and a ring containing a single ruby engraved with a cross. The latter is undoubtedly the ring alluded to by Mr. Coutts as being usually worn by the Cardinal Duke on his own finger, and it seems to have formed part of the ancient regalia of Scotland.¹

Sir John Hippisley replies on behalf of the Prince Regent, who has directed him to express "the great pleasure that the presents, which His Royal Highness had destined for himself, will give him." His letter also contains arrangements for the safe dispatch of these historic jewels to England.

Other bequests by the Cardinal Duke include a watch and a picture to the Countess of Albany; the first Latin edition of Plutarch in two folio volumes, an illuminated manuscript, a gold medal, and the veil formerly belonging to Mary Queen of Scots, to his benefactor, Sir John Hippisley; and a gold snuff-box with a portrait of its former owner set in pearls on the lid, an *étui de voyage*, two china vases, and a gold medal of James II to Mr. Thomas Coutts.²

¹ *Historical MSS. Commission Report.*

² *Ibid.*

But the sum total of the realised fortune was not large, so that nearly its whole income was required to pay annually the jointure settled on Madame d'Albany, although that lady was now enjoying a pension of £1600 a year from the British Court. The good Bishop writes more than once in despair to Sir John Hippisley, entreating him to devise some scheme by which the many servants of the late Cardinal Duke, fifty-six in number, may be enabled to receive their proper legacies, but apparently his letters failed to effect their purpose. In the following spring Cesarini himself died, and thus these unfortunate legatees in humble life, of whom not a few had shared their master's exile and privations, were left penniless. On Madame d'Albany's death, nearly seventeen years later, the residue of Henry Stuart's fortune, consisting chiefly of real estate in Mexico, ultimately fell (according to the terms of a secret codicil entrusted to Monsignore Cesarini) to the Scots College in Rome; an institution in which he had, naturally enough, always taken the keenest interest, and to which he had made numerous gifts in the past, amongst them being the original proclamation drawn up by his brother, and read aloud from the High Cross at Edinburgh in 1745.¹

¹ Owing to political disturbances in Mexico, which prevented for a time the sale of the late Cardinal Duke's estates in that country, this secret codicil remained sealed until it was opened by order of Leo XII in 1831, when the testator's last wishes with regard to the final disposal of his property were complied with. The *Schedola*, or Note, containing in brief the Cardinal Duke's wishes, is included amongst the Stuart Manuscripts (vol. vi. f 173): “. . . Intenzione di S.A.R. Emā il C.D. di York comunicata mi, si à di lasciare alla Congregazione di Propaganda Fide il di Lui patrimonio, node possa in bene della Religione mantenere nel Collegio qui Giovanni Scorzese, che potra. Angelo Cesarini, Vescovo di Milevi, Erede Fiduciario.”

The political portion of the Cardinal Duke's will is of some historical importance, for it reiterates his unshaken belief in his legitimate sovereignty, and indicates, though it does not name, the personage on whom these inalienable royal claims devolved :—

"Lastly, We wish here to renew and to express (as is already explicitly inscribed in Our protest enrolled in the deeds of the notary Cataldi on January 22nd, 1784, and published on January 30th, 1788, on the occasion of the death of Our Serene Brother) that, so far as concerns the transmission of Our rights of Succession to the Throne and Crown of England in favour of that prince to whom it descends by virtue of (*de jure*) blood-relation-ship, We transmit these rights to Him with the most express and solemn forms. . . .

"ENRICO R. CARDINALE.

"Given from Our Residence of Frascati, July 15th, 1802."¹

This statement can of course only apply to the head of the Royal Family of Sardinia—at that time the ex-King Charles Emmanuel IV—who through his ancestress, Henrietta Stuart, Duchess of Orleans, the daughter of Charles I, had now become the senior legal representative of the three great British Houses of Stuart, Tudor and Plantagenet. The Sardinian King is not actually mentioned by name, it is true, and doubtless this bequest of sovereign claims was purposely put in obscure and guarded form so as not to give offence to the reigning

¹ *Stuart Papers.* Artaud, *Histoire de Pius VII.*

House of Guelph, which had treated the late Cardinal Duke with so much sympathy and generosity.

Owing to Cesarini's untimely death, no arrangement had been made for the disposal of what was in reality the late Cardinal Duke's most valuable possession—the voluminous archives of his House, the total weight of which was said to exceed seven tons. These valuable documents, which contained almost the whole of the Stuart correspondence, public and private, ever since the expulsion of King James II, had been deposited by a former steward in various store-rooms at the Frascati villa, and here they lay neglected, and almost forgotten, for several years; though according to one account the French Consul in Rome, Monsieur Stamaty, had managed to abstract a large mass of important papers dealing with Scotch and Irish affairs. But whether this story be true or not, it is certain that in 1816, nine years after their owner's death, a certain unscrupulous person, usually known as the Chevalier Robert Watson, discovered the existence of these archives, and prevailed on their nominal custodian to part with them for the trifling sum of 170 piastres (about £23 sterling).¹

This Robert Watson, as a most remarkable specimen of a British adventurer, deserves a short notice here. Born at Elgin of humble parentage in the year of Culloden, young Watson at an early age migrated to America, where he fought on the Colonial side in the War of Independence, and became, if his own statement can be credited, "intimate with George Washington, who gave him the rank of Colonel." Returning to Europe, he settled in London, and in course of time became

¹ Atti.



CARDINAL ERCOLE CONSALVI

secretary to Lord George Gordon, in which capacity he figures as "Gashford" in Dickens' novel of *Barnaby Rudge*.¹ Later he withdrew to France, where the great Napoleon nominated him Principal of the revived Scots College in Paris, but in 1806 he proceeded to Italy, filled with a plan for cultivating cotton and indigo in the newly-drained Pontine Marches. This wild scheme naturally ended in utter failure, and the self-styled Chevalier, at that time "a little lame man about sixty years of age," found himself reduced to teaching the English language in Rome for a livelihood. It was whilst thus engaged that Watson contrived to gain possession of the Stuart manuscripts, and had it not been for his own imprudence, the unscrupulous Scotchman would undoubtedly have made a considerable fortune by the sale of his prize in England. But the garrulous old man could not refrain from boasting openly of his great bargain, and the tale soon passed from mouth to mouth till it finally reached the ears of the Papal officials, who at once impounded the whole mass of the documents "with the exception of one small packet." Watson indignantly appealed to the Papal Secretary of State against his deprivation of that which he declared had been purchased in good faith, and in consequence Cardinal Consalvi on January 26th, 1817, wrote a long account of the matter to Lord Castlereagh:—

"MILORD,—The English Consul [at Civitâ Vecchia], Signor Denis, will have informed your Excellency in full detail as to the papers belonging to the heirs of the late Cardinal Duke of York, acquired by Signor Watson, but I feel I ought to repeat the matter here.

¹ *The Dickensian*, February 1906: "Gashford and his Prototype."

The only object of this letter is to inform your Excellency that the said Watson, in company with a Signor Schmidt, came to me to claim the free enjoyment of the purchase which he had made, and that I thereupon drew his attention to the law in force at Rome nullifying the sale of papers of this description without previous permission of the State. Understanding from me that it was impossible for him to keep the papers, Signor Watson then begged me not to make the matter public, but to suspend the operation of the decree given out by the Administration against the sale. He further asked me to send a letter to your Excellency by means of this Signor Schmidt, wherein I might inform you that Signor Watson had acquired these papers in good faith for 170 piastres from a person who declared himself authorised to sell them. He also begged me to tell your Excellency that his was the merit of having unearthed, so to speak, these papers, and of having preserved them by this transaction from total destruction, either by their dispersal (which would certainly have occurred, had they been left much longer in the granary where they were found) or by their probable sale to some tradesman for waste paper. I replied that I was quite willing to write the required letter, but that I could not give any positive answer as to the fate of the papers . . ."¹

The only result of this appeal to Cardinal Consalvi was that the original sum of 170 piastres was repaid to the luckless Watson, who at first indignantly refused to accept the money, and began to talk wildly of laying the whole affair of his treatment before the British

¹ Artaud, *Vie du Pape Pie VII.*

House of Commons. And although in after years the Chevalier Watson was in the habit of bragging that he obtained no less a sum than three thousand guineas for Stuart documents that he had sold to the Prince Regent, it is fairly safe to characterise this statement as a downright untruth, though what the small packet of papers he was permitted to keep actually contained it is impossible to say. The death of this entertaining but shameless old man proved as violent and eccentric as the rest of the acts of his long career, for at the age of ninety-two he committed suicide in London lodgings by self-strangulation, "twisting his neckcloth with a poker as with a torniquet."¹

As to the ultimate fate of the *Stuart Papers*, it appears that they were examined by Roman lawyers in the interests of the Sardinian Royal Family, who expressed no desire to retain them. Cardinal Consalvi, accordingly, with the permission of the Pope and of the King of Sardinia, dispatched the bulk, if not the whole of them, to the Prince Regent, by whom they were placed in the royal library at Windsor Castle.

Although the Cardinal Duke was without any reasonable shadow of doubt the last legitimate Prince of his House, yet such was the glamour shed in the past over the Royal Stuarts, that it is perhaps not surprising to find that in course of time there arose aspirants to the claims of the extinct British Pretenders. Romance and mystery are ever potent forces, and in this case the deep-rooted desire amongst many persons to imagine the royal line of Scotland as still existing doubtless

¹ *Dictionary of National Biography*.

inspired a readiness to listen to any suggested theory of Stuart descendants. The murdered Edward V and his little brother reappeared in Perkin Warbeck and Lambert Simnel; the evil fate of the poor child-king Louis XVII did not deter a host of impostors from coming forward in his name; nor did the genuine "last prince of Darnley's House" prove to be the last to lay claim to that distinction.

The complete story of the so-called Sobieski-Stuarts and their pretensions to royal birth is almost as intricate as it is improbable, so that it is no easy matter to compress its main features into a small space.—Throughout the middle part of the last century a good many persons were interested by, and a few (who included, however, various members of the great Scottish Houses) believed in the claims to royal descent put forward by two brothers, born John Hay Allen and Charles Stuart Allen, but styling themselves in magnificent form as John Stolberg Sobieski-Stuart, and Charles Edward Sobieski-Stuart. These young men, who were highly educated, of refined manners and of remarkable, not to say eccentric appearance, were the sons of a certain Lieutenant Thomas Allen, who left the Royal Navy in 1798, having married six years previously Catherine Matilda Manning, a daughter of the Reverend Owen Manning, vicar of Guildford and a well-known antiquary. Thomas Allen's father was Admiral John Carter Allen, a distinguished naval officer, and a claimant at one time to the earldom of Erroll, who died in London in October 1800. But according to the wild theory on which the two Sobieski-Stuarts based their claims to kingship, their supposed grandparent, the Admiral, was in reality the

guardian, and not the father of the Thomas Allen who passed for his son, and is even expressly mentioned as such in his will. Thomas Allen, who in after days was alluded to by his sons as the Red Eagle (*Iolair Dhearg*), was in fact no less a personage than the sole legitimate son and heir of Prince Charles Stuart, of whom his wife, Louise of Stolberg, had been delivered in the most private manner at a lonely villa situated somewhere in the Apennine country between Parma and Lucca in or about the year 1773. At her lying-in the Princess had been attended by a Scottish doctor of the name of Beaton, a devoted Jacobite, said to have been present at Culloden, who then chanced to be travelling in Italy in order to pay his respects to his legitimate sovereign. Shortly afterwards the child was secretly conveyed, for fear of its assassination by Hanoverian agents, to the Tuscan coast, where, by arrangements made beforehand, it was entrusted to the care of Admiral Allen, who was then cruising in the Mediterranean. The Admiral brought up the royal infant as his own child, and ever kept its exalted parentage a close secret, whilst it was not till more than a quarter of a century after his death that the true circumstances of their father's birth were told to the two brothers by Dr. Beaton himself, who, if he had really fought at Culloden, must by that date have passed his hundredth year. A clumsier concoction of improbabilities and absurdities it would be well-nigh impossible to match, yet the two young men appear to have swallowed greedily this tale of their royal descent, for henceforth they began to pose as grandsons of the Young Chevalier, their father conveniently "abdicating" in their favour, and leading an obscure life until his

death in a Pentonville lodging-house in the year 1852. Meanwhile the two brothers, who from severe Presbyterians had now become ardent Roman Catholics, published various books, including some volumes of tolerable poetry and an elaborate work dealing with the Clans of Scotland and their tartans. But the most celebrated joint production of the Sobieski-Stuarts at the time being was undoubtedly their *Tales of the Century*, amongst which was set forth, under feigned names but with a wealth of detail, the whole story of the authors' royal parentage. The appearance of this work was shortly followed by a vigorous exposure of the absurdity of this legend (which was no difficult task) by Professor George Skene in the *Quarterly Review* of June 1847,¹ to whose attack the brothers replied in a pamphlet that ascribed the reviewer's hostile attitude to his own personal attachment to yet another Royal Stuart pretender, namely a certain "General Edward Stuart, Baron Rohenstart," who had claimed to be the legitimate son of Charlotte, Duchess of Albany! Both brothers married, but only Charles, the younger (whose wife was Anna Beresford, widow of Mr. Charles Gardiner and niece to the first Marquis of Waterford), left issue.² John, the elder, died in 1872, whilst Charles, who

¹ "The Heirs of the Stuarts."—"It gives us no pleasure," writes the Reviewer, "to bring down such a *Château en Espagne* about the ears of those to whose personal gratification it must be supposed to have ministered; but the nature of the claim, and the fact that some credulous rural dignitaries have been lending it countenance, seemed to impose the duty of demolition on some of our craft. The attempt to persuade the world that Charles Edward left a legitimate male progeny is the silliest of dreams. . . ."

² See Burke's *Peerage* 1873, under title of "Waterford," wherein the name of Anna Beresford's husband is given as "Charles Stuart, Count d'Albanie" (*sic*).

assumed the title of "Count of Albany" after his brother's death, died at Bordeaux in 1880; and both these strange beings were buried beneath a Celtic cross at Eskdale, near which place Lord Lovat had many years before built them a Gothic shooting-lodge. Charles' four children are now all dead, and one only, the second daughter, Louisa Sobieska, Madame von Platt, has left issue, so that her son, Lieutenant Alfred Edward Charles von Platt, a lieutenant in the Austrian service, is the present inheritor of the pretensions of the so-called Sobieski-Stuarts.

This short account contains, of course, but the barest outline of a long, ill-constructed myth, the chief mystery of which lies in the fact that any educated person could ever have affected to credit it.—In the first place we know that Charles Stuart married Louise of Stolberg with the sole purpose of begetting an heir to carry on the exiled dynasty, and we also know how keen was his disappointment at the union proving childless; therefore he was far more likely to produce a supposititious infant (a possible contingency that Sir Horace Mann was ever dreading) than to conceal a real one. Again, the Chevalier in the most emphatic terms denied more than once that his wife had ever borne him a child; nor does it seem probable that, with a Jacobite Prince of Wales living, he would have legitimised a natural daughter in order to create a successor to the Stuart claims. It is evident that the Cardinal Duke was ignorant of the existence of any such legitimate heir, otherwise he would never have assumed the titular kingship, and have struck medals as Henry IX. Nor can we believe that Louise of Stolberg could ever have left

all the property she died possessed of to the companion of her old age, the French painter, François Xavier Fabre, had she been the mother of a surviving son. But perhaps the most damning piece of evidence (if any further proof were needed) against the Sobieski-Stuart theory, is the single fact that it was not until after the death of the Countess of Albany herself—the one person who could have given the lie direct to the whole impudent fabrication—that these ridiculous claims were “revealed” to the public. Certain students of Jacobite historical literature profess to recognise, not without reason, in the “Doctor Beaton” of the story the personality of the Chevalier Robert Watson, yet it is difficult to understand what advantage this old charlatan could have expected to obtain from an unblushing fraud of this nature, and the true reason for starting the Sobieski-Stuart legend must therefore ever remain a mystery. It has often been stated that the two brothers themselves genuinely believed in the details of their own story, and consequently in the reality of their own royal descent; and this is far from being impossible, for the human capacity to credit what is agreeable to personal vanity is naturally unlimited. But this is no fit place to discuss the question as to whether the self-styled Sobieski-Stuarts were conscious or unconscious impostors; it is merely sufficient to state here that without doubt on July 13th, 1807, all but a century ago, there “disappeared from Earth the last sublime glory of the House of Stuart.”¹

¹ For a full description of the Sobieski-Stuarts and their claims, see Vernon Lee, *Life of the Countess of Albany*, chapter iv.; Henry Jenner, *The Sobieski-Stuarts* (the *Genealogical Magazine*, No. 1); *Dictionary of National Biography*; and “The Heirs of the Stuarts,” *Quarterly Review*, June 1847.

CHAPTER XII

THE CARDINAL DUKE AS AN HISTORICAL FIGURE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

THERE is no doubt whatever that the Cardinal Duke of York, albeit the grandson of a reigning British monarch, was in reality a foreigner by birth, by training, by religious sympathy and by an uninterrupted residence abroad ; for out of a long life exceeding eighty-two years, only twenty months were passed by him outside the borders of Italy. Nor can he be described merely as Italian ; he was essentially a Roman, who rarely crossed the frontiers of the Papal States and was bound by every tie of ecclesiastical duty and of natural affection to the capital of the Popes or its immediate neighbourhood. Nevertheless, though a Roman Bishop and Cardinal, Henry Stuart himself belongs to English history, and his career has had a marked bearing upon the course of political events in the United Kingdom. From his boyhood his name as that of the younger son of the Old Pretender had been familiar to British ears, and not a few English travellers, as we have already shown, were inclined to perceive latent abilities and martial tastes in the attractive little Jacobite Duke of York, who was in these early years toasted with enthusiasm at Legitimist banquets, and was spoken of with mingled fear and spite

at the Whig assemblies. After the seizure of the young Radclyffe, son of Lord Derwentwater, off the Kentish coast in the winter of 1745, an opinion prevailed that the captured youth was none other than "the Youngest Pretender," and in consequence the terrified London mob attempted to tear the unfortunate prisoner to pieces, as he was being conveyed by guards to the Tower:—such were the feelings of hatred with which the future Cardinal was regarded in his youth by the people whom in his old age he affected to claim for his rightful subjects.

On the immediate effect of Henry's acceptance of the Scarlet Hat and of his subsequent admission to the priesthood and the Italian episcopate we have already dwelt at considerable length, and shall therefore only repeat here that, although nobody (except, perhaps, Prince Charles Stuart) realised at the moment the incalculable injury that had been inflicted on the Jacobite Party by such a step, the ensuing results came to be fully appreciated by historians in later times. Yet Britain owes Henry Stuart a deep debt of gratitude for this service, however unconscious or unintentional on his part, that thus dealt the deathblow to a cause now irreparably lost, the further pursuit of which was bound to bring ruin and misery upon its remaining supporters;—as Sir Horace Mann truthfully remarks in one of his letters to Horace Walpole, "the Cardinal Stuart by putting on the Cowle has done more to extinguish his party than would have been effected by putting to death many thousands of deluded followers." For Henry's close connection with the Papacy constituted an insurmountable obstacle to this cult of Legitimism in a country that was mainly Anglican and Protestant in its religious beliefs, and utilitarian in

its sentiments. And to prove the truth of the above assertion we have only to recall the circumstance that a year or so after Prince Charles' marriage in 1772, a report, intended to rekindle, if possible, the dying embers of Jacobite fervour, was industriously spread abroad throughout Britain that the Countess of Albany was with child and *the Cardinal was dead*: two wilfully misleading statements that Sir Horace Mann deemed worthy of an official disclaimer to his Government.

Whilst the death of Charles Stuart was allowed to pass almost unnoticed by the general public in London, the Cardinal Duke's formal assumption of his late brother's royal title was made the subject of pleasantry rather than of genuine annoyance amongst the comparatively few persons at home to whom this incident became known. For, long before Charles' demise, Henry's possible succession as a Pretender to the Crown had ceased to be taken into serious consideration; the Young Pretender's only surviving brother and heir was known to be a Roman ecclesiastic, but as to his mode of life, his political views or ambitions, the bulk of Englishmen were either ignorant or totally indifferent. Such was the general feeling in the British Islands as to the existence of the new official Pretender, whom a London rabble had once savagely assaulted by proxy in the far-off days of the Jacobite scare. But misfortune was destined to drive Henry Stuart into close impact with the northern nation from which he had so long dissociated himself, and it was reserved for Sir John Hippisley to discover, as it were, the gracious personality of the Cardinal Duke of York, and to drag this interesting link with past history to the light of day, so that for the few remaining years of his life the

Roman prelate, who still obstinately aspired to be recognised at the Papal Court as the true legitimate Sovereign of Britain, actually became the object of British compassion and of British bounty. All persons from the King downwards readily expressed sympathy and praise for the venerable Prince, whose father had been attainted and whose brother had all but snatched the crown of England from George II half a century before. Nor in the various dealings between the Government at home and the exiled Cardinal at Venice was the slightest hint ever advanced that the recipient of the royal pension was any other than the grandson and last surviving representative of King James II; whilst the Duke of Sussex invariably treated the Cardinal Pretender with every mark of royal distinction. As regards English history, therefore, Henry Stuart, though an Italian priest who never set foot on British soil, may justly be regarded as a political personage who played a part—indirect, perhaps even negative, but by no means insignificant—in the annals of the great kingdom that he claimed to rule by a royal birthright which was no longer disputed. So much for the British view of the harmless and peaceable Italian Pretender.

Henry's own opinion with regard to his anomalous position is the next difficulty that requires to be solved. This question, we trust, has been fully answered in the pages of this biography, wherein an endeavour has been made to show that, though detesting strife and shrinking from intrigue, he never abandoned one atom of his passive pretensions to the British throne, pretensions that he ever deemed a sacred inheritance incapable of being alienated either by or from himself. In fact, both Charles and

Henry held precisely the same theory, though their interpretation of it was as widely different as their two natures would admit. Charles set little value upon remaining an exiled king without a kingdom, and was consequently always engaged in restless scheming; Henry, on the other hand, would have been perfectly content to live on in Rome as a recognised *de jure* monarch. Many years ago the sharp-witted Italians had nicknamed James Stuart "the King Here," and George II, the *de facto* reigning monarch in London, "the King There," and in this satirical distinction Henry had failed to detect any absurdity. Let there be, he argued, a Catholic King of Britain in Rome ready against the propitious day when the English, repenting alike of their disloyalty to their genuine kings and of their infidelity towards the Church, shall humbly send to invite their exiled Sovereign in Rome once more to fill the throne of his ancestors. Let the story of Charles II's landing at Dover and his arrival in the Capital amidst universal merry-making be repeated by the people of Britain:—a second voluntary Restoration of the Stuarts and a voluntary reconciliation with the Church of Rome, these were the day-dreams of the lonely Cardinal King. It is needless to state that the nimble-minded and practical Charles would have scoffed at such expectations as the veriest nonsense, yet there can be no reasonable doubt that Henry lived in continual hope that some such unlikely contingency might occur. In other words, he trusted literally to recovering the British Crown by success of prayer rather than by force of arms, by a direct act of Divine interposition, in short; and as several of his existing letters make mention of miracles, we may fairly infer from such references that it was for

some such superhuman act, some *miracle*, that he ever waited in pious patience, believing, in his simple faith, that the Almighty would yet in his own good time accede to his earnest prayers for the conversion of England to the true Faith and for the bloodless restoration of his royal House. Such a theory the wise world will put down as sheer folly, yet in one who was a true Christian, a Cardinal Bishop of the Roman Church and an implicit believer in the Divine Omnipotence, is such a policy to be adjudged illogical or absurd? Is not such an example of Christian patience to be preferred to that blind feeling after mischievous intrigue and petty conspiracy which marked his brother's later years and eventually transformed a singularly gallant and high-minded youth into a discredited adventurer? If Charles was ready, should an opportunity arise, "to wade through slaughter to a throne," Henry on his part was fully satisfied to place himself and his cause in the hands of the Almighty to deal with as He thought fit. Which, we ask, in such a case is the nobler virtue or the less hurtful quality, Resignation or Perseverance?

But though holding aloof from vain political struggles, Henry's firm and honest belief in the principles of Legitimism forbade him to desert a maxim that was still regarded seriously in the days before the French Revolution; in his own eyes he became, after his brother's death, King of Britain in Rome, and no further recognition did he desire or demand. For the Churchman in Henry ever appeared uppermost; he was a priest first, and a temporal sovereign afterwards, even in his own estimation. On one occasion he is said to have been reproved by "a great Personage" (perhaps Monsieur d'Aubeterre, the French

Ambassador at Rome) for entering the priesthood and thereby endangering the chances of the dynasty, and it was suggested that the Cardinal Duke should, like the Cardinal Ferdinand de' Medici of Tuscany, obtain a Papal dispensation to divest himself of his ecclesiastical character so as to marry and beget an heir. To this speech, presumably addressed more in flattery than with real intent, Henry is stated to have answered "in a flash of zeal" that his true heirs were those souls he had rescued from sin to the spiritual life as Bishop of Frascati, and that he desired no others.¹ Yet the tenacity with which he clung to his empty royal claims is continually to be observed, notably in the terms of his Manifesto, issued in 1788 but carefully prepared long beforehand; in his curious Memorial to Pius VI; and in certain passages of his Will, from all of which sources it becomes quite clear that he never once swerved from the singular theory we have just described.

Of the Cardinal Duke's place in Papal history during the sixty years that he was a prince of the Church, there remains little further to be said, except that his high rank, his wealth and his virtuous life combined to make him a prominent but by no means an influential figure at the Court of Rome. That he lacked real ability is plainly shown by the insignificant part he played in the four important Conclaves at which he assisted. At his first Conclave, that of 1758, he succeeded in making himself ridiculous, as we have mentioned, by posing as the champion of the Imperial candidate in opposition to the expressed wish of his father and in spite of the fact that he himself was in receipt of a large income from French

¹ Mastrofini.

and Spanish sources. In the critical Conclave of 1769 he appears more tractable to the desires of his patrons, for he warmly supported the nominee of the Bourbon Courts, the high-minded scholar, Cardinal Ganganelli, who as Pope Clement XIV boldly faced a situation of great difficulty by dissolving the Society of Jesus; and it is interesting to note that Henry Stuart was on terms of considerable intimacy with this celebrated Pontiff, whom he frequently visited during his mortal illness at Castel Gandolfo in the summer of 1774. We have related how the Cardinal Duke shared to a certain extent the evil fate of Pius VI, and how he was present at the memorable Conclave at Venice that elected Pius VII, who always treated the Stuart Cardinal with special distinction. Henry's lengthy enjoyment of a Cardinal's rank stands probably without precedent in Papal annals, yet he is only remembered therein as the zealous bishop of a small country-town, and as a sincerely pious but not highly gifted member of the Sacred College; whilst the chance of his election to the Papacy was never deemed within the bounds of possibility, although his brother seems more than once to have harboured such a notion.

Having now discussed Henry Stuart's claim to be included amongst the political figures of the eighteenth century, we must revert to the private aspect of his character. Here again we find the influence of his Italian birth and breeding forcibly presented to us, so that we can understand how it came to pass that the merry, pleasure-loving boy who delighted to dance all night in Roman ballrooms, and to accompany his elder brother on long shooting excursions in the Campagna or amongst the Alban Hills, passed quickly, almost imper-



HENRY STUART, CARDINAL DUKE OF YORK

ceptibly, into the vague, studious, somewhat dull-witted youth, whose priggish airs of moral superiority so disgusted the French courtiers at Versailles and the officers at Dunkirk. As a Churchman, we have throughout this work given frequent instances of his piety, his charity and his many virtues. Sincerely religious, lavish and tender-hearted towards the poor, hospitable to his friends and equals, devotedly attached to the interests of his Church, humble in spirit, except where his royal rank was challenged, Henry Stuart may be summed up

“As fair in morals, as in face and form
He was accounted comely ;”

for all the many extant portraits of him that are to be found both in England and in Italy represent the Cardinal Duke of York as the *beau-ideal* of a prince of the Church:—high-bred, handsome, benign in expression and dignified in appearance. If he owned a moral failing, it was that of pushing his very virtues to extremes; thus his love of chastity was apt to tend towards prudery, and his loyalty to the Church towards a selfish neglect of family interests. But in face of so solid a phalanx of good qualities arrayed against any hostile criticism, it is almost agreeable to unearth a solitary charge of meanness and ingratitude. Yet the person who brings forward this accusation is none other than Andrew Lumisden, Charles Stuart's faithful secretary of state, who worked so diligently on behalf of the two royal brothers after their father's death. For Lumisden, after complaining in guarded terms of the Cardinal Duke's indifference and stinginess towards various needy Jacobite adherents, speaks openly to a friend of his own particular case.

" . . . The world perhaps may think I have partaken of the Duke's generosity, but I can in confidence tell you that I never received a shilling from him ; no, not even at a time when a little money might have been properly given. . . . 'Tis true the day before I left Rome, when I took leave of His Royal Highness at the Conclave [of 1769], he gave me a snuff-box which belonged to the late King, which he was graciously pleased to call a small token of his grateful remembrance of my long and faithful services to the Royal Family. As I was not in absolute want, such a present, I confess, was more agreeable to me than a trifle of money he might perhaps have given me. As I never applied to the Duke for anything myself, I cannot complain of his having refused me, but you know there are certain circumstances in which one expects to be remembered without asking.¹

We have no intention of disputing Lumisden's explicit charge, or of trying to palliate the Cardinal Duke's behaviour on this occasion towards an old and trusted servant of his House, who undoubtedly merited a more substantial reward for his past disinterested exertions than a polite message and a costly trinket; but, on the other hand, it is only fair to state that such a complaint stands alone, for according to general report a sense of gratitude was by no means missing from Henry Stuart's extended list of virtues. To counterbalance his callous treatment of Lumisden, we venture to mention the return made by him to Sir John Hippisley. For Sir John alludes in the most flattering terms to the Cardinal Duke's conduct in the delicate matter of the British Government

¹ *Memoirs of Strange and Lumisden.*

obtaining control over the National Colleges in Rome, a subject on which Henry was naturally disposed to resent jealously any official interference. But though the request for assistance in this case must have been singularly distasteful to the Cardinal and *de jure* King, yet Henry, mindful of Hippisley's past services with regard to the royal pension, at once promised his co-operation in this new scheme.—“I approve,” he wrote to Sir John Hippisley on October 17th, 1800, “your intentions of addressing His Holiness with regard to the affair of the Colleges, concerning which any application for my good offices is quite superfluous, since both conscience and inclination, honour and obligation, require all my possible endeavours, where there is a question of my nation and country.” And Sir John himself, referring some years later to Anglo-Papal relations, declared that “it would be an act of great injustice to the memory of an eminent and illustrious Personage to omit recording the zealous efforts of the late Cardinal of York as directed towards the National Institutions in Rome.”¹

Passing next to the personal accomplishments of the Cardinal Duke, we have little further to add. In spite of the early prophecies of Murray of Broughton, of Crisp, and of other British critics, it is obvious that he was not so well endowed with natural gifts as was his elder brother; and even his chief eulogist, Father Atti, admits that he owned neither original genius nor great erudition, although he had the good sense to appreciate such qualities in those whom he chose for his friends. By diligent application he had, however, acquired no small amount of

¹ Sir J. C. Hippisley, *Substance of an Undelivered Speech in the House of Commons.*

culture, so that his tastes were always shown to be refined and scholarly. To his zeal in the cause of education, by no means a common trait at that period, the well-stocked library of the Seminary of Frascati bears witness as a noble and enduring memorial :—*exegit monumentum ære perennius.* He was always a diligent student of theology and a good Latin scholar ; he spoke French and English fluently, though with the accent of a foreigner ; and as a writer of English he far surpasses Charles. His letters in Italian, though somewhat verbose and rambling, are not without literary merit, whilst his elegant calligraphy presents the greatest contrast with the clumsy handwriting of his more able brother. Nor was his undoubted power of application restricted only to book-learning, for we are told by Atti that he had gradually schooled himself to keep a naturally hot temper under perfect control : thereby proving himself morally superior to Prince Charles, who in his later years was ever quarrelling with old friends and making fresh enemies.

From the various biographies of the Countess of Albany it might perhaps be inferred that Henry Stuart was miserably weak and vacillating, as well as a perfect child in all worldly affairs, solely because he was indirectly responsible for the public scandal which ended in Alfieri's banishment from Rome. We have already ventured to excuse his course of conduct in the unpleasant dilemma wherein he found himself placed, and we shall only reiterate our former argument that his previous apparent acquiescence in the Countess' intrigue was not prompted by innate folly (as certain writers would seem to suggest) but rather by a misplaced confidence in a sister-in-law's virtuous behaviour. And with regard to the highly

prejudiced Sir Horace Mann's sneer, expressed in connection with this incident, that "a sillier mortal never existed," let us bear in mind that many a wiser man than the Cardinal Duke has been deceived and exploited by less brilliant and attractive women than Louise of Stolberg. Though he was in truth not a genius, Henry Stuart was no fool; his excellent rule of the see of Frascati, his judicious patronage of learning, and his decision to eschew useless political intrigue go far to prove his possession of sound common-sense. Nor do the accounts left us by Lord Cloncurry, by Forsyth and other chance visitors to Rome in his declining years, which present him to us as an amiable but somewhat childish old gentleman, afford a fair criterion to judge of his character and actions in the days of his prime. The portrait they offer us of an old man, exhausted by recent privations in exile, worn-out by bodily infirmities and not a little decayed in intellect, cannot be deemed a correct representation of the last of the Stuarts. On the ground of historical accuracy as well as of romantic predilection it is more just to regard Henry Stuart as a stately and pious prince of the Church, as a lonely and pathetic, yet withal picturesque and kingly figure, fully worthy to be the last male representative of Mary Queen of Scots, so many of whose descendants had been distinguished for their unwavering, if unpractical devotion to Religion. Mary of Scotland and France had died on the scaffold, openly professing the unpopular Faith; James I had been an enthusiastic convert to Anglicanism; Charles I is to this day officially recognised by the Church of England as its Royal Martyr; James II showed himself as eager a convert to the Roman Church as ever his grandfather had

been to the Anglican, and finally lost his crown by an injudicious ecclesiastical policy; James Stuart, "the Old Pretender," in spite of every political temptation in his youth to commit apostasy, never faltered in his loyalty to the creed in which he had been born;—it was therefore only meet that the last prince of a House, whose memory in spite of all its shortcomings remains bright and beloved even in these prosaic days, should live and die a priest in the Church whereof his sire and grandsire had been such staunch adherents. And we rejoice to reflect that the memory of "the Youngest Pretender," the gentle and innocent Cardinal King, exists recorded as Henry the Ninth in imperishable marble within the precincts of the Eternal City that witnessed the whole story of his long life from the cradle to the grave.

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